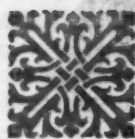




# MUNSEY

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# The Dollar-a-Year Men and Women

AN ARMY OF VOLUNTEERS WHO ARE DOING PATRIOTIC SERVICE FOR THE GOVERNMENT AT A HEAVY FINANCIAL SACRIFICE TO THEMSELVES

By Robert Forrest Wilson

[See Portraits in Intaglio Section, Pages 201 to 216]

IN one of the corridors of the new lath-and-pasteboard "factory" building now occupied by the United States Food Administration in Washington sits a little lady, plainly dressed, sweet of face, middle-aged. Her work is to direct visitors to the offices within her particular domain. In the older branches of the government this job is known technically as that of messenger. Most of the departmental messengers are negroes.

Each morning, promptly at nine o'clock, this unusual messenger comes to her humble task in her own limousine. A smart-looking chauffeur assists her to alight. The luxurious car is then at the disposal of the officials of the Food Administration until it is time for the owner to go home in the evening.

This woman is typical of hundreds of volunteer workers in the official quarters of Washington. She asked for any position that one of her slender experience might fill; and when obscure work was offered to her, she not only accepted it joyfully, but for good measure she threw in the use of her car—a most welcome gift, because hired conveyances are hard to get in Washington these busy days.

Another type of emergency war workers in Washington is represented by an Englishman who holds down a two-thousand-dollar job in the Navy Department. Some ten or a dozen years ago the talents of this man were discovered by a famous firm of expert accountants in London. He rose rapidly in the business, and was sent over to take charge of a branch office in New York. Then a big industrial concern in the Middle West hired him at fifteen thousand a year to be its comptroller. He is one of the best cost experts in the country.

#### A FINE INSTANCE OF SELF-SACRIFICE

When America declared war, this man tossed his well-paid job into the wastebasket to accept government work which brought him a salary about one-seventh as large as he had been getting, but which also gave him an opportunity to do something for the country. To-day he is one of the Navy Department's most valuable employees, his particular task being to see to it that Uncle Sam is not gouged in contracts for naval material.

Now to this Englishman the service of the nation is meaning sharp personal sacri-

fice. Unlike many of the more famous "dollar-a-year men," he has little or no independent income to insure a continuance of the comforts to which business success has accustomed him. For the sake of serving Uncle Sam he is forced to curtail his manner of living to meet the limits of a salary that is next thing to poverty, as expenses run in Washington.

Yet he and his kind are not rare in the war government. There are hundreds and even thousands of them, many in uniform. As a class they are young executives of the sort that furnishes modern business fiction with its heroes. When they found themselves above the age of conscription and crowded out of the officers' training-camps, they went in droves to Washington, seeking commissions. Doubtless many of them expected to be in France by this time, coming to grips with the enemy. Instead, they find themselves in the executive offices and out in the arsenals and munitions-factories, with their vigorous driving-power behind the business and manufacturing end of sending men and materials to Europe.

#### LIVING ON A JUNIOR OFFICER'S PAY

Before the war came these men were getting on in the world. Their salaries ranged from thirty-five hundred dollars upward. They had comfortable homes, growing families of well-fed and well-clothed youngsters, and such luxuries as automobiles, country clubs, and travel. Now most of them are lieutenants, and a few lucky ones are captains. An army captain receives twenty-four hundred dollars a year in salary. No automobiles for these fellows now! You find them living in Washington's boarding-houses and cheaper apartments.

But these visible sacrifices do not measure the full extent of their patriotism. They have often given up their places in the procession in their chosen callings. When the war is over, they will find others in the positions they once filled. Surely these patriots deserve to rank as dollar-a-year men, when that phrase is interpreted to mean personal sacrifice.

The famous, well-advertised dollar-a-year men make their sacrifice, too, but it is not sacrifice of the same sort. Most of them

retain high business connections, which they will resume after the war; they are, in effect, loaned to the government by their respective firms, so that in some cases the sacrifice is as much their associates' as it is their own. Nevertheless, the praise and public recognition they receive is truly deserved, for in many instances they are adding their ability to the war machine at heavy financial loss to themselves.

#### VOLUNTEERS IN THE RED CROSS SERVICE

The present secretary-general of the Red Cross is Franklin W. M. Cutcheon, of the New York law firm of Byrne, Cutcheon & Taylor. Mr. Cutcheon is better known to the great financial interests than he is to the public. Before we entered the war, when the Allies needed legal services in the United States, they employed his firm. Mr. Cutcheon ranks as one of the great international lawyers of America. He and his partners command enormous fees.

Mr. Cutcheon has given up his private business completely to sit every day at a Red Cross desk in Washington. He is the final authority in problems of the rights and duties of the American Red Cross in foreign lands. His partner, Mr. Byrne, has also retired from practise to represent the Red Cross in Italy.

Thus this great law-office is pretty well broken up by the war. The reader makes a mistake if he assumes that the business of such a concern will run along as usual in the hands of the juniors left in the New York offices. The interests that retain Byrne, Cutcheon & Taylor pay their money to command the brains of the heads of the firm; and with these men absent, it is only to be expected that the lucrative clientele will melt away, so that the partners must make virtually a new start when the war is over.

Another great New York law firm disrupted by the war—one that occupies three entire floors of a Wall Street sky-scraper—is that of White & Case. Two of the partners, George B. Case and Joseph M. Hartfield, are in Washington for the duration of the war, members of the Red Cross War Council, which is headed by Henry P. Davison.

Speaking strictly by the book, genuine dollar-a-year workers in the government service are scarce, being found only in those departments forbidden by law to accept free assistance. To get around this technical point, they sometimes employ volunteers at the rate of one dollar a year. The custom started years ago, when the Department of Agriculture enrolled certain workers whose salaries were paid by the General Education Board. But nowadays the title is stretched to include all who work for the government at a financial sacrifice.

In the Food Administration, in the Fuel Administration, the Council of National Defense, the Red Cross, and other emergency war organizations, you find hundreds of volunteers serving not for one dollar a year, but for nothing at all. A recent census disclosed the fact that there are now more than three hundred persons holding down important executive positions without salary of any kind.

#### A CALL TO PATRIOTIC WOMEN

Not all of the dollar-a-year patriots are men. Many of them, and some of the most valuable workers of all, are women; and for their special talents the government has found some most interesting uses.

Recently Washington was treated to a unique entertainment. At a *matinée* gathering in one of the city's largest theaters, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, the wives of government officials, and the social leaders of the national capital, occupied the boxes; but the lower floor, the balcony, and the gallery were crowded with the cooks of Washington—most of them women, and most of them black. The speaker was a colored woman who is doing a remarkable work as head of a colored girls' industrial school in Florida.

Not only is she a woman of exceptional ability, but she possesses the gift of oratory that sometimes characterizes individuals of her race. In a short time she entranced her audience of colored folks—and the whites, too, for that matter. The meeting became almost as emotional as a revival service, although the subject was the practical one of food, and how to save it in the kitchens of the wealthy. Time and again

the cooks interrupted with applause, and at the end the speaker received an ovation from whites and blacks impartially; and then the cooks went home—let us hope to put this preaching into practise.

This function was arranged by Miss Florence Wardwell, a volunteer official of the United States Food Administration. Miss Wardwell belongs to an old New York family of established social standing. When she volunteered to do war work, her special talent was shown to be an intimate knowledge of the management of the households of the wealthy. She was therefore commissioned to organize the servants of the nation in the food-conservation campaign.

None of the propaganda of the Food Administration was more important than this, for in the kitchens and pantries of the rich the food-saving message is often most faintly heard and most urgently needed. During the summer of 1917 Miss Wardwell arranged meetings for chefs and butlers in Newport, Southampton, and other resorts where society congregates; and she is now doing the same work in the large cities.

Another wealthy woman who is giving all her time to the work of the Food Administration is Mrs. Mina Van Winkle, of Newark, New Jersey. Mrs. Van Winkle is in charge of the organization and direction of the speakers' bureau.

A third woman of means who is assisting Mr. Hoover is Mrs. Alice Bond Allen, of Galveston, Texas. Mrs. Allen owns a big cattle-ranch in the Lone Star State, and is an old friend of Colonel Edward M. House. Early in the war Mrs. Allen determined to get into some line of useful service. In Washington she met Herbert C. Hoover almost as soon as he reached the city, and became one of his first three or four assistants, when he and his force were quartered in a small suite in a hotel. Later she was put in charge of illustrations, issuing from her office all the photographs and posters with which the Food Administration advances its propaganda.

#### MRS. M'ADOO A TREASURY EMPLOYEE

When the anniversary of the first Liberty Loan sale comes around, Mrs. William G. McAdoo, daughter of the President and

wife of the Secretary of the Treasury, will go to the disbursing window in the Treasury Department and collect one dollar, her salary for her first year as a government employee. The government could well afford to pay her a much larger sum than that for her services as head of the Women's Liberty Loan Committee; for the activities organized by Mrs. McAdoo and her committee have contributed largely to the success of the bond sales.

No one should think that Mrs. McAdoo's position is merely honorary. She has a private office in the Treasury Building and a considerable force of clerks working under her personal direction. She seldom misses a day at her desk, where she toils as faithfully as any of the thousands housed in that busy building.

There is no measuring in money the value to the government of the services of Miss Jane A. Delano, head of the nursing service of the American Red Cross. Miss Delano may be called the pioneer of the volunteer war workers, for she began her unpaid service years before the war started. In that time she built up the wonderful Red Cross nursing personnel, taking in the most competent trained nurses in the United States. As a result there has never been the slightest hitch in furnishing nurses for the war and civilian relief work in Europe. The nursing service was one of the very few departments in which the United States was prepared for the war.

Miss Delano is herself a trained nurse. Years ago we hear of her taking a company of volunteer nurses into Jacksonville, Florida, at a time when the yellow-fever panic had even driven away some of the local doctors. Later she became superintendent of the Bellevue Hospital School of Nurses in New York.

When the Red Cross was reorganized, some years ago, Miss Delano, although not a woman of large means, volunteered to take charge of the nursing service. She started with nothing, and by the time the war came to America she had enlisted twelve thousand trained nurses in the service, each one bound by oath to go wherever and whenever ordered. No other nation ever had such an auxiliary to its fighting forces.

It stands to-day as Miss Delano's handiwork more than any other's.

#### ORGANIZING THE BRAINS OF THE NATION

Months before the war started men of brains and ability were offering their talents free to assist the government in its mighty task of preparing for a possible conflict. The Naval Consulting Board was the first organization of these dollar-a-year volunteers. One of the earliest was Howard E. Coffin, an automobile engineer and vice-president of one of the largest automobile manufacturing concerns in the United States. His work of cataloguing the manufacturing resources of the United States and welding them into a vast munitions-plant developed into the organization now known as the Council of National Defense, which, except for its clerical force, is entirely a volunteer body, serving without pay.

Under the law the members of the council are allowed their expenses while they are in Washington; but it is said that neither Mr. Coffin, nor Julius Rosenwald, the Chicago merchant, nor Bernard N. Baruch, the New York financier, nor any of the other members, has accepted a penny of expense money. Most of them not only maintain establishments in Washington at their own cost, but they have with them their secretaries, stenographers, and other personal assistants, paying all the salaries out of their own pockets.

The council is full of men, expert in various lines, serving the cause at great personal sacrifice. Walter S. Gifford, its director, draws a salary, but one much smaller than he received when he was statistical expert for the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the job he relinquished at the call from Washington. His assistant is Percy R. Pyne, 2d, a New York broker and clubman. Mr. Pyne acts as business manager of the council.

In the different sections of the council are scores of experts in various lines, most of them former executive heads of important companies, who have severed their business connections and have taken up residence in Washington for the duration of the war. For instance, R. H. Downman is the council's lumber expert, arranging prices and

contracts for the vast supplies of lumber that the government is using in its work of placing a trained army in France. Mr. Downman gave up the job of president of the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association to engage in this important but payless work.

Eugene Meyer, Jr., a former New York banker, is buying the government's cement, and all metals except steel and iron. His expert knowledge has already saved the public many millions of dollars by securing the most advantageous prices. H. L. Horning, the former president of a big motor-truck company at Waukesha, Wisconsin, arranges the government contracts for automobiles of all sorts.

Judge Robert S. Lovett, chairman of the executive committee of the Union Pacific Railroad, has become one of the most powerful men in the war organization. He wound up his private business soon after the war started, and came to Washington, asking for work of any sort. His first task was to develop an efficient working organization for the Red Cross; after which he was made priorities commissioner for the Council of National Defense. In this position his word is law to manufacturers as to what work must be finished first in factories, and what contracts must be sidetracked to make way for government work; and even among government contracts for materials he decides which shall be pushed through the mills ahead of the others.

Then, when Congress passed the Priorities of Shipments Act, the President appointed Judge Lovett administrator of this law, centering in his hands a similar power applied to shipments on the railroads and all other sorts of commercial transportation. The various army and navy war bureaus have stationed officers in Judge Lovett's busy department to act as counsel, fighting for their own priorities, and seeing to it that their own particular interests are not overlooked.

#### THE WAR INDUSTRIES BOARD

The most important work of the Council of National Defense has now centered in one of its divisions known as the War Industries Board. This organization acts as

a purchasing agency for the government, although its services are advisory, the final contracts being made by the various governmental departments and bureaus concerned. The priorities committee is part of this board, and so are the various divisions handling the buying of raw materials and finished products.

The many legal questions that arise in the War Industries Board are handled by Robert J. Bulkley, a young lawyer of Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Bulkley, who is a man of independent means, is keenly interested in public service and good government. The late Tom L. Johnson, the famous advocate of three-cent car-fares, brought him forward in politics, and Mr. Bulkley served three terms in Congress, where he was one of the authors of the Federal Reserve Bank Act and a pioneer in drafting legislation for the farm-loan system.

One of the most valiant workers for the Council of National Defense is Miss Ida M. Tarbell, the well-known writer, who is a member of the Women's Committee under the chairmanship of Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, the suffrage leader, herself a dollar-a-year volunteer. This committee enlists organized and unorganized women for concerted cooperation with the government in every sort of patriotic service. The scope of the committee, therefore, includes the spread of the Food Administration's propaganda; and for a while Miss Tarbell was identified with both organizations. While engaged in this double capacity her zeal for service outweighed her consideration for her own health, and last autumn she had to spend several weeks in a hospital.

#### A CALL FOR EVERY SORT OF TALENT

The government at war becomes a universal business concern. There is scarcely a trade or a profession that it cannot use; it is in direct contact with practically every phase of industry. To give its executive management the necessary knowledge to transact such an enterprise intelligently, it must have experts in all lines. If it were forced to train its own men for such work, the conduct of the war would be fatally delayed. But, as it is, the government, needing an expert in any line of work, need only

stretch forth its hand to the hosts of eager volunteers and take the most eminent of their callings.

Now the government was, and still is, faced with a housing problem of extensive proportions. Great as was the development of munitions-plants prior to the spring of 1917, it was scarcely to be compared with what has gone on since then. Many of the new manufacturers of munitions have found it impossible to procure sufficient labor to operate their machines, not because the labor was not available, but because there were no available houses in which laborers could live; nor did private investors care to tie up money in constructing new ones at present prices for building-materials.

So the Council of National Defense sought a man to solve this problem; and they found him in Otto M. Eidlitz, a leading builder who has served on numerous tenement and housing commissions. Mr. Eidlitz evolved a plan whereby the government itself might lend money to communities to finance the construction of the needed dwellings. The legislation to this end is now pending before Congress.

Among the measures suggested to relieve the congestion of traffic on the railroads was that of making greater use of the public highways. The council thereupon took on a highway expert, Roy D. Chapin, of Detroit, president of Mr. Coffin's automobile company. Every army truck nowadays goes from the factory to the seaboard by its own power, and carries a load of useful freight. This is part of Chapin's plan for utilizing the good roads that we have been building for the last ten years.

The Council of National Defense was essentially an emergency body, organized overnight, as it were, to meet the most tremendous crisis that had ever confronted the nation. Indeed, some of its critics have declared that "organized" is not a word that properly applies to it. It has been said—and the words carry praise as well as criticism—that its members have never had time to organize. Admittedly they have planned indefatigably and worked with tremendous devotion; but the council has been, at best, an imperfect instrument for the task of conducting a great war. The

fact that it has had one hundred and fifty-four separate committees is enough to show how cumbrous has been its working.

Hence it is not at all unlikely that even before this article reaches the reader there may have been a revision and rearrangement of the machinery. Senator Chamberlain, chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, has proposed the creation of a War Board of three men, to exercise general authority under the President. This particular suggestion is not likely to prevail against the President's announced opposition, but it is probable that before long some move will be made to establish a simpler form of organization with better coordination and clearer definition of powers.

#### HOOVER'S CHIEF LIEUTENANTS

Not so many years ago the students of Stanford University, in California, were willing to predict a brilliant future for a likable young fellow named Ben Allen, who was editor of one of the college publications. After his graduation Allen went to San Francisco, where the Associated Press employed him. His advancement was rapid, the news service finally sending him to London, where he worked as a news reporter for seven years, making a specialty of diplomats and international diplomacy. When Belgium was overrun and ravaged, he joined Herbert C. Hoover on the Relief Commission; and Hoover brought Allen back with him to the United States when President Wilson asked him to be food administrator for the United States.

Of all Hoover's associates Mr. Allen is probably the closest man to him. For the first few months he lived with his chief, and even now he takes breakfast with him every day. In those daily conferences Mr. Allen shapes the policies of the Food Administration's publicity, of which he is the director. Next to the strictly administrative features of Mr. Hoover's work—the control of exports and the fixing of prices—publicity is the most important; because by publicity alone is it possible to enlist the public's cooperation in the food-conservation measures that will do so much to win the war. As director of publicity, Allen serves the government without pay.

Mr. Hoover himself is a conspicuous and remarkable example of self-sacrifice for the sake of service to his country and to humanity. He is one of the most expert mining engineers in the world; for years his ability has brought him an enormous income. Not only has he sacrificed all that, but he has subjected his peace of mind to danger as well, for—as was certain to happen—he has already been severely assailed by prejudiced critics, who have attacked his policies and even impugned his motives.

Mr. Allen has numerous able assistants serving without salary. One of these is Miss Gertrude B. Lane, editor of the *Woman's Home Companion*. She has charge of publicity for women's magazines. Miss Lane's publication has lent her services to the Food Administration, and she divides her time between Washington and New York.

Those who frequent the public libraries have been attracted by the exhibits on the bulletin-boards, depicting the arguments for food-saving. This form of propaganda is nearly all conducted under the direction of Miss Edith Guerrier, head resident of the Library Clubhouse of Boston. Miss Guerrier issues an official periodical for public librarians, entitled *Food*.

Another Food Administration editor is James H. Collins, the magazine writer. His *Weekly Bulletin*, sent out to trade and technical papers, is easily the most interesting of all the official food publications.

The Food Administration has the benefit of the free services of Miss Isabel Bevier, professor of domestic science in the University of Illinois, and also those of Miss Martha Van Rensselaer, head of the school of domestic science at Cornell. These women give their time to developing practical plans, including cooking recipes, for saving food in homes.

Dr. Alice C. Boughton, although she is only a recent graduate from the university, has already established herself in educational circles as an authority on school lunches. She originated the plan of food-conservation courses in the public schools. In this work she enlisted the cooperation of Dr. Charles H. Judd, dean of the school of education of the University of Chicago.

Under the editorship of Dr. Judd, who spends a considerable portion of his time in Washington, this course has been expanded until it is now growing into a monumental work on practical civics and economics for the young, teaching boys and girls their responsibilities toward society in every respect. These text-books, which are being issued monthly by the Bureau of Education, so attracted the admiration of President Wilson that he addressed an open letter to all public school authorities, urging their general use in the schools. It would not be surprising if they should bring about a new era in public education.

When Mr. Hoover wished to reach the colored millions in the United States, he found Professor A. U. Craig, himself a colored man, teaching in the Tuskegee Institute, and placed him as a volunteer in charge of issuing propaganda to the negro press. C. E. Raymond, a well-known Chicago advertising man, is in charge of Food Administration advertising. And in many other lines Mr. Hoover found experts to help him measure supplies, fix prices, and suggest methods of saving.

Among these are George M. Rolfe, the San Francisco sugar-producer; Lou D. Sweet, the Colorado potato-grower; Fred S. Brooks, of Swift & Co., a meat expert; Charles H. Bentley, export sales-manager for the California Packing Corporation, and a great authority on markets; Henry Burden, president of the National Cannery Association, a specialist on canned foods; G. Harold Powell, general manager of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange, an expert on handling perishable foods; Kenneth Fowler, of New York, an authority on fish; and John McE. Bowman, head of a string of great hotels in New York and Atlantic City, who is in charge of food-conservation in hotels, restaurants, and dining-cars. These are just a few of them. They all live in Washington now and give their whole time to the government service.

Some of the best work of the Food Administration has been done by Theodore F. Whitmarsh, head of a well-known grocery company in New York and president of the National Association of Wholesale Grocers. As chief of the division of distribution, it

has been his exceedingly difficult and important duty to see that the whole country, in popular parlance, gets a square deal when the food is passed around. Mr. Whitmarsh was one of the far-seeing business men who were first to denounce the "business as usual" idea of war. He has worked hard and successfully to promote economy among both dealers and consumers, and to prevent would-be profiteers from aggravating the prevailing scarcity by hoarding or speculation.

Herbert Hoover's other self is Edgar Rickard, a California mining engineer whose business interests formerly kept him in London. He came to America with Hoover and is now his personal office assistant, passing on general matters of policy.

Mark L. Requa, another California mining engineer, was until recently a close assistant to Hoover in the executive branch of his work, and has now become head of the oil division of the Fuel Administration. Judge Curtis H. Lindley, a leading San Francisco attorney, is chief counsel for the Food Administration. Robert H. Taft, son of Ex-President Taft, is Lindley's assistant.

#### AIDS OF THE FUEL ADMINISTRATION

In the Fuel Administration Dr. Garfield has gathered about himself another notable corps of volunteer aids. No man has contributed more to the work of the Fuel Administrator than John P. White, who resigned his job and salary as head of the United Mine Workers in order to work for nothing for the Fuel Administration. He and Charles Diamond, another former Mine Workers official, have been of great service in preventing labor disputes.

Pierpont B. Noyes, head of the Oneida Community, is in charge of the popular campaign for saving coal. Bentley Warren, of Boston, counsel for Williams College, passes on the legality of Dr. Garfield's orders. G. N. Snider, who was coal-traffic manager for the New York Central Railroad, now has charge of the transportation of coal for the entire nation. Dr. George N. Nasmyth, professor of economics at Cornell, is the director of efficiency within the Fuel Administration organization. A. F. Hebard, formerly sales-manager for the Du

Pont Powder Company, is in charge of field work, including direction of the State fuel administrators and the local city and county coal committees.

The Red Cross has enlisted another host of volunteers, experts in many lines. George Hill, vice-president of the American Tobacco Company, is assistant director of the bureau of foreign relief. W. Frank Persons, formerly head of the Associated Charities in New York, is now director-general of Red Cross civilian relief. Louis J. Horowitz, of New York, president of a great contracting firm, is giving all his time to the Red Cross as its foreign-relief director.

The Central Trust Company, of New York, not only sent its vice-president, Frederick J. Fuller, to Washington to act as assistant treasurer of the Red Cross war fund, but it sent twenty clerks along with him, and it pays all their salaries. Ivy L. Lee, the most successful and most famous press-agent in the United States, who speaks to the newspapers and magazines for John D. Rockefeller, the Pennsylvania Railroad, and other wealthy men and institutions, took personal charge of the Red Cross publicity; and to him goes the credit for the great tide of volunteer advertising that made the Red Cross financial and membership campaigns so successful.

These are merely a few of the dollar-a-year men and women who do not get their names in the newspapers every day—not all of them that there are, by any means, nor half, nor a quarter. They were selected merely because they were the first at hand, and because they are typical. There are other complete organizations of them—such as the War Savings Committee, under the direction of Frank A. Vanderlip, of the National City Bank of New York—of which no mention has been made.

This volunteer enlistment represents the brains and ability of the nation outside of what was in the government itself. This most free of nations has become a benevolent despotism for the sake of winning a war. In frequent instances the despots and their assistants are volunteers, who will quietly step from authority when the war ends. The world has never before seen anything like it.



HENRY P. DAVISON

Member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., chairman of the War Council of the American Red Cross

From a copyrighted photograph by Buck, Washington



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IVY L. LEE

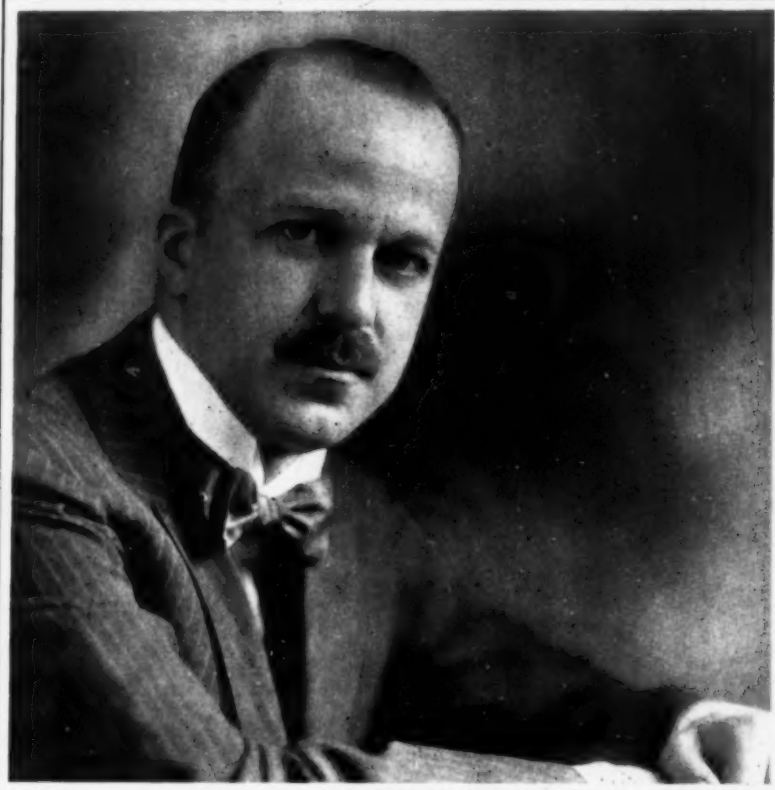
Author, economist, member of Rockefeller advisory staff, in charge of publicity for the Red Cross



Photo by  
Reichardt

MISS JANE A. DELANO

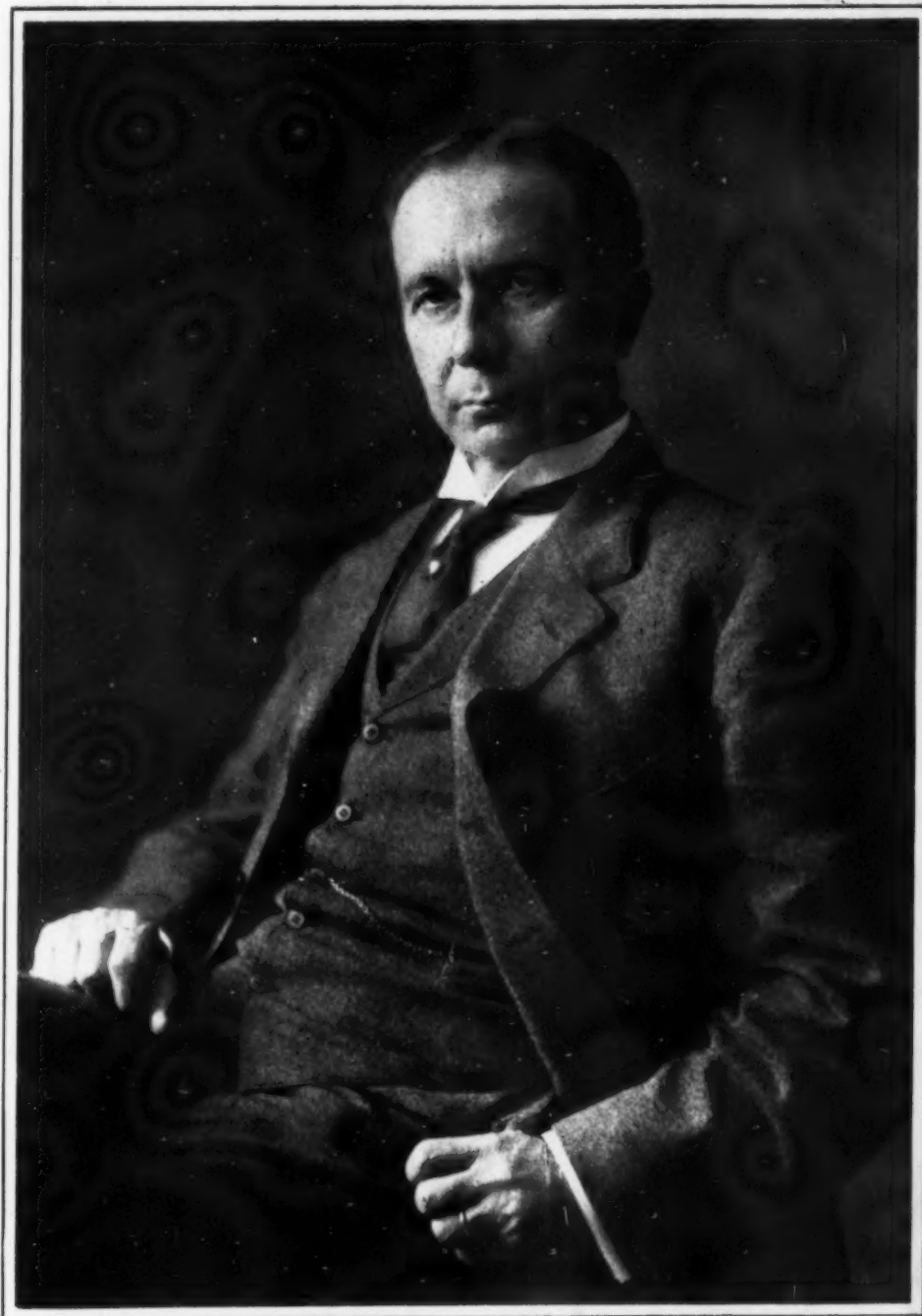
Head and chief organizer of the splendid nursing service of the American Red Cross



WALTER S. GIFFORD

Formerly chief statistical expert of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, now director of the Council of National Defense

From a copyrighted photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington



JUDGE ROBERT S. LOVETT

Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Union Pacific Railroad, now serving as priorities commissioner for the Council of National Defense

From a copyrighted photograph by Gesaford, New York



FRANK A. VANDERLIP

President of the National City Bank of New York, doing volunteer service at Washington  
as head of the War Savings Committee

From a photograph by the Press Illustrating Service, New York



**ROBERT J. BULKLEY**

Lawyer and former Congressman from Ohio,  
legal adviser to the War Industries Board  
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**JAMES BYRNE**

A prominent New York lawyer, representing  
the American Red Cross in Italy  
From a photograph by Hollinger, New York



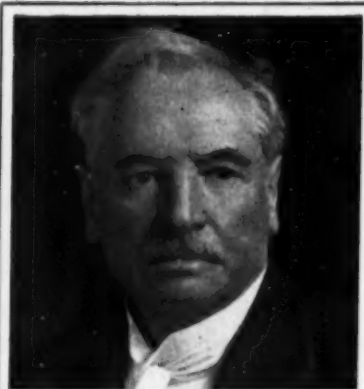
**LOUIS J. HOROWITZ**

A leading New York contractor, director of the  
Red Cross bureau of foreign relief  
From a photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington



**W. FRANK PERSONS**

Formerly head of the New York Associated Charities,  
director of the Red Cross civilian relief  
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**JUDGE CURTIS H. LINDLEY**  
Chief counsel for the Food Administration  
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**THEODORE F. WHITMARSH**  
Chief of the Division of Food Distribution  
Photo by Pirie MacDonald



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Director of publicity for the Food Administration



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Potato expert for the Food Administration



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Sugar expert for the Food Administration  
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**KENNETH FOWLER**  
Fish expert for the Food Administration  
From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington



HERBERT C. HOOVER

A leading mining engineer, head of the relief work in Belgium, now United States food administrator

From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York



MRS. MINA VAN WINKLE

A suffrage leader in New Jersey, head of the  
Lecture Bureau of the Food Administration  
From a photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington



MISS MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER

Of Cornell University, serving as an expert in  
home economics for the Food Administration  
From a photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington



MRS. WILLIAM G. McADOO

Daughter of the President and wife of the Secretary of the Treasury, serving as head of the Women's Liberty Loan Committee

From a copyrighted photograph by the Davis & Sanford Company, New York



DR. HARRY AUGUSTUS GARFIELD

Eldest son of the late President Garfield, and president of Williams College,  
serving as United States fuel administrator

From a copyrighted photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington



**JOHN P. WHITE**

Formerly president of the United Mine Workers,  
now a volunteer aid of the Fuel Administration

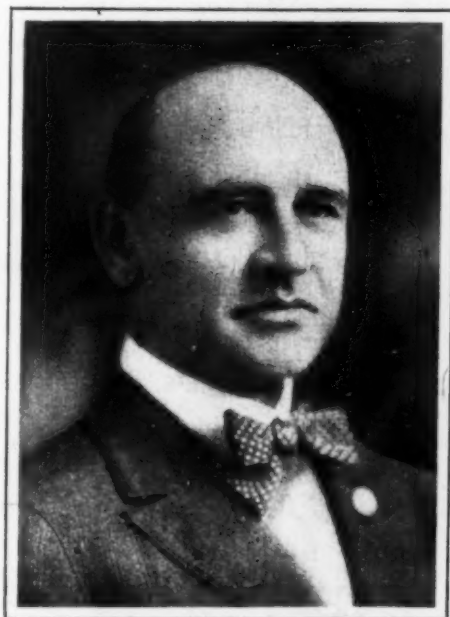
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**G. N. SNIDER**

Coal traffic manager of New York Central, director  
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A prominent mining engineer, head of the oil  
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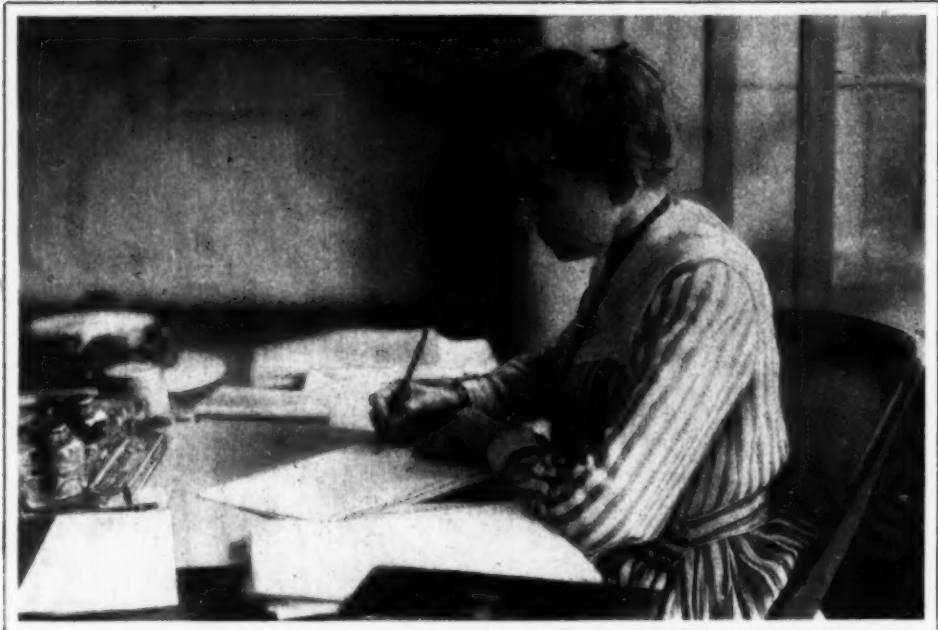
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DR. ANNA HOWARD SHAW

The well-known suffragist, chairman of the Women's Committee of the Council of National Defense

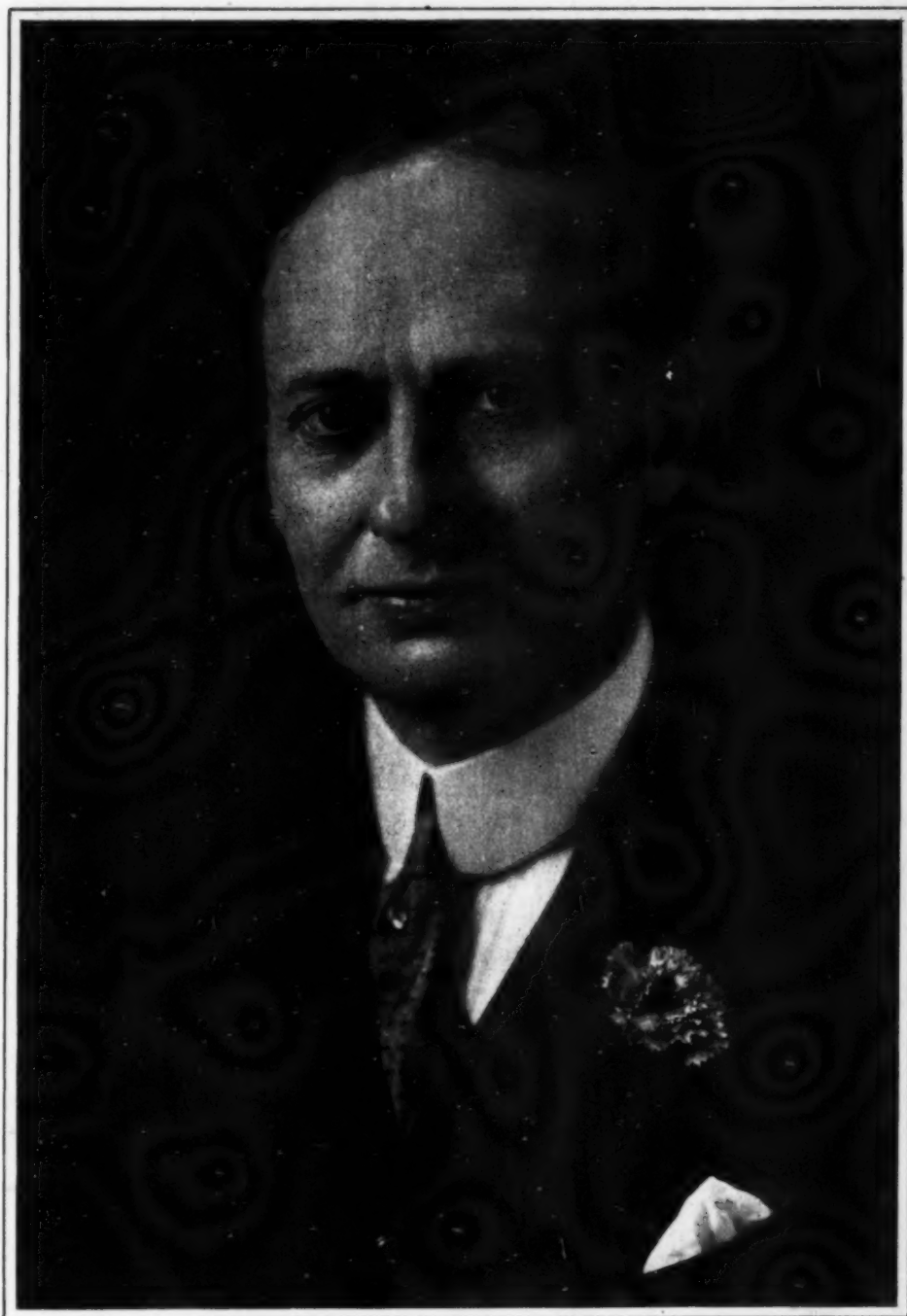
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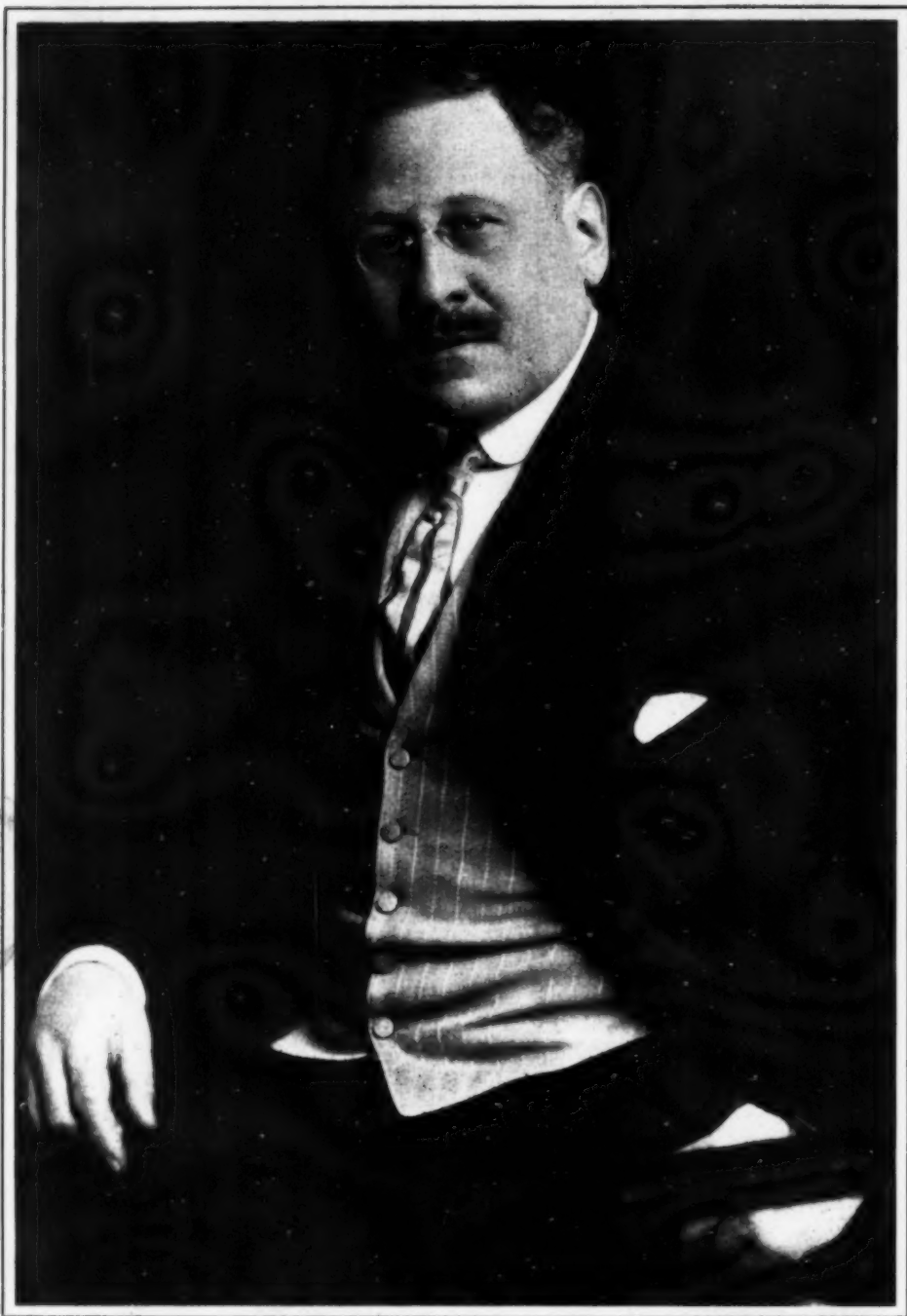
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BERNARD M. BARUCH

A well-known New York financier, now doing important work as purchaser of metals for the Council of National Defense

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President of Sears, Roebuck & Co., of Chicago, serving on the Council of National Defense

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# The Evolution of Liberty

THE BIRTH AND DOWNFALL OF DEMOCRACY IN ANCIENT GREECE AND ROME, AND  
THE MODERN WORLD'S LONG STRUGGLE TOWARD POLITICAL AND  
PERSONAL FREEDOM

By Richard Le Gallienne

Author of "The Art of Letter-Writing," "The Woman Behind the Man," etc.

"OH, Liberty, Liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!" cried Mme. Roland, and though her impassioned and immortal remark was made at the foot of the scaffold, and might therefore be considered as colored by the tragic moment in which it was uttered, no true lover of freedom but will, at times, sadly acknowledge its truth—as he will also, in like moments of disillusionment, be tempted to echo the sigh of a greater figure of the same volcanic age; the noble-minded minister Turgot:

"Liberty! I say it with a sigh, men are perhaps not worthy of thee."

Probably there has never been a fighter for freedom, however inspired or stout-hearted, who has not had these moments of disillusionment, or rather depression, as the piteous imperfection of the human material for which he was ready to give his life's blood has been forced upon him. He may have had the same feeling as he has reflected upon the never-ending recurrence of that fight—the fight for liberty—which has been waging since human history has kept any record of itself, and how many eons before; a fight that is always being won, and always being lost again, a warfare filled with victories rending the skies with happy jubilation, to be followed inevitably by the desolation of iron defeats.

It is pathetic to think how often whole nations have wept tears of joy, and covered their lands with flowers, danced and kissed and sung in their streets, because at last the great victory had come—and man

was "free." But already to clearer eyes the golden day was beginning to darken once more, and the hosts of tyranny in other formations of oppression were preparing for a new struggle.

Of course, the simple reason why this fight for liberty never ends, or never yet has ended in any stable freedom, in spite of a thousand victories, is that, whatever may be its temporary forms, it is the long fight of human nature with itself, the fight of man with his own selfishness. Specific tyrants or tyrannies are merely embodiments of that spirit of greed and love of power which are to be found in tyrant and tyrannized alike.

The final war of our times, we have often said, will be between rich and poor, capital and labor. Yet, when one reflects that rich and poor alike are made of the same selfish material, as the rise of many a poor man to power continually reminds us, we are too often tempted to cry out that "the struggle nought availeth"—it seems to matter little which side wins, the world will remain the same. The sigh of Turgot rises once more to our lips:

"Liberty! I say it with a sigh, men are perhaps not worthy of thee."

But this, of course, is merely a momentary discouragement. The martyrs and poets of liberty call to us from their graves and bid us contemplate the victories of the past rather than the long-stretching campaign of the future; to feed our eyes and hearts on that sacred vision of ideal liberty implanted in the soul of man from the be-

ginning of the world; to look up where, bathed in eternal morning, gleams that radiant golden goddess of liberty, who, even in cruel Rome, had her temple on the Aventine Mount.

#### THE FABULOUS GOLDEN AGE OF LIBERTY

The spirit of Shelley speeds like a torch to lighten our momentary darkness:

In the great morning of the world  
The spirit of God with might unfurled  
The flag of freedom over chaos.

And Tennyson, with silver clarion, calls us back to the old dream:

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,  
The thunders breaking at her feet;  
Above her shook the starry lights;  
She heard the torrents meet.

The poets and prophets of liberty have a way of thus assuming that liberty is a thing that mankind once possessed in its perfection, as in some fabulous golden age; but it is to be feared that the assumption is no less fabulous. Liberty, like all else, has been an evolution. Like all evolution, it has come about by some mysterious urge in man's heart, dim at first, but quickened by the pressure of conditions into ever-keener consciousness. We need not doubt that the cave-man fought for freedom as we are fighting still, and as our descendants a thousand years hence will still be fighting. So the poets are justified of their ringing words, and surely there never was a war in which we were more in need of all the music the poets can bring us to march by.

#### A THEME FOR SOME GREAT HISTORIAN

The evolution of liberty in historic times is a theme for some great historian yet to come. Lord Acton wrote some masterly essays upon it, and more recently Dr. George Scherger has written a suggestive brochure, to which, as to Lord Acton's essays, I owe valuable hints for this modest sketch of a great subject.

John Stuart Mill's justly famous essay "On Liberty" had, of course, a philosophical rather than a historical aim; but there is a brief passage near its beginning which well illustrates the primitive historic con-

ditions out of which the human struggle for liberty sprang:

To prevent the weaker members of the community from being preyed upon by innumerable vultures, it was needful that there should be an animal of prey stronger than the rest, commissioned to keep them down. But as the king of the vultures would be no less bent upon preying on the flock than any of the minor harpies, it was indispensable to be in a perpetual attitude of defense against his beak and claws. The aim, therefore, of patriots was to set limits to the power which the ruler should be suffered to exercise over the community; and this limitation was what they meant by liberty.

By "liberty," broadly speaking, has always been meant political liberty, though much has been done toward its attainment, or comparative attainment, by fights for other forms of liberty, which it has often but by no means always included—such as religious liberty, freedom of speech, and freedom of the press.

#### GREECE, THE BIRTHPLACE OF DEMOCRACY

The conception of liberty, especially political liberty, like almost every fruitful conception of the modern world, took place in Greece:

"Let there be light!" said Liberty.  
And like sunrise from the sea  
Athens arose!

Indeed, the democratic idea may be said to have come into being with Solon, who first held the magistracy at Athens in the year 594 B.C., and whom Lord Acton has called "the most profound political genius of antiquity." He was the first lawmaker in history to give "the common people" the vote. It is true that that is all he gave them; but, needless to say, that was the great entering wedge which before long was to rend the three classes of birth and wealth above them. From these classes, by exercise of their vote, the people were now for the first time empowered to choose magistrates—whom they were also empowered to call to account.

Though birth still counted in these three upper classes, it was their wealth alone, according to Solon's revision of the Athenian constitution, that gave them the right to govern, and their tripartite division was

conditioned entirely by the graduated extent of their property. Administrative eligibility went to the richest, irrespective of birth. So Solon aimed to curb the power of the old aristocracy by setting up a plutocracy—controlled in some degree by the votes of a democracy.

Thus in 594 B.C. the history of liberty began. Now, as then, the poor man has his vote, and the privilege of casting it for the rich man whom he considers to be the most worthy of office.

Things, of course, went much further in Athens, first with Cleisthenes, during whose legislation Herodotus wrote that "the Athenians then grew mighty, and it became plain that liberty is a brave thing," and next with Pericles, in whose hands political fairness toward rich and poor alike may be said to have reached an ideal balance—to be lost, however, as such ideal conditions too often are, with the death of the statesman who sustained it.

#### THE FAILURE OF DEMOCRACY IN GREECE

Other familiar developments of Greek democracy need not be retraced here, but Lord Acton's remarks on the final debacle of democracy in Athens may be quoted for their curious oppositeness to the parallelism with events at the present moment racing ahead in the hands of the "sovereign people" of the world's latest-born democracy:

On a memorable occasion the assembled Athenians declared it monstrous that they should be prevented from doing whatever they chose. No force that existed could restrain them; and they resolved that no duty should restrain them, and that they would be bound by no laws that were not of their own making. In this way the emancipated people of Athens became a tyrant; and their government, the pioneer of European freedom, stands condemned with a terrible unanimity by all the wisest of the ancients. They ruined their city by attempting to conduct war by debate in the market-place. Like the French Republic, they put their unsuccessful commanders to death. They treated their dependencies with such injustice that they lost their maritime empire. They plundered the rich until the rich conspired with the public enemy, and they crowned their guilt by the martyrdom of Socrates.

But, whatever the failure of Greek democracy—a failure, some may think, inherent in the unrestrained nature of the experi-

ment, and a failure which history was more than once to repeat—it was Greece that first "spoke the word democracy" and first of all peoples gave the poor man the vote. A principle had been set up which might again and again be overruled, but which could never afterward be forgotten or destroyed. Centuries after, in a land then unborn, that principle was to find its simplest and noblest expression on the lips of the simplest and noblest of men, when in prophetic words as of spoken bronze, which no quotation can stale and no poetry surpass, Abraham Lincoln declared:

That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

#### ROME'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO LIBERTY

While Greece was trying out her experiment in democracy, and after it had ended in disaster, Rome was trying out hers, though the *plebs* did not get the vote in Rome till nearly a century after the Athenian had enjoyed his. Rome was a republic from 509 to 31 B.C., though Lord Acton maintains that the people, the *populus*, enjoyed less of the reality of freedom under the republic than under the ensuing empire.

Said Cicero in a famous passage:

This is the condition of a free people, and especially of this chief people, the lord and conqueror of all nations, to be able to give or to take away by their votes whatever they see fit.

The people have always been susceptible to flattery, but the art of flattering the people was never practised so skilfully as in ancient Rome—the seat of some of the most terrible tyrannies the world has seen.

"Even Augustus," says Dr. Scherger, "issued the laws in the name of the Roman people."

And is not the sublimest, if not most impudent, of all flatteries of the people in the Latin tongue—"Vox populi, vox Dei"? Yet that which is much talked of is not altogether words, and it was not for nothing that the goddess *Libertas* had that temple on the Aventine, the hill that was the principal abode of the Roman *plebs*. Nor is it without significance that all subsequent

"caps of Liberty"—the red cap of the French Jacobins, the blue-and-white one of the English Chartists—originated in the cap which the goddess was represented as holding in her hand, a reference to the fact that in ancient Rome, when a slave received his freedom, a small red cloth cap was placed on his head.

Thus all the modern insignia of freedom, like the idea of freedom itself, had their origin in Greece and Rome, and most subsequent experiments in the thing itself have followed along the same lines to the same conclusions. Yet freedom as known in Greece and Rome would scarcely seem freedom to an American or to a modern Englishman; and in marking the difference between the antique and the modern point of view, one realizes that in the long fight some real and precious gains have been made.

#### LIMITS OF GREEK AND ROMAN LIBERTY

For the average Greek and Roman was free only in a political sense. He had the vote, and that was all; and all the good the vote did him, for the most part, was to give him the privilege of choosing between rival tyrants, or tyrannic systems of government calling themselves "republics." Once he had elected one or other machine to govern—ostensibly to govern for him, but really to govern him—he was practically, though with certain theoretic safeguards, in the power of that machine. It is not to be denied that his plight has modern parallels; yet he had little or nothing of what we nowadays call personal liberty. He was a citizen, not a man, and as such he was at once the creator, the servant, the slave, and the victim of "the state." Whether that state was called *Respublica* or *Augustus*, mattered little. To quote Lord Acton once more:

Individuals and families, associations and dependencies, were so much material that the sovereign power consumed for its own purposes. What the slave was in the hands of his master, the citizen was in the hands of the community. The most sacred obligations vanished before the public advantage. The passengers existed for the sake of the ship.

Therefore it must be owned that Greece and Rome, while they have given us the

idea of liberty, have transmitted little of worth toward its attainment, except, indeed, those warnings provided by their failures—warnings, alas, which modern experimentalists in liberty have too often chosen to disregard, preferring, it would seem, to try over again the old fallacies and commit the old errors.

#### TWO SOURCES OF PERSONAL LIBERTY

The elements of personal freedom lacking in the ancient ideal of liberty were to come from two sources, one of which must seem a strange source for any form of liberty to-day. One source was Christianity, the other was the Germanic hordes that were at once to destroy and to fertilize civilizations that were dying largely from the exhaustion of the common people.

The influence of Christianity on that world of bronze and marble—a world in which the idea of pity existed only in the minds of a few philosophers and their disciples—needs no pointing out. No wonder that the new religion should have spread like wildfire in a world of slaves and "citizens." A gospel indeed it must have seemed that proclaimed all men to be free and equal before God.

Strange it was, surely, that that gentle teaching should find an ally in the savage northern warriors, who had not derived it from that divine source which they long fiercely denied, but had come to it naturally as a part of the genius of their race. The freedom of the individual man was a tenet that seems to have been in the blood of the ancient German. He acknowledged no authority but his own and that of the laws he shared in making. The kings he consented to obey in times of war were of his election. Though there were nobles in the tribe, the scions of the older families, their distinction was chiefly social, and they wielded no more real power than the average free man. Indeed, those early German tribes afforded an almost perfect example of "that government of the people, by the people, for the people," which survives in its primitive form to-day only in the Swiss cantons.

So the men that believed in Christ and the men that believed in Odin met in those

early days on that common basis of God-created manhood which the French Revolution was to express in those three words of immortal challenge—*liberté, égalité, fraternité*. From the Goth and the Hun, passing strange as it sounds, came, in the mysterious processes of time—time, which out of such brutish material was to create England and France and America—those early seedlings of popular government which were to blossom in the Magna Charta and come to giant fruitage in the Declaration of Independence.

#### THE TORCH-BEARERS OF MODERN LIBERTY

For when the Saxons landed on the shores of Britain, destiny had handed the torch of liberty to a race which, during the whole course of its history, through many a stormy vicissitude that threatened its extinction, has manfully held it aloft, feeding and fanning its flame with the breath of its national life.

There is, as we all know, a "sister isle" for whom England is the "bloody tyrant" of all tyrants, and to associate her name with freedom is dangerous in the presence of many Irishmen. But all nations make their mistakes. England has made many, but she has suffered for them and learned by them. In times past she shared in the general notion of world-conquest, that greed of annexation known as colonizing; but in this she was surely no more blameworthy than France or Spain. Indeed, she had but learned the lessons of Louis XIV and Philip II, and her one crime, in this regard, is to have bettered their instruction. India indeed is hers—as the Philippines are America's—but it certainly is not the fault of France that it is not hers instead.

One cardinal crime of England which would seem to rankle in the minds of many Americans even yet, but which surely America can afford to forget, is the tyranny which gave America her independence. Yet by this time the American schoolboy should know that it was England's king, not England's people, not the best of Englishmen, that brought on the War of Independence. Instead of dwelling on the memory of George III as a sort of national Guy Fawkes, would it not be well oftener to

bring before the young American mind these words of Edmund Burke?

In this character of the Americans a love of freedom is the predominating feature which marks and distinguishes the whole; and as an ardent is always a jealous affection, your colonies become suspicious, restive, and untractable, whenever they see the least attempt to wrest from them by force, or shuffle from them by chicane, what they think the only advantage worth living for. This fierce spirit of liberty is stronger in the English colonies, probably, than in any other people of the earth. . . . The people of the colonies, sir, are descendants of Englishmen. England, sir, is a nation which still, I hope, respects, and formerly adored, her freedom. The colonies emanated from you, when this part of your character was most predominant; and they took this bias and direction the moment they parted from your hands. They are therefore not only devoted to liberty, but to liberty according to English ideas and on English principles. Abstract liberty, like other mere abstractions, is not to be found.

That "love of freedom" of which Burke thus speaks as characteristically American, and which won American independence, was, as he justly emphasizes, a part of America's English inheritance. Had Englishmen not stubbornly fought for their freedom from the very beginning of their history, Americans would never have fought for theirs. And Burke puts his finger on the distinguishing characteristic of the English fight for freedom in his reference to "liberty according to English ideas, and on English principles," and in adding that "abstract liberty, like other mere abstractions, is not to be found." England has always sought and won its freedom by the making and wrestling of concrete demands.

#### THE PRACTICALITY OF ENGLISH FREEDOM

On this point Dr. Johnson, than whom no more typical Englishman ever lived, had once a particularly Johnsonian thing to say, as he called one morning on Boswell in his lodging in Half-Moon Street.

"He talked in his usual style," says Boswell, "with a rough contempt of popular liberty. 'They make a rout about universal liberty without considering that all that is to be valued, or indeed that can be enjoyed by individuals, is private liberty. Political liberty is good only so far as it produces private liberty.'"

English liberty has always developed, in Tennyson's words, "from precedent to precedent." It came of no abstract dream of freedom—as French liberty largely came—but by the righting of each particular wrong as it arose—unjust imprisonment, unjust taxation, unjust control of the individual conscience, unjust interference with individual opinion, unjust censorship of speech or printed books, and so on. The sneer—I think it was Matthew Arnold's—that England was always "impervious to ideas" is no doubt largely true; but in this important matter of the conservation and development of liberty, that intellectual obtuseness was far from unfortunate. It saved England from that heady experimentalizing with political panaceas which, as we have seen, was the ruin of Greek democracy.

In that characteristic English document, *Magna Charta*, one finds nothing about the "rights of man," no references to eternal principles of freedom, but merely plain, prosaic undertakings by the party of the one part to the party of the other part—solemnly sworn and sealed obligations by the king to the people, not to commit certain specified wrongs, and not to withhold certain specified rights. No freeman was to be punished except when his countrymen judged him guilty of crime. The courts were to be open to all, and justice was not to be "sold, refused, or delayed." The villain was to have his plow free from seizure, and so on.

And so the poor villain went away happy. He had his plow safe. That was enough of freedom for the time being. He had no thought of hoisting the red flag of universal equality, or setting up a revolutionary tribunal. Like a wise—and, if you like, stupid—Englishman, "impervious to ideas," he "took the cash, and let the credit go," nor heeded the rolling of a distant drum.

Similarly with the creation of Parliament. The House of Commons was no new invention of Simon de Montfort, but was merely a development of the immemorial institution of *witenagemot* and *folk mote*, those legislative assemblies of the people which the Saxons had shared in common with their other Teutonic kinsmen, and which they had transplanted into soil, as time was

to prove, peculiarly favorable to its sturdy growth and endurance.

#### JOHN HAMPDEN'S TWENTY-SHILLING TAX

In the same spirit, when the supreme and conclusive fight for English liberty was waged in the reign of Charles I, though the king's obstinate ecclesiastical bigotry was a provocative factor in the struggle, it was not that which provided the occasion for the final break between monarch and people. That came because of the imposition on inland towns of a tax on shipping known as "ship-money." Englishmen had endured oppression at the hands of Charles which might seem to us nowadays more serious than that. However, such was not the view of John Hampden, a rich country gentleman of Buckinghamshire, who refused to pay the ship-money levy of twenty shillings on his property, and so precipitated that Civil War which has perhaps had more influence on the history of Europe than the French Revolution—which, indeed, it was powerfully to inspire.

A small matter of twenty shillings, and a king loses his throne and his head—the first stern warning given to kings and potentates in Europe. "How English!" one cannot help exclaiming—and how eminently practical.

Burke made a good point of this English restiveness under unjust taxation when he said:

It happened, you know, sir, that the great contests for freedom in this country were from the earliest times chiefly upon the question of taxing. On this point of taxes the ablest pens and most eloquent tongues have been exercised; the greatest spirits have acted and suffered.

And his point was that America was proving her English blood in the very manner of her resistance to England.

How English, after all, was her rebellion against England—the Boston Tea Party and the rest! Was it not once more a question of unjust taxation? Charles I lost his head because of an unjust tax-levy of twenty shillings. America fought for her independence and won it because of an unjust tax on tea! It may seem a humdrum way of attaining ideal ends, but it has the advantage of surefootedness, and the gains thus won are

stable and endure. They do not vanish with the morning, or prove fairy-gold of liberty-intoxicated dreams.

#### LATER CHARTERS OF LIBERTY

The Petition of Right, England's second great charter, which the Parliament of 1628 wrested from Charles I, and the still more important Bill of Rights, to which William and Mary set their hands and seals after the deposition of James II, are cut and dried reading, but their meaning and value is "beyond singing." The famous Habeas Corpus Act is another cut and dried document, but perhaps no single enactment has been of such importance to mankind. And so on with all the subsequent English legislation toward freedom. It was never showy, but always effective.

Yet behind all these cut and dried documents there had, since the time of Henry VIII, been more ideal thinking than one would suspect. The fight for religious liberty, evoking the "Protestant" attitude of mind, with its appeal to the Gospels and their teaching of man's equality before God, had given spiritual as well as political values to the struggle for liberty; and by the reign of Charles I this mental attitude had become intensely conscious and formidable in the Puritan thinkers and fighters, whose service to liberty in all its forms cannot be overestimated.

Driven by persecution to America, was it not they, with their customary appeal to ideal standards, who first gave the quality of idealism to American liberty which English liberty—on the surface, at least—had lacked? America was indeed to combine in her democratic outlook the solid sense of England, from which she had sprung, with something of the abstract poetic ardor of France, with whom something volatile in her nature has always made it easy for her to fraternize.

Dr. Scherger has this passage on the contrast between English and American enactments, which I cannot forbear quoting. Referring to the American bills of rights he says:

Comparing these bills of rights with the famous English documents, such as Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights of 1689, and others, we notice that

the English declarations contain no allusions to natural justice nor any abstract principles whatever, but name certain concrete rights to which individuals are entitled, not as men, but as English subjects. In the American bills of rights, on the other hand, we find statements of abstract principles; such as the natural freedom and equality of men, the purpose of government, the doctrines of the sovereignty of the people, of the separation of powers, and the like, associated with statements of concrete rights; such as the right of trial by jury, freedom of speech and of the press, freedom of elections, security against excessive fines, cruel and unusual punishments, general warrants, and others. While the first class of statements are based upon the doctrines of Locke, Blackstone, Vattel, Pufendorf, and in a few instances of Montesquieu and Rousseau, the concrete rights are taken in most cases, and often copied verbatim, from Magna Charta or the English Bill of Rights.

Thus America has derived her title to the "sweet land of liberty" from the two great modern sources of liberty—England and France.

The debt of liberty to France who is not proud and grateful to acknowledge? But her gifts were crowded into one fiery moment of her history rather than, as with England, the slowly ripened fruit of a stalwart, slowly growing tree. To liberty she consecrated one supreme and terrible deed of unparalleled influence—the Revolution; one supreme book, the "Contrat Social," of Rousseau; and, above all, one supreme song, the immortal marching-song of liberty—the "Marseillaise."

Yet it must not be forgotten that before Rousseau came out with his splendid challenge—"man is born free, and yet is universally enslaved"—and before Montesquieu, Voltaire, and other seminal minds of the great Revolution had written their dynamic speculations, such English philosophers as Hobbes and Locke had already done much of their thinking for them. Many of those inspired Frenchmen had visited England, and it was, as Dr. Scherger points out, "especially the English system of government, and the liberty of the people of England, which filled the French with admiration." The English had, as we have seen, long anticipated the French in beheading a king, if that is to be counted a useful political act—as I am inclined to consider it, when the king has been, as the execu-

tioner of Charles I truthfully called him, a "traitor" to his people.

#### MANY STRUGGLES FOR LIBERTY

It is no part of my object, as it would be manifestly impossible in this brief sketch, to celebrate the many national fights for liberty which make such dramatic and heroic reading in the history of modern Europe, but have added nothing to the general evolution of the idea or practise of liberty—such struggles as that of Italy against Austria, or Poland against Russia and Germany—struggles with Garibaldi and Kosciuszko for their deathless heroes. The fight of the Swiss cantons has a more general bearing, though in fact the religious wars, wherever fought, as among the Albigenses in France, contributed everywhere more directly to the principle of freedom.

The service done by Holland, as Lord Acton points out, was greater than many more showy exhibitions of the spirit of liberty, by its maintaining the freedom of the press, through which "in the darkest hour of oppression the victims of the oppressors obtained the ear of Europe."

Here I have only attempted to trace the evolution of liberty through those nations whose special genius it has been to foster it; Greece and Rome in ancient times, and

England, France, and America in the modern era. Of these three England is manifestly the parent tree of liberty, for, as I have said, even French liberty began in England. No nation need grudge England that high honor, particularly at this moment when these three nations sacred to liberty, their old feuds and jealousies forever put away, are fighting side by side for the cause to which each in its fashion has given the best that is in it.

In so solemn an hour, when this noble growth of time is threatened by a race which from the same starting-point has taken so strangely different a path, one may quote Wordsworth's impressive sonnet with no little of the intensity of a prayer:

It is not to be thought of that the flood  
Of British freedom, which to the open sea  
Of the world's praise from dark antiquity  
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwith-  
stood"—

Roused though it be full often to a mood  
Which spurns the check of salutary bands—  
That this most famous stream in bogs and  
sands

Should perish; and to evil and to good  
Be lost forever. In our halls is hung  
Armory of the invincible knights of old;  
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue  
That Shakespeare spake, the faiths and morals  
hold

Which Milton held. In everything we are sprung  
Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

#### THE SOLDIER'S VISION

AGAINST the fabric of sound the guns were weaving  
Far in the west, like a skyey flute, he heard,  
Dulcet and clear and joyous past all believing,  
The song of a bird.

Prone in the cratered earth in desperate hiding  
From the iron rain that shrieked and blasted and slew,  
He felt on his lifted face—a grace abiding—  
The fall of the dew.

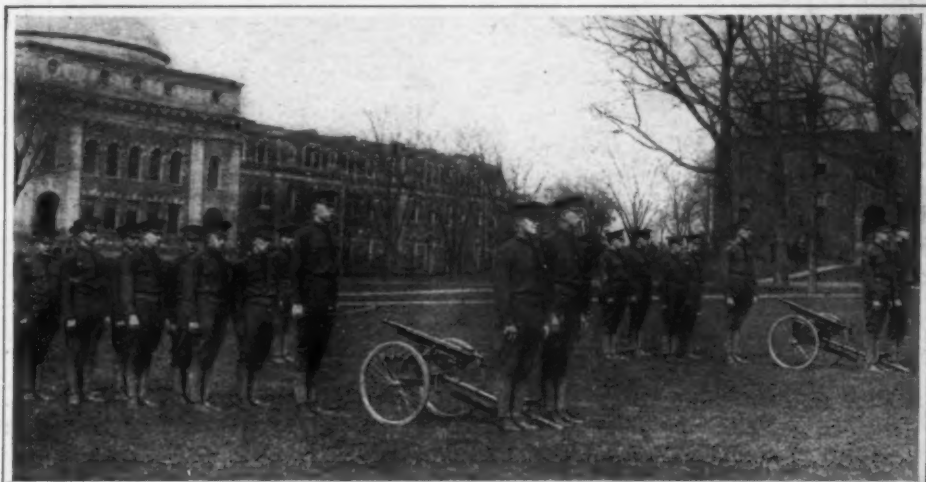
O'er the place of death, lit with splendors infernal  
By the swift flares that beckoned to monstrous wars,  
He saw, intent with brooding pity eternal,  
The infinite stars.

Out of the battle reek, the clamor of killing,  
The warm, rent veins bedewing the miry sod,  
He dreamed of a world reborn, all dreams fulfilling—  
The kingdom of God!

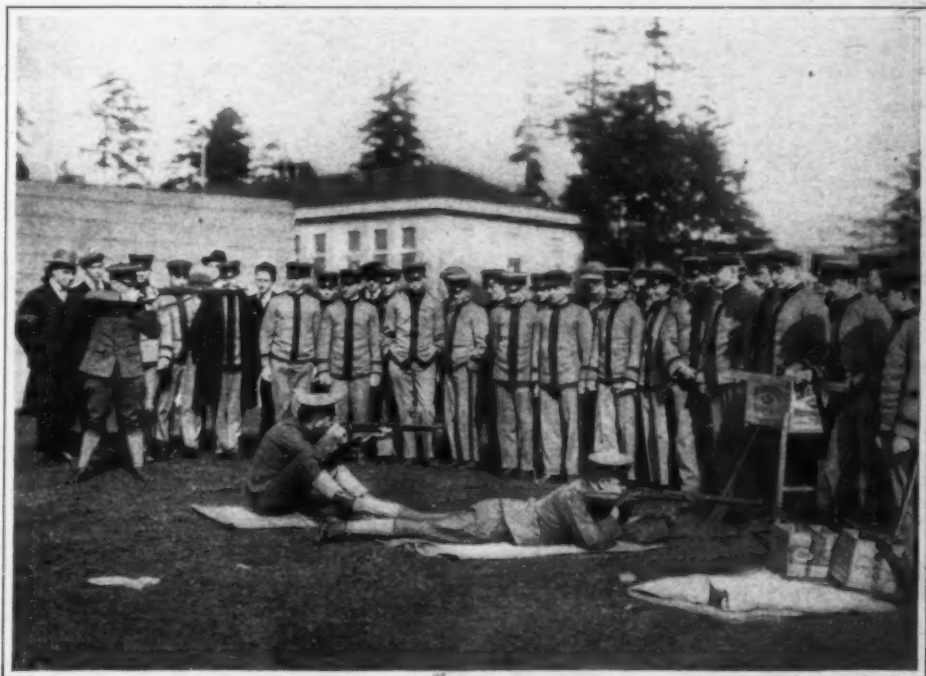
Clarence Meily

# The Colleges and the War

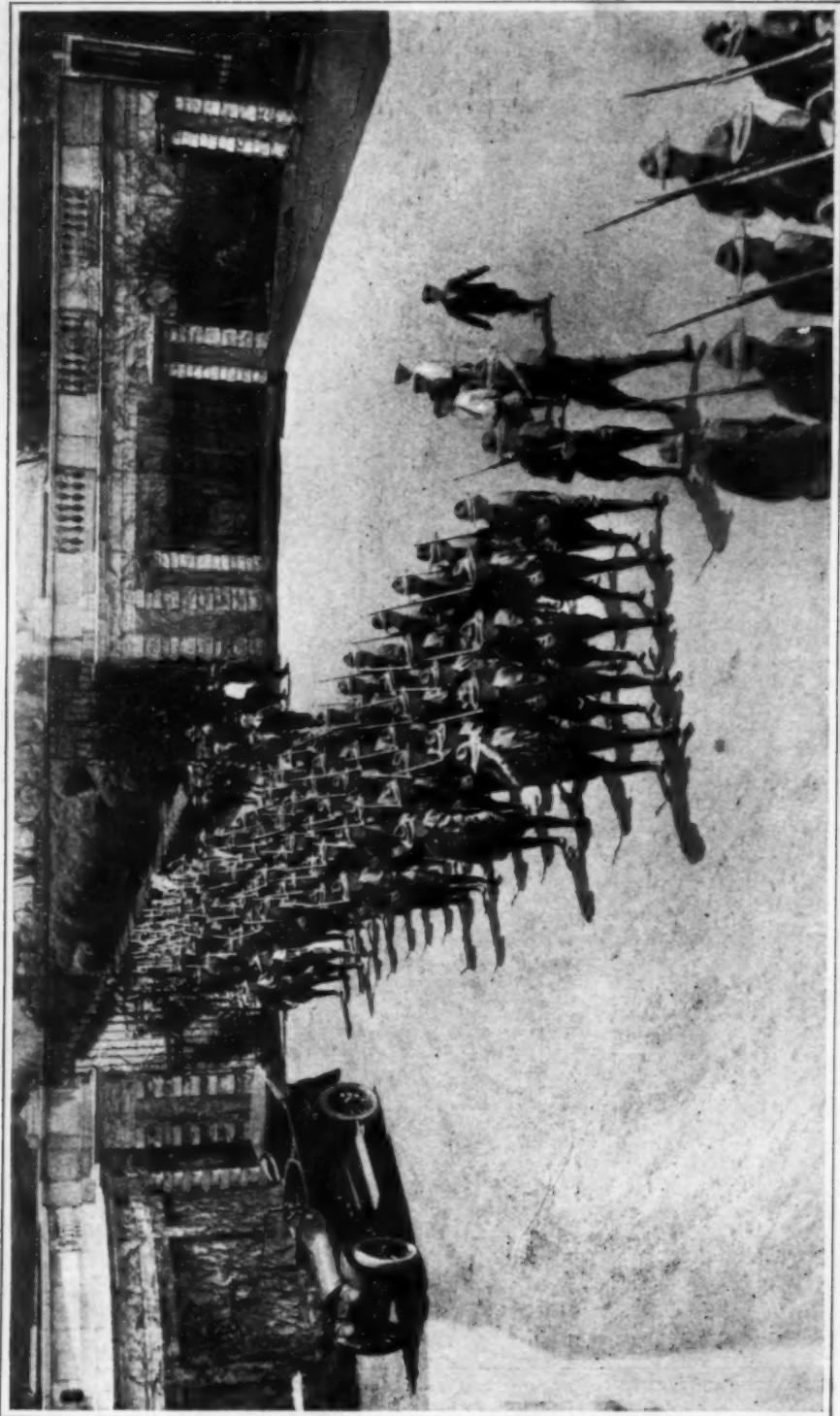
A SERIES OF PICTURES WHICH PROVES THAT OUR AMERICAN COLLEGE STUDENTS  
ARE PREPARING TO DO THEIR BIT FOR THEIR FLAG AND COUNTRY



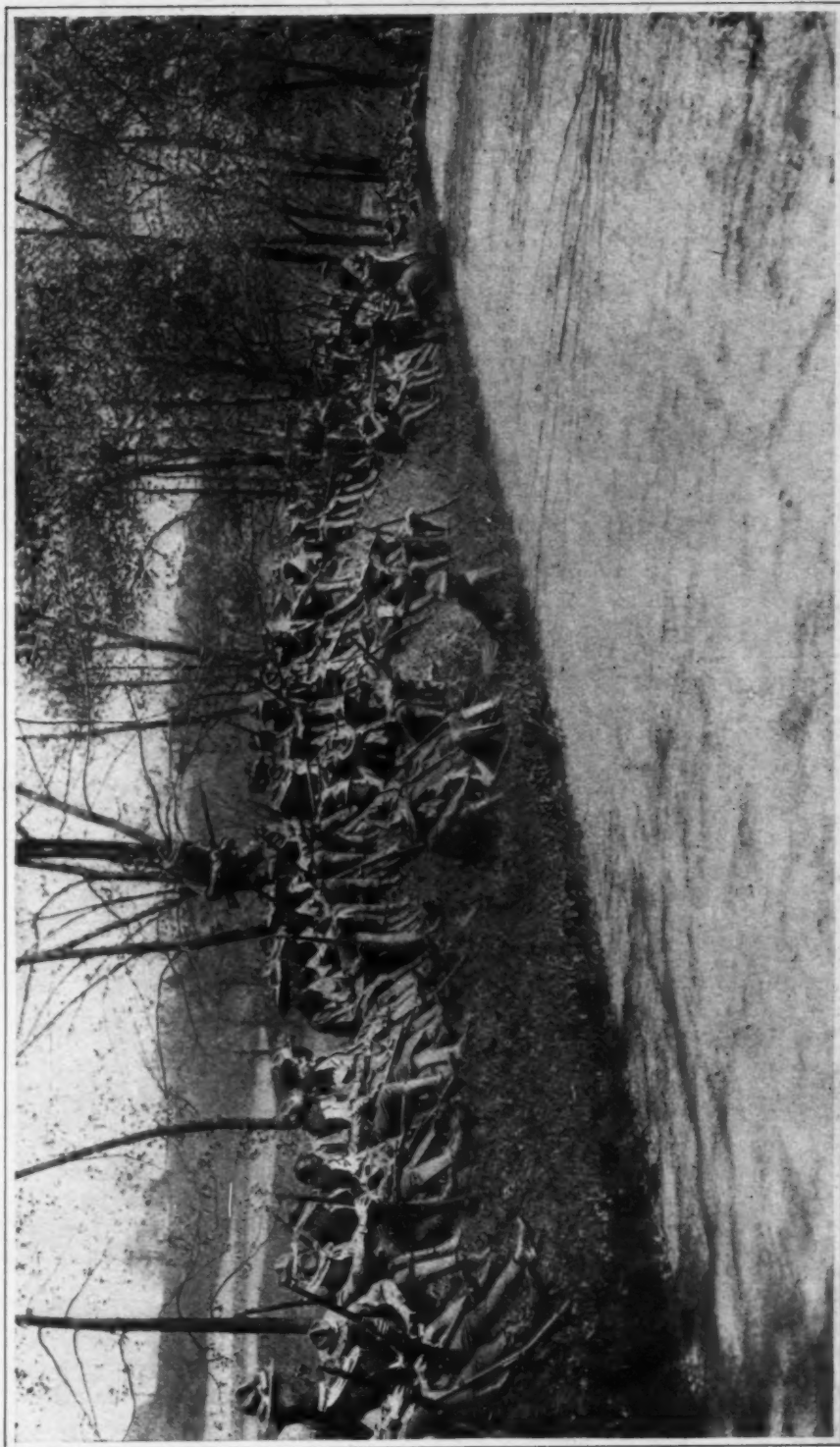
MACHINE-GUN PLATOONS OF THE CADET CORPS OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY ON THE COLLEGE CAMPUS



CADETS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON (SEATTLE, WASHINGTON) RECEIVING INSTRUCTION IN  
THE PROPER METHODS OF RIFLE-FIRING IN DIFFERENT POSITIONS



THE HARVARD REGIMENT ON A PRACTISE MARCH, PASSING THROUGH THE GATE OF THE BRANDEGEE ESTATE AT BROOKLINE, MASSACHUSETTS  
*From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*



PART OF THE HARVARD REGIMENT DURING A WAR GAME NEAR BOSTON—THESE MEN ARE DESIGNATED AS THE WHITE FORCE, AND WILL SHORTLY COME INTO ACTION AGAINST THEIR SUPPOSED ENEMIES, THE BROWNS

*From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*

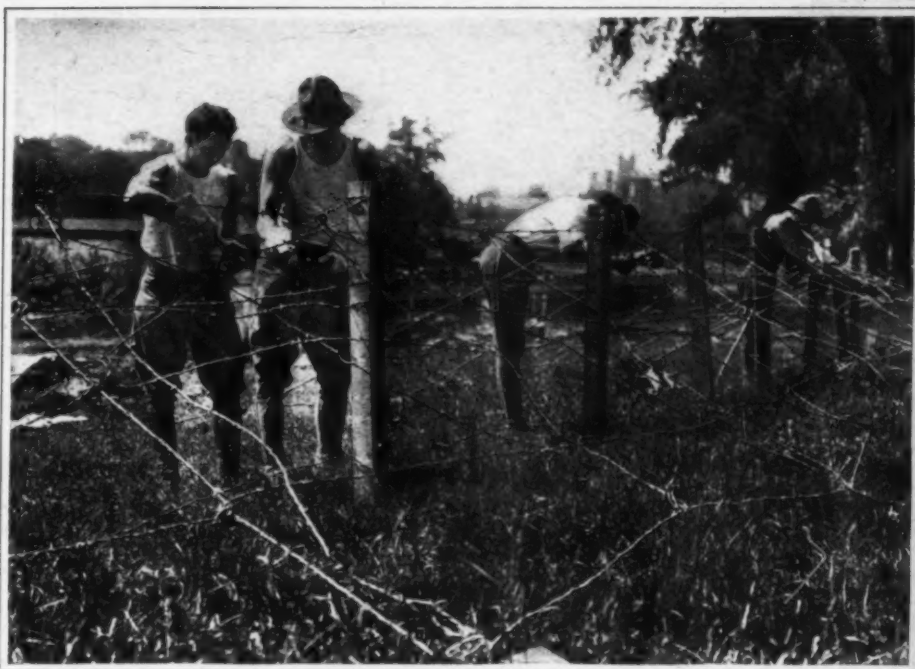


PRINCETON PROUDLY CLAIMS THAT NINE-TENTHS OF HER STUDENTS HAVE VOLUNTEERED FOR SOME FORM OF MILITARY SERVICE



MEN OF A YALE UNIVERSITY BATTERY, MUSTERED INTO THE UNITED STATES SERVICE, IN CAMP AT TOBYHANNA, NEAR SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA

*From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*

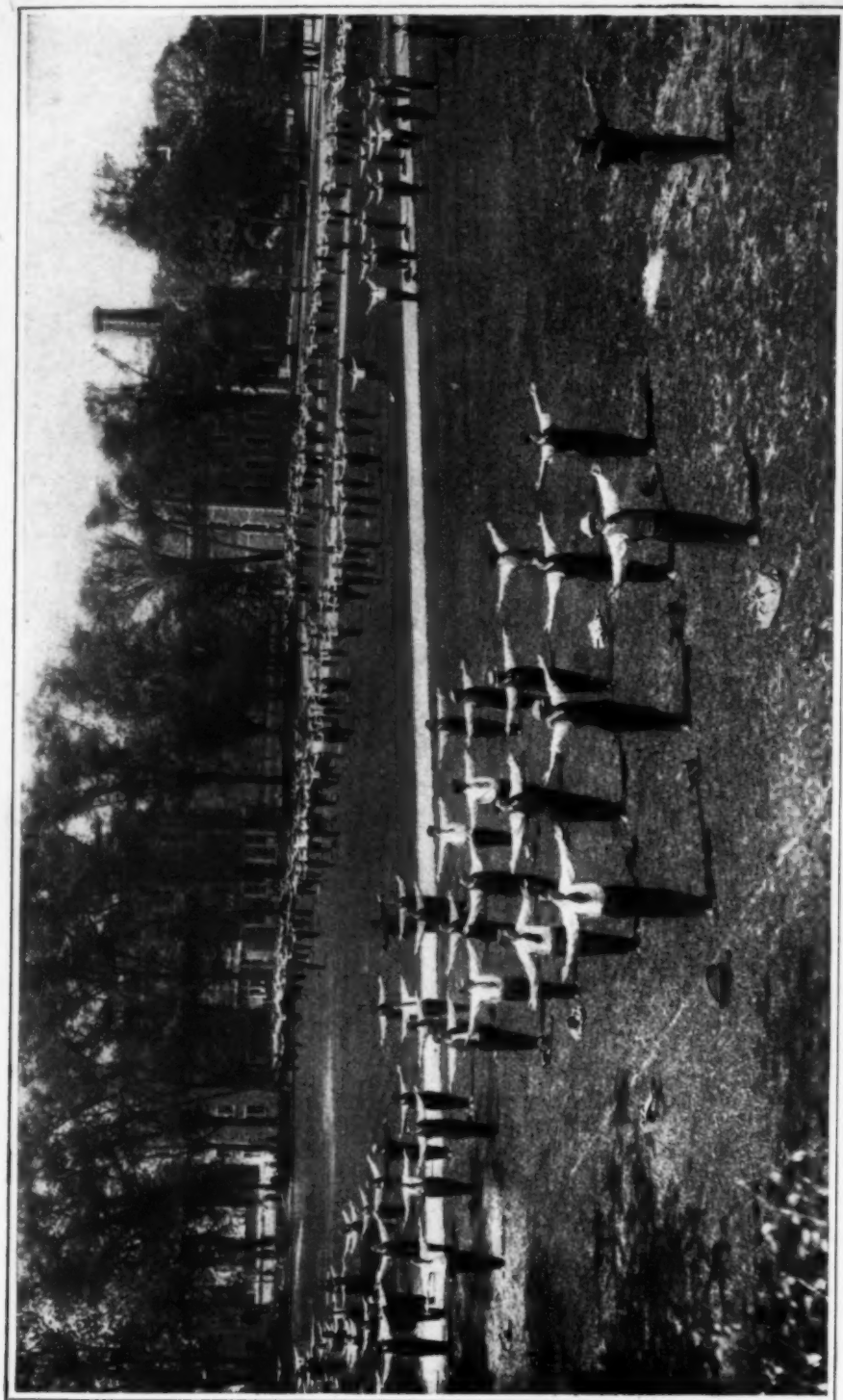


IN THIS ENGRAVING AND THE ONE OPPOSITE PRINCETON MEN ARE SEEN RECEIVING INSTRUCTION  
IN BUILDING TRENCHES AND WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS

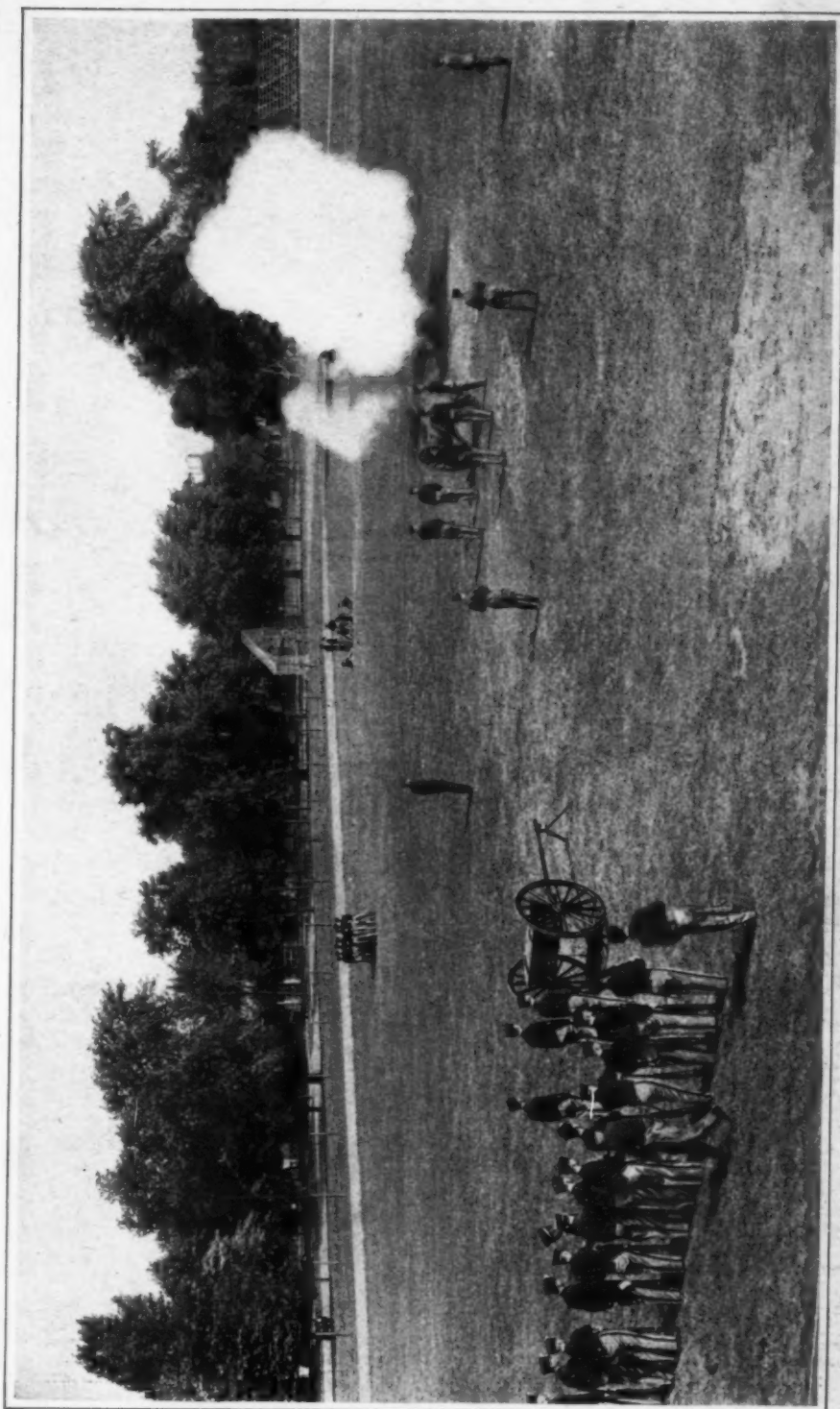


YALE GUNNERS CLEANING THE MECHANISM OF A THREE-INCH FIELD-GUN, A TASK IN WHICH  
THEY ARE EXPERTS

*From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*



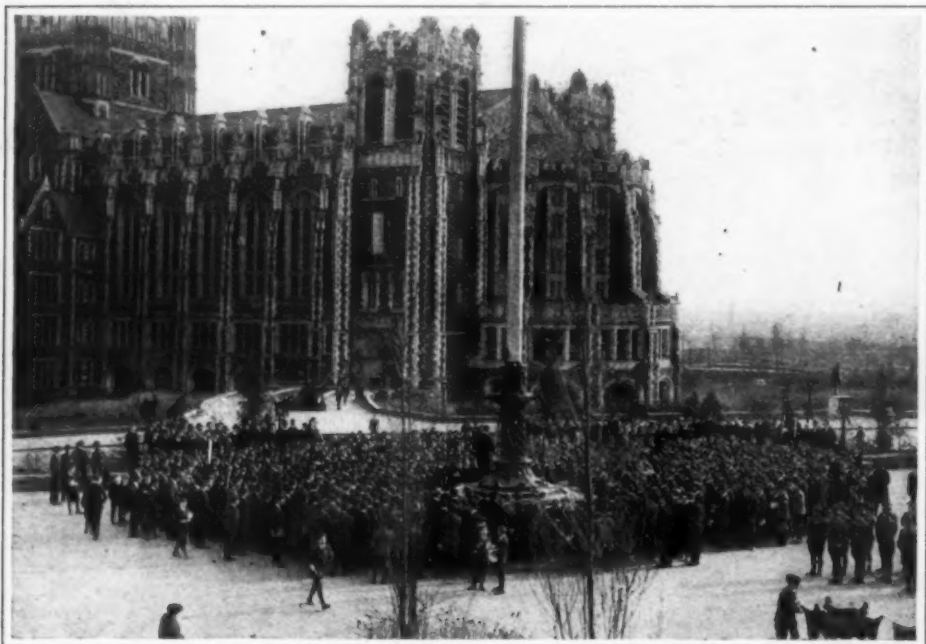
STUDENTS OF FORDHAM UNIVERSITY, NEW YORK, AT SETTING-UP DRILL IN THE COLLEGE GROUNDS  
*From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*



ARTILLERY PRACTISE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS (URBANA, ILLINOIS)—STUDENT GUNNERS FIRING A THREE-INCH FIELD-PIECE ON THE COLLEGE CAMPUS



DRILL OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY STUDENTS, WATCHED BY MANY SPECTATORS, ON SOUTH FIELD, THE COLLEGE ATHLETIC GROUNDS AT BROADWAY AND ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK



FUNCTION OF RAISING A SERVICE FLAG BEARING ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY STARS, REPRESENTING NINETEEN MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY AND ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-ONE UNDERGRADUATES WITH THE COLORS, AT THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

*From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*

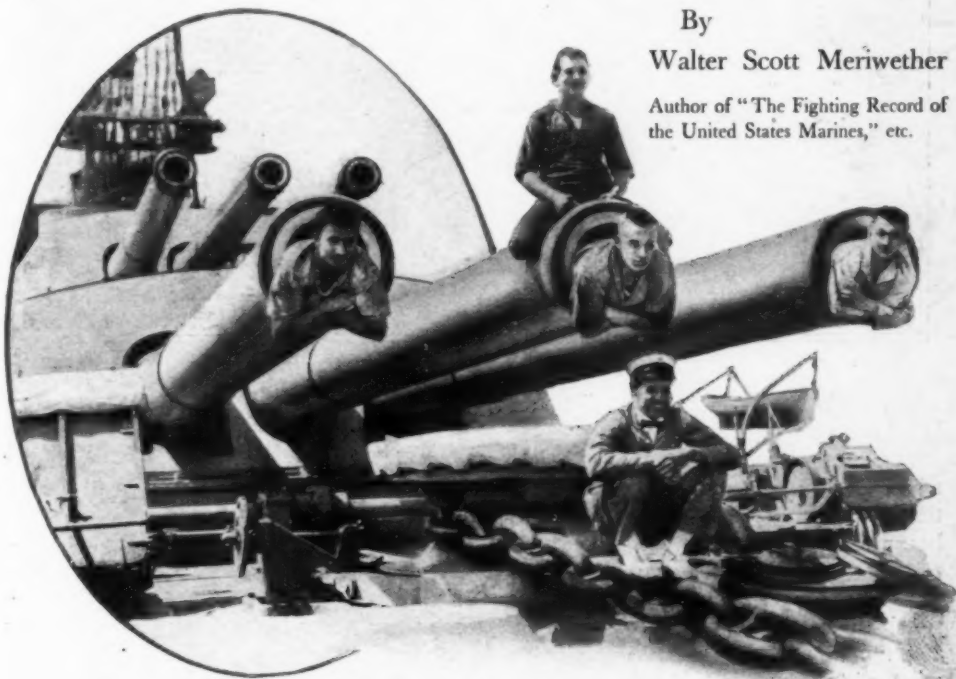
# An American Sailor's Story

AN UNVARNISHED TRANSCRIPT OF THE EXPERIENCES AND ADVENTURES OF A  
GUN-POINTER IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY

By

Walter Scott Meriwether

Author of "The Fighting Record of  
the United States Marines," etc.

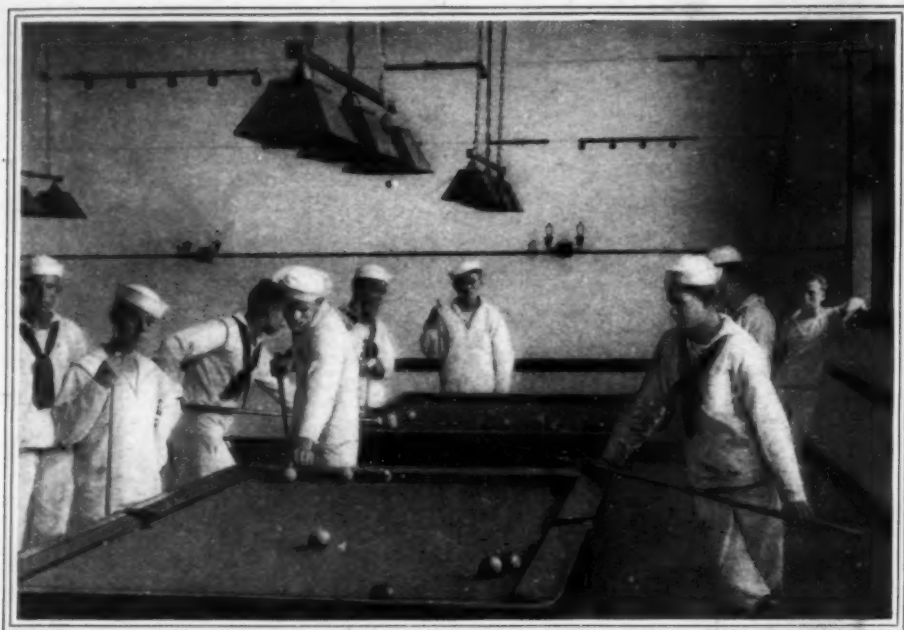


IT was on Good Friday that we declared war on Germany, but I was so busy with my job as foreman of a big electric plant that I did not get around to the evening newspapers until I was in a street-car and on the way to my little place in the suburbs. We had a nine-room house with garden and lawn, flower-beds which my wife had made, fruit-trees which I had planted, and a box hedge running around it on three sides. I knew it as home, for I had more than half paid the instalment mortgage, and with the good job I had nailed down, I expected to spend the rest of my life in this inland snug harbor.

The trolley-car was crowded, as usual,

and it was not until I was nearing home that I got a seat and opened my paper to see in big type the announcement that we had declared war against Germany. I had been working early and late superintending the installation of a new labor-saving device of my own invention, and I was so deeply interested in the work that for several days I had not even looked at a newspaper. But I felt instinctively that this news was going to affect me, and I read every line of the announcement and the flare heads which told that the army and navy would rush preparations for war.

I was so much absorbed in the news and in my own thoughts that I was carried two



POOL IS ONE OF THE AMUSEMENTS PERMITTED TO THE APPRENTICE SEAMAN

or three blocks past my street. I was still in a brown study when I saw my wife, who always waited for me at the gate, come tripping down the sidewalk to meet me, my three-year-old daughter dancing along with her. Mary greeted me with a kiss, my little daughter sprang into my arms, and a resolution that had been forming in my mind began to weaken; but after dinner I told my wife I had a plan to go over, and went off to the room that we had fitted up as a den.

I had a plan, but it had nothing to do with blue-prints, as she supposed. Moreover, I felt it was one that I would have to work out by myself. While my wife is the finest helpmate that ever cheered a man's life, I recognized this as a trick at the helm that I would have to stand without any partner and with no compass except my own conscience.

After Mary had finished with the dishes, she put our little girl in bed, and from the piano came floating the liquid bars of "La Paloma," my favorite piece. As I was lighting my second pipe I heard an agitated little scream, and then the quick patter of feet, as she came hurrying up the stairs and

into my den with the evening paper in her hands.

"Oh, John, did you read the paper?" she breathlessly asked. "We've gone to war with Germany, and—"

She suddenly paused and glanced at the bare top of the table before which I was sitting, and where she had expected to find me poring over blue-prints; but excepting a box of matches and a bit of Navy plug, from which I had shaved my last pipeful, the table was bare.

"John!"

I knew what was coming, but in that hour of reflection I had fully decided.

"You are thinking of leaving me and going back to the navy!" she said with swift intuition, and there was a catch in her voice and a tremble on her lips.

"Now, Mary—" I began.

"Oh, I knew something like this would happen!" she sobbed in a sudden burst of tears. "We were so happy, I knew it couldn't last! Now you are going away from me, and I know something will happen to you. Those terrible submarines—I can just see your ship sinking and you drowning!"



TARGET PRACTISE AT THE NEWPORT TRAINING STATION—"RIFLE TEAMS WERE PICKED FROM THE BEST MARKSMEN"



A TUG OF WAR BETWEEN TEAMS OF APPRENTICE SEAMEN AT THE NEWPORT TRAINING STATION

"But, my dear," I argued, "if enough of us get busy and sit in the game, we'll put the subs out of business. This is our fight now, and it's up to every one of us to do our share."

She still shook with sobs, seeing only the darker side—my ship sinking and me drowning. I went on:

understood it all—how this call to arms was a call to all patriots, and particularly addressed to Americans who had had military training, she, womanlike, went to the other extreme and began tabbing off those of her acquaintance who ought to go to the war, and to whom she would never speak again unless they instantly enrolled. Hith-



DRILL OF RECRUITS AT THE NEWPORT TRAINING STATION—"THE PHYSICAL EXERCISES WE HAD TO TAKE DEVELOPED MY MUSCLES WONDERFULLY"

"It's our fight now, and the navy needs men. Why shouldn't I go back? Do you know," I asked, as I took her on my lap and brought her head to my shoulder, "that it cost the navy about fifty thousand dollars to educate me—that is, to educate me to the point where I could hit a moving target five miles off nine times out of ten? Do you realize that if the navy should go into the open market to-day and bid for that skill, there would be no supply except from chaps such as myself?"

"Do you mean you would get fifty thousand dollars?" she gasped.

"Not much! I'd more likely be getting about fifty dollars a month."

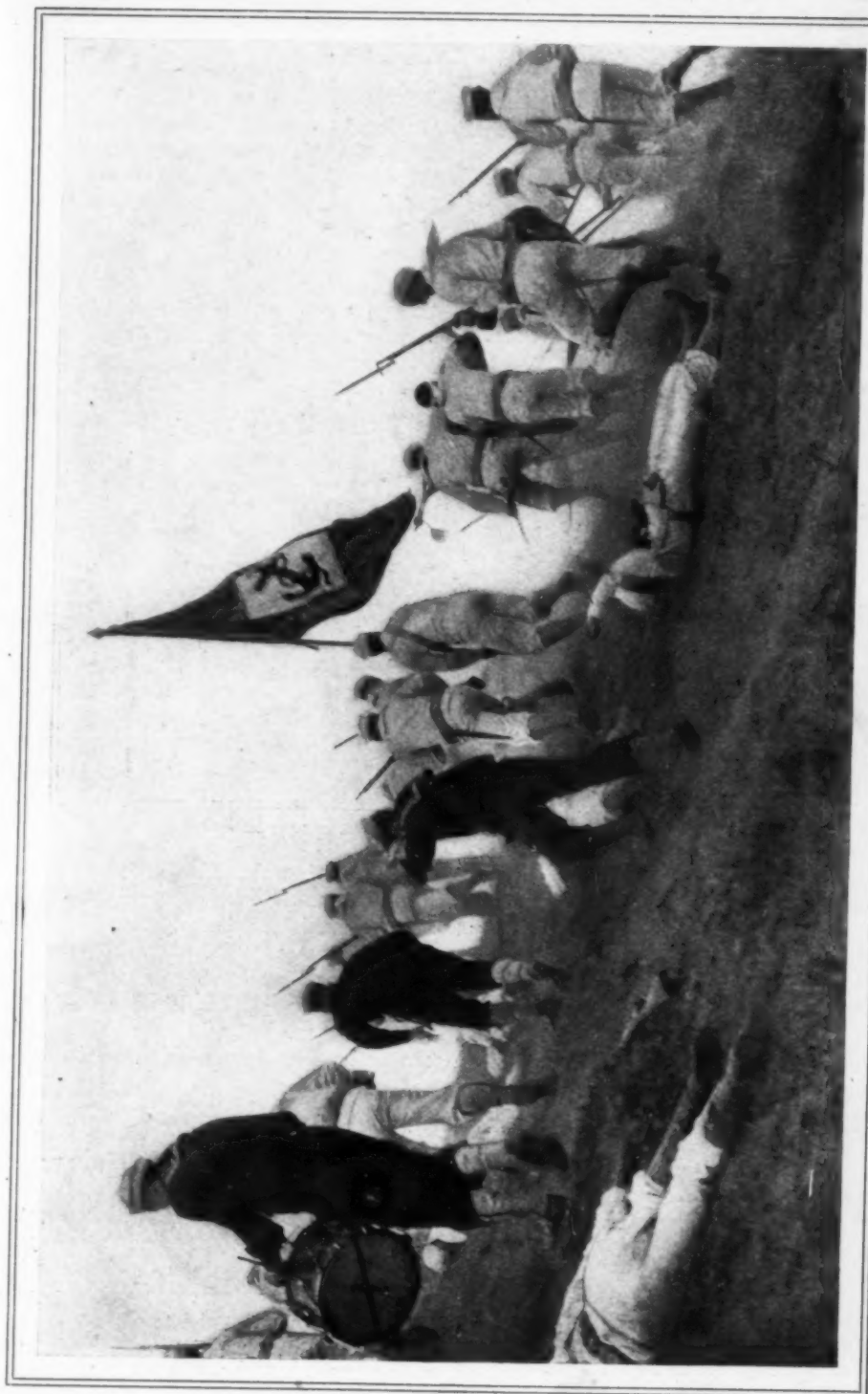
"And you earning four hundred a month—you would go back to fifty dollars!"

It took a long time to bring Mary round, but she is true blue, and when she

erto the war had been a remote thing and nowhere tangent to her rose-garden, or the new vacuum cleaner she was so proud of; but now it had suddenly become as personal and important as the well-being of little Mary, who lay dreaming of fairies in her little bed.

On the next morning came my interview with the general superintendent of the plant. I arrived at the works an hour late, the first lapse since I had taken on. I usually beat the rest of them to it. Late as I was, I was there before the superintendent, and had time for a farewell look over the work I had been doing. My assistant was a very capable young fellow, and as the job was almost done, I felt I could leave without much harm to the plant.

As I saw the superintendent's buzz-wagon swing into the garage, I told the as-



"WE WERE DRILLED IN THE MANUAL OF ARMS AND IN SQUAD AND COMPANY FORMATION, AND TOOK PART IN SHAM BATTLES."



THE GOAT IS THE MASCOT OF AN AMERICAN BATTLE-SHIP

sistant he was due to get a promotion right off the bat; but before he could ask for an explanation I had gone out of the annex and was talking to the big boss.

"In the name of Mike!" he said when I told him I was quitting. "What's the matter with you? What's the kick? Don't you get enough pay? Didn't we take up your idea and give you everybody you wanted to put it through?"

I acceded to all he said, told him I had no kick whatever, and said I was going back to the navy. He was so flabbergasted he could hardly speak. I rattled off that the new machine was so nearly done it could stand on its own legs, that my assistant could finish the work as well as I, and finally that I was going back to the navy—if the navy wanted me.

"Come into the office, John," he said, "and let's talk this over."

We went into the office, and, inviting me to a seat, he took another, and then asked me about this decision of mine to link up with the navy again. I went over the whole thing, just as I had explained it to my wife, and when I had finished he shook hands with me and said my old job would always be open for me any time I wanted to come back.

## II

So here I am in the service after two enlistments and three years of civil life—back in the old navy-blue, with the cross-bar insignia on my left arm, which means that I am a gun-pointer, and the "E" which denotes excellence in pointing guns so that they will hit the target.

Oh, no, perhaps I wasn't welcomed back! The recruiting-officer—he was a midshipman when I sailed with him first—

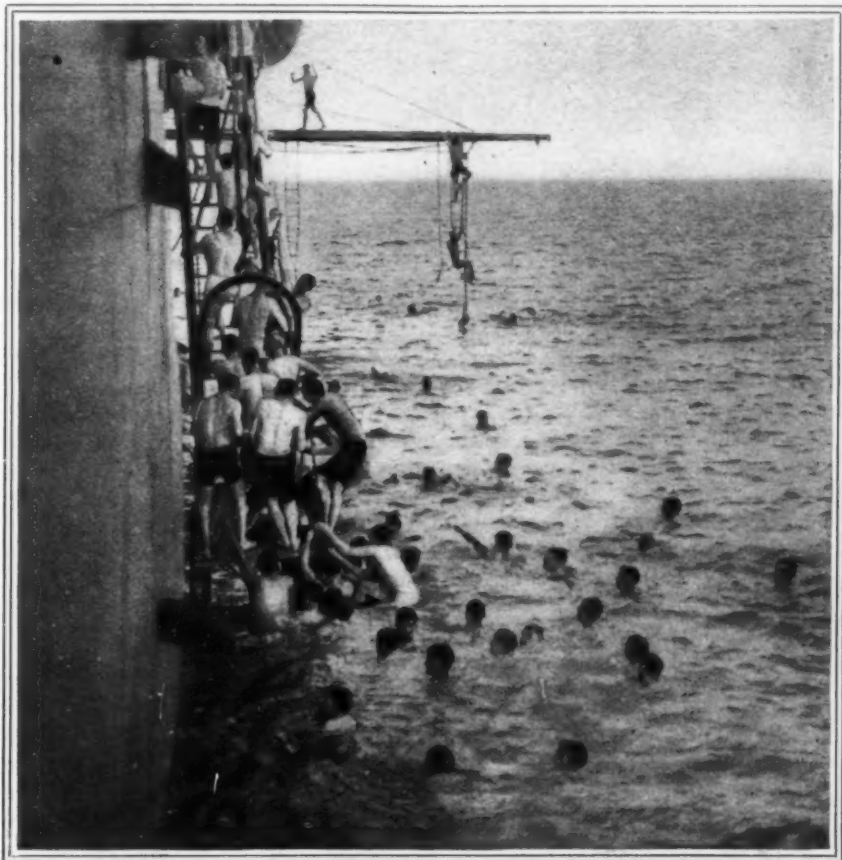
merely fell upon my neck, and wanted to know what duty I preferred, destroyer, submarine, battle-ship. I told him I had served in all of them and was ready to go anywhere I was wanted; and so here I am on one of the superdreadnoughts, with my ship moored in the Navy Yard, and me with an evening off spinning this yarn in the fine clubhouse which we of the navy owe to Miss Helen Gould, God bless her! She and Teddy Roosevelt—the whole navy swears by the two.

Now about those first questions you had asked me—how it came about that I went into the navy at the start-off, what happened after I got in, what were my first rookie impressions, and all the rest of it. I don't mind spinning the yarn. In fact I rather like to; for I have my own good reason for knowing that how we live in

the navy, what we are taught, how we are drilled, what sort of rations we eat, and where we sleep is all a sealed book to most shore-going folks.

You see us when we come ashore, and although we are then in our clean blue mustering-togs—our "Sunday best"—I've noticed that when we go to a theater your wives and daughters and mothers and aunts get fidgety and draw their skirts closer, as if we were some unclean things, and as if they expected to hear some rough-house talk. They don't know that the cleanest animal in the world to-day is a United States navy man. He is clean of speech as he is of body, for these two things are drilled into him from the very start, and there is never any let-up in either.

But I am backing and filling too much in telling the yarn. So I will go back to the



SAILORS OF AN AMERICAN MAN-OF-WAR ENJOYING A DIP IN THE SMOOTH SUMMER SEA

beginning of it all—back to what first set me thinking of the navy—and will try to set a straight course from there.

I was born in a little village up the State. My parents dying when I was still in knickerbockers, I was left in the care of

had done. I was fairly crazy to get out, to see something of the world, and to explore some of the foreign places that I had been reading about. Little did I dream that I was soon to go around the world in a vessel costing sixteen million dollars and not



YOUNG SAILORS RECEIVING INSTRUCTION IN KNOTTING AND SPLICING ROPES

an uncle and aunt—both very excellent people and very devout, but, as I now realize, even more provincial than their neighbors. Some of the latter had gone as far as a hundred miles from where they had been raised, whereas my uncle and aunt had never put foot outside the county, and rarely outside the village.

I was very fond of reading, particularly stories of travel and adventure. That kind of reading I had to do surreptitiously, as neither my uncle nor aunt approved of books which did not have something to do with religion; but by borrowing around among the neighbors I managed to read many travel books, and the more I read the more restless I became.

Our little village was in a valley with hills all around it, and at times I felt just as if I was a bug in a bowl. I didn't mean to buzz around in it all my life, as the rest

only see lands that I had not even read of, but be paid for going!

I was a little over seventeen when I first got the fever for joining the navy. It came about through an illustrated booklet sent out by one of the navy recruiting-stations, which the postmaster handed to me one day. I took the booklet home, devoured every word of its contents, and was poring over the pictures, too much absorbed to notice that my aunt was sternly looking at me. Then she snatched the booklet from me, and, after glancing over the pages, tossed it into the fire.

"To think of you reading such trash!" she began. "The next thing I know you'll be wanting to join the dirty bums and loafers and lead the dog's life they have to lead!"

"But, aunty," I protested, as I vainly strove to rescue the booklet from the fire,

she pushing me aside and poking it back with the tongs, "this book says—"

"Never mind what it says," she stormed. "They got it up just to entice decent boys into their floating carnal houses." I suppose she meant "charnel-houses." "You ask your uncle," she added. "He'll tell you what a lot of rascallions they are, always drinking and carousing and never seeing the inside of a church. A lot of dirty scamps—that's what they are!"

My uncle came in, and he was as much scandalized as my aunt.

"Rather than have him a common sailor," he said with impressive solemnity, "I'd choose to see him go to jail. It's nothing but a dog's life—officers beating and abusing the sailors all the time, and starving 'em to death. My brother Frank told me of a case he'd heard tell of where the officers, to keep from paying money they owed the men, actually put them ashore on a desert island and left them there to starve."

Uncle Frank was the oracle of the family, having once been a ship-chandler in Norfolk; but for many years he had been living in the thriving seaport of Atlanta, Georgia.

"You write to him," my uncle admonished, "and he'll tell you all about sailors, how they're kicked and cuffed, and the awful swill they give them to eat, and hardly enough of that to more than keep them alive. I've heard him talk for hours about how they come ashore looking like whipped curs, and how they go and get roaring drunk the minute they get a little money, and spend every cent on rum and then come back to take up their dog's life again."

I began to protest that the pamphlet I had been reading described navy men, and that Uncle Frank, living in Atlanta, might not know all about them. But my uncle sharply interrupted to say that a common sailor was a common sailor, no matter where he was; and not to talk back to him, because he knew what he was talking about.

"And supposing you was to go and get sick," my aunt put in, "what do you suppose would happen to you then? Do you suppose they'd send for a doctor, or give

you any medicine? Not they! They'd make you get up and work whether you could or not; and, if you died, what would they care? So don't let me see you bringing any more of that vile stuff in this house!"

I had always looked up to my aunt and uncle and respected their opinions; but their intense prejudice did not overcome my longing for a chance to see the world. In the pamphlet I had read that there were nearly fifty thousand men in the navy and I felt that if they could stand it, I could. I had been convinced of one thing, and that was that the navy men traveled around a lot; and that was what I was longing for.

I had stirred up too much of a hornet's nest for one day, so I didn't let on what was in my mind; but I couldn't help thinking of blue seas and far-off places, and on the days when I went fishing with the other boys I talked of such things until I was almost out of breath.

Then in the course of my surreptitious book-borrowing, I came across a volume that almost cured me of the sea fever. It was Richard Henry Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast." I sneaked it up to my room, read it clean through in one night, and then felt that my uncle and aunt and Uncle Frank were right after all, and that a sailor's life was a dog's life indeed.

Later I have come to believe that Dana's book, more than anything else, is responsible for the wide-spread prejudice against sea life, and that the feeling engendered by this isolated experience in a merchant vessel, spread far and wide in the minds of those unable to dissociate the one from the other, put its stigma over navy life. Dana's recital of the senseless brutalities he suffered made a deep impression on me, and for a long time afterward it was such a nightmare that I reluctantly put aside all my cherished dreams of seafaring.

### III

It was about this time that an aunt who had been living in Indiana died and left me a legacy of one hundred dollars—which was just fifty times more money than I had ever had before at any one time in all my life. The money came by registered

letter, and then I determined to do a desperate thing—to ask my uncle to let me make a visit to New York.

Neither he nor my aunt would hear of it at first. They told me of the wickedness of the big city, and how many dangers it held; but I bothered them so much about it that they finally lost patience with me, and with an ill grace told me that I could go, at the same time predicting that all manner of evil things would happen to me.

I am sure they never would have given their consent if one of the neighbors had not had a married son living in New York. I had been pestering that family, too, and they had got a letter from the son promising to look out for me if I visited New York. I had given my money to my uncle to keep for me, but as he resolutely refused to let me have more than ten dollars over my railroad fare, saying even that was too much for a youth to be squandering in such hard times, I felt that my visit would be a very short one, and that I would soon be back among the village folks.

I came in at night over the West Shore Railroad, and my New York friend was at the Weehawken station waiting for me. He took me to his flat in West Sixty-Fourth Street, where after dinner I told them all about the folks at home. Then Mr. Simpson, for that was his name, wanted to know if I didn't want to see the sights. Mrs. Simpson said I must be too tired from my long railroad trip. Little she knew me! But I noticed that her husband didn't seem over eager to go out, and so after a little more talk they showed me to my room, where I lay awake most of the night listening to the roar of the city and looking out of a window at the many lights.

After breakfast the next morning Mr. Simpson left for his office. Soon afterward Mrs. Simpson said she had to visit a sick relative in Brooklyn, and so for the time being I was left to my own resources.

The river was not far away, and I strolled in that direction, for I had never seen a ship, and was eager to look at one. Some distance up the river I saw some vessels anchored out in the middle. Forgetting Mrs. Simpson's injunction not to go far away, I trudged up as far as Ninety-

Sixth Street, and then turned down to the boat-landing, where I saw small boats coming in from the ships and going out to them.

For fully an hour I stood there, watching all that was going on, and wondering what those big ships looked like on the inside and how many of the crew were being beaten by the officers just then. Somehow the appearance of the men as they came ashore didn't fit in with what I had been reading in "Two Years Before the Mast." They wore natty uniforms, and didn't look as if they were starved or maltreated.

My curiosity was so great that I decided to ask some questions. Seeing one of the men sitting by himself on a string-piece and apparently waiting for his boat, I sidled up to him and asked him the name of the ship that was just opposite to us.

He looked up from the newspaper he had been reading and after a brief glance said:

"That's either the Kearsarge or Kentucky, a pair of old tubs so much alike you can't tell 'em apart. What ship are you looking for, sonny?"

I told him that I was not looking for any ship; that these were the first I had ever seen. Then we got to talking, and at last I asked him if it were true that officers beat the men and starved them, and wouldn't pay them their money, and would put them on desert islands.

I thought at first he had suddenly been taken with violent stomach trouble, for he doubled over and shook with his head in his arms. Then he looked up, and I saw that he had been laughing—laughing so hard that the tears were fairly rolling down his cheeks. He called to a couple of other bluejackets who were standing near by, and as they came up he said to one of them:

"When were you last beaten up, Smitty, and what was the name of that last island they put you on?"

The man he spoke to couldn't make out what he was talking about, so he told the two of them what I had said. "Smitty" grinned, but the other, a man who had several red stripes on his arm, looked me over and asked:

"Where did you get that junk? Who's been stringing you?"

I stammered that it had all been told to me. He interrupted to ask where I lived. I told him, and he asked me more questions about myself and where I had got my ideas. When I had finished telling him he thought a minute, and said:

"This is not visiting day, and no visitors are allowed on board; but if you will come out to the Missouri to-morrow after one o'clock, and ask for Gunner's Mate Anderson, I'll take you in tow and show you around the ship."

Didn't my heart leap at that invitation? To be on a real ship with some one to tell me all about it! I tried to tell him how grateful I was. Then I thought of my two town friends, and after getting up courage asked if I could bring them.

"Sure," he said, "bring 'em along, if you want to."

Then he told me how I was to wait at the boat-landing until the launch from the Missouri came in, when I could get on board and come out to the ship.

I told the Simpsons about that gorgeous invitation, but they didn't enthuse. They said I had probably been talking to some roughneck who, as likely as not, would lure me to some place on board and rob me of any money I had. They didn't take any stock in what aunt and uncle had said about officers beating the men, however, for they were sure the newspapers would get after them if anything like that was going on.

Then they commenced talking about how the papers had sailed into a police captain for being too fresh. Mr. Simpson said that if the discipline in the navy was half as good as it was in the police-force, it would be all right; but he had his doubts about that. He finally decided that he could be away from his office for an afternoon, and as he had never been on a navy ship he thought it might be worth while to go out and look one over. He advised his wife to put on old clothes, as he had always heard that they were not very clean, and in all likelihood she would get all mussed up with tar and grease.

When I think of this now it makes me laugh. Mrs. Simpson was a good housekeeper, and she kept her flat in tidy shape;

but if she had been a man-of-war's man, and her flat a part of the ship, she would have been jumped on hard by the executive officer and put on report for a dozen lapses in cleanliness.

The average civilian does not know what cleanliness means—that is, the supercleanliness of the navy. On shore you can have a film of dust on your mantelpiece and get away with it; but nothing like that goes in the navy. A civilian may wear a shirt or collar until the dirt shows; but your navy man can't. He must be spick and span all the time, and clean as a hound's tooth from head to heel.

#### IV

BUT as I am getting ahead of my yarn again I will skip to the hour when we arrived on board the Missouri. Anderson met us at the port gangway, and after introducing the Simpsons we followed him around the ship. He pointed out the turrets and their big guns, the masts and their fighting-tops, and the rapid-fire guns on the superstructure. While we were in the superstructure he showed us the mess-tables swinging from overhead beams, and explained how these were lowered at meal-times and set on folding metal legs. Then he showed us the hammock-hooks overhead, and described how the men lashed up their hammocks on turning out and stowed them in nettings along the side of the ship until hammock-call in the evening.

Everything was spotlessly clean. One of the forward mess-tables was down, and several of the men were sitting around it playing draughts and chess. I had been watching Mrs. Simpson out of the corner of my eye, and I saw her look long and hard at the table. She couldn't have soiled a cambric handkerchief on it, for it had been scrubbed so hard that its boards looked like "wrinkled skins on scalded milk."

She noticed the decks, too, which were as clean as could be, while outside the sun glittered on polished brasswork, and the sheen of the big guns was such that you could almost shave by the reflection. The crew were in white uniforms, which were truly white, every man looking as if his togs had just come from the laundry.

I was simply agog with everything I saw. Not wanting the Simpsons to know how exciting all this was to me, I drifted away from the party and began asking questions of a couple of young bluejackets who were standing at the rail, looking at a passing excursion-boat.

I asked them how they liked being in the navy, and they told me they liked it fine. They told me a lot more, every word of which I eagerly soaked in.

Then I asked them how one could get into the navy, and they gave me sailing directions. They said I would have to go over to the Navy Yard, in Brooklyn, and make application on board the receiving-ship; and that if I passed the doctor and the recruiting-officer I would be accepted, and would probably be sent right off to a training-station.

They could not send me off any quicker than I wanted to go, and so on the next day, without saying anything to the Simpsons, I went out in search of the Navy Yard. A policeman told me how to get there, and at the gate a watchman told me where to find the receiving-ship.

When I got on board I had to wait in line, for there were a dozen or more applicants ahead of me. Then I was brought before the recruiting-officer, and the first thing he asked me was my age. When I told him, he wanted to know if I had the consent of my parents. I told him my parents were dead, and then he wanted to know who my guardian was. I had never thought of that before, but said maybe my uncle was. The officer wanted to know if I had his consent, and then I began to realize that getting into the navy wasn't going to be such an easy thing, for I could see many complications ahead if my uncle's consent was necessary.

The officer was busy signing papers. When he finished with the last one, a man in uniform took the pile away, and the officer lit a cigarette, and, leaning back in his chair, began looking me over. Then he asked how long I had been thinking of going into the navy.

That took me all flat and aback; but just before leaving home I had been surreptitiously reading "Huckleberry Finn,"

and I remembered how he advised risking the truth when in doubt. So I confessed that I had been seriously thinking of it for only twenty-four hours.

The officer said I had better give it more thought, and touched a bell. A yeoman came in, and the officer told him to give me a set of pamphlets describing service in the navy, and to take me forward among the men and detail some of them to tell me about the life.

"Now, my lad," he said, "you read over those pamphlets, talk to the men, and then, if you still have the notion of joining the navy, get your guardian's consent in writing and bring with you two letters from responsible persons certifying that your moral character is good. Then we will see what we can do for you."

During the time he was talking I was only half listening to what he said. I was thinking of what my aunt had said about underhanded methods of "enticing" boys into the navy. Here was I more than willing to be enticed, but nothing doing! And telling me to get certificates of moral character! I wondered what my aunt and uncle would have thought if they could have heard this demand.

I made it my business to give them a chance to think about it, for that night I sat down and filled fully ten pages of a letter recounting my experience, confessing my eagerness to go into the navy, and earnestly asking my uncle to let me have his written consent. But I don't believe the appeal would have got by if Mr. Simpson hadn't written a separate letter to go with mine, in which he strongly indorsed the idea of my joining the service. That visit to the Missouri and the two hours' talk he had with Anderson had entirely changed his view-point.

## V

To tie a sheep-shank in this part of the yarn, I finally got my uncle's consent. I raced over to the Navy Yard with it, taking along with me a letter of recommendation from Mr. Simpson and another which the postmaster of my town had sent me. I passed the physical examination all right, and after getting by I felt that I would

have been counted as a superfine risk by any life-insurance company, for that doctor certainly was careful. I remember that they were very particular about my eyesight, and I had to paw over a whole bale of yarns and match the colors, for they wanted to be sure that I was not color-blind.

After signing the papers I was given transportation by the Fall River Line to Newport, and on the next afternoon I was traveling up the Sound on board the *Priscilla*, the happiest youth in the land, and myself to myself:

"Now I am going to see something of the world!"

Except for the ferry-boat that had brought me over from Weehawken and the boat trip out to the Missouri, this was the first time I had ever been on salt water. I sat up most of the night leaning over the rail and watching the waters of the Sound and the lights along the shore. To me it was a brand-new world, and I was having a new sensation almost every minute. I had read "*Monte Cristo*," and felt like exclaiming with the count, after he had come up from that celebrated dive of his:

"The world is mine!"

A card of directions had been given me, and when I arrived at Newport I was taken over to the Training Station in a man-of-war launch, several other recruits, whom I did not know were on board the *Priscilla*, traveling with me. We were put in a dormitory which, as I afterward discovered, was a quarantine-station.

Here, in the early morning, we had our hair cut, and were made to take a bath. A complete outfit of clothing was served out to us, along with a bag to keep it in, and a hammock, mattress, and woolen blanket. It was summer-time, and the uniforms served out to us were white ones, with one set of blues. We got no overcoats, but these were given us later, when the cool weather set in.

In addition to the white and blue uniforms there were in my outfit three suits of underclothing, a supply of socks, a jack-knife, a black silk neckerchief for wearing around the collar of my jumper, tooth-brush, hair-brush, scrub-brush, shoe-polish

and brush, high and low shoes, spools of cotton, silk, and linen thread, bathing-trunk, and gymnasium shoes. The paymaster's yeoman who served out the things said that the government allowed a free outfit to the value of sixty dollars, but that our heavier winter underclothing, sweaters, overcoats, and so forth, would remain to our credit until they were needed.

You can bet that free outfit looked good to me, for my uncle had put his foot down that I couldn't have any more of my hundred dollars until I was of age. I had only about five dollars left, and all along I had been figuring that I would have to buy my uniforms and everything else. I had been wondering how long I would be working myself out of debt for these things, never supposing that our wealthy and generous Uncle Samuel had arranged to foot all the bills.

I approached my first navy breakfast with a rampant appetite and more curiosity than I had ever had about any other breakfast. I had been thinking of my Uncle Frank's description of the "swill" given to sailors, and I more than half expected to find something that would make me hold my nose before gulping it down; for, singularly enough, I had clean forgotten to ask Anderson or any of the men on the receiving-ship about the eats.

It is for these reasons that I shall always remember that first breakfast in Uncle Sam's service. It consisted of oranges, oatmeal, and cream as rich as any I had ever had up-country; great platters of ham and eggs, from which each helped himself; coffee and bread and butter—all in plentiful abundance and cleanly served. With each mouthful I lost an additional chunk of faith in Uncle Frank. And when for dinner they gave us fine roast beef, boiled potatoes, mashed turnips, and apple pie, and for supper cold ham, cold beans, pears, jam, bread and butter and tea, all the little faith that I still had in my Atlanta kinsman went overboard by the run.

The commissary steward kept typewritten copies of each day's menus, and I got one of these copies and enclosed it in a letter to my aunt. When she wrote back, she didn't say anything about it, so I suppose

the slip must have fallen out of the letter when she opened it.

## VI

OF course I wondered about that quarantine, for I had never had a day's sickness, and having just passed the doctor I didn't think it possible for me to contaminate any one. We had it explained to us that it was a rule to hold all recruits under observation for a specified time. While I was being held, I had plenty of time to meditate upon my good aunt's notions of naval hygiene, and to wonder what she would think of such extreme precaution.

I wrote to her telling my experiences, and she wrote back that it looked mighty fishy to her, and that she had no doubt whatever but that it was all a put-up job. She ended by predicting that I would some day find myself marooned on a desert island with "hyena" officers grinning at me as they sailed away and left me to perish. And it would serve me right, too, for it would teach me a lesson. But she hoped and prayed some one would rescue me before it became serious.

My uncle added a postscript in which he said he feared that when I came back my language wouldn't be fit for any decent person to listen to, for brother Frank had often told him that sailor talk was the vilest thing on earth, nothing but profanity and obscenity.

That brings me to an incident that happened a few days after my arrival at the training-station. A young recruit who had come from New York's East Side one day let out a line of talk such as my uncle had described. He hadn't let out very much of it, however, before the petty officer who was in charge of our section heard him blatting away, and nailed him on the spot. He marched him off, and I heard another petty officer say:

"They'll fix him! That's one thing that don't go here for a single minute."

I didn't know until afterward what that "fixing" meant. I found out later that the chap had been brought before the commandant, that he had got a lecture on language which he probably remembers to this day, and that he had then been sent to the

"brig" to meditate upon it—the brig being a cell where offenders are confined.

In my home town I had often guffawed with other bumpkins over some off-color tale. I was mighty glad that I hadn't been able to remember the point of the last one I had heard.

At home the old tin basin, with water from the well and a cake of brown soap, was considered a sufficient equipment for bodily cleanliness, and no one was expected to take a bath except on Saturday nights. Here you had to take a bath every day.

At home no one noticed whether I had used a tooth-brush or not, and I don't believe I ever thought of my brush oftener than once a week. Here we were lectured on the need of using our tooth-brushes at least three times a day, one of the surgeons coming in every once in a while to talk to us on such subjects. And they told us lots more that I had never thought of, and warned us of dangers of which I, at least, knew nothing.

## VII

ALL this was during our quarantine period, which lasted three weeks. Don't think that we were idle during that time, for we had plenty to do. Among other things we were taught how to be our own laundrymen, for every sailor has to wash his own clothes, hang them out to dry, and then roll them up and neatly stow them in his wardrobe—in other words, the canvas bag which serves that purpose.

After you have been at a training-station for a few weeks you will realize that this matter of keeping yourself and your clothes superlatively clean is something more than an obsession; it is a fetish. Of course, I did not understand it at first. No one does. You have to be drafted into the general service and live with a thousand or so other men in a crowded space to realize the necessity of absolute cleanliness, not only of self, but of ship.

For of all habitable structures a ship is the most easily defiled. The smoke-stacks throw showers of cinders upon the decks, and the wind sweeps them down hatchways and into every imaginable place, from

which they have to be routed out with soap, water, scrub-brushes, and swabs. The crew continually passing up and down the alleyways, some of them just out of the bunkers or the engine-room, smirch bulkheads, decks, and ladders. Tar, paint, and oil are continually misplacing themselves, and as a result there is a never-ending battle with dirt. Moreover, uncleanness would breed disease, and an unclean garment or an unclean deck might be a man's death-warrant through an infected wound.

All this was constantly dinned into us. We were continually told that the first duty of a man-of-war's man is to keep himself and his quarters scrupulously clean; that nothing so much contributes to *esprit de corps* as a consciousness of tidiness; and that there comes a feeling of alertness and pride in sailing on board a smart vessel always kept in spick and span condition by her crew.

But here I go again, making a scout cruiser of myself and pushing in the screen of this story. So I will back down to the time when we were let out of quarantine at the Training Station.

I was assigned to a company, and we were drilled in the manual of arms and in squad and company formation, and took part in sham battles. Then we had our turn at boat drill, signal drill, and some knotting and splicing. What stands out most in my memory was the way we were taught to obey orders and to keep ourselves and our quarters clean.

We were also taught a lot about salutes—how we must always salute an officer. I shall always remember a lecture that was given by one of the officers, in which he explained all about the saluting business—that it was not the man you were saluting, it was the uniform he wore. He went on to tell us that discipline was nothing more than obeying orders. He had to obey the orders of the next above him in rank, and that next had to obey the orders of some one else of still higher rank, and so on up, the commandant having to obey the orders of the admiral, the admiral having to take his orders from the Secretary of the Navy, and the Secretary being under the orders of the President.

That was a mighty good lecture, for up to that time I thought I was saluting the individual and not what he represented, the man and not the rank. Not that I had any complaint against any of the officers, for all of them were all right; but somehow the lecture added a whole lot to my self-respect.

I had been observing the officers mighty close, and it had begun to eat into me that they were the same run of the mine as I was; but that lecture put everything in a new light. I began to think of the superior education these officers had been afforded at the Naval Academy, for I had been told that they had to spend four years there; and my short experience in a training-station had already convinced me that there was a heap more about this navy business than I had ever dreamed of.

The discipline was very strict, and everything had to be done just so. You had to lash up your hammock with so many turns of the lashing and no more. When bedding was inspected, which was every few days, the blankets had to be neatly folded in the prescribed way. When bag inspection came, every garment had to be neatly rolled up and your name had to be stenciled on every piece, else you would be in trouble.

You had to say "sir" every time you spoke to an officer, and you had to be mighty careful every time one spoke to you, and to be sure to salute and stand at attention. I recall that one day, when we were going out for boat drill under sail, the boat officer told me to shin up the cutter's foremast and clear away an Irish pennant that was hanging there.

"All right, sir," I said, and started to obey the order, for I was eager to do everything I was told.

"Say 'Aye, aye, sir,'" the officer said, clipping his words mighty short. "You don't know whether it is all right or not."

"Aye, aye, sir!" I called, while the rest of the boat's crew grinned.

During the first two or three months I got reprimands like that several times a day, but none of them broke any bones. Then I began to get into the swing of things, and instead of reprimands once in a

while I would do well enough to get a word of praise.

As an apprentice seaman I was getting sixteen dollars a month, and all this was clear, for the government furnished everything I needed to wear or use. There were no doctors' or dentists' bills to pay. Not that I ever needed a doctor, but the dental surgeons did fix up my teeth two or three times.

The physical exercises we had to take developed my muscles wonderfully, and it wasn't long before I was in all the games. There was an instructor in athletics—one of the young line officers who had been a coach at Annapolis—and every Saturday we had a championship baseball or football game, contests in running and jumping, boat-races, and swimming-matches, until the weather got too chilly for going in the water.

There was competition between the various companies to see which could drill the best, and rifle teams were picked from the best marksmen. There was church every Sunday, first a Protestant and then a Catholic service, for there was a chaplain of each denomination at the station. I had had so much of church at home that I was not eager to go, but I was not consulted about it. I had to.

I had been at the station about seven months when, with about thirty others, I underwent an examination and was advanced to the rating of ordinary seaman, with a pay of nineteen dollars a month. I let my money stay with the paymaster, where it drew interest at four per cent; for the five dollars I still had was enough for ice-creams, sodas, and trolley-rides on the days when we had liberty and roamed around Newport.

During one of these Sunday afternoon excursions around the town I bought a New York Sunday paper from a newsboy, and read of intense heat in the big city, and how all the fashionable folks who had cottages at Newport and Bar Harbor were closing up their town houses in a hurry and skipping out for these watering-places. Reading that made me feel that I was in the fashionable swim, for I was already in Newport, and our resort on Coaster's Har-

bor Island was just about as breezy and cool as it was anywhere around.

### VIII

ALONG in the early winter about thirty of us were drafted to the battle-ship Louisiana, then in the Norfolk Navy Yard. I hadn't been an hour on board that vessel before I realized that my navy education was only beginning. Although the Louisiana was similar to the Missouri, on which I had spent a whole afternoon, yet everything seemed new and strange.

You may not believe it, but there are nearly a hundred different bugle-calls on a man-of-war; and although some of them differ only by the variation of a note or two, each one means that you must do this, that, or the other. From reveille to taps you hear these bugle-calls, and every now and then the whistle of the boatswain's mates.

In the mornings the bugle sounds the call for all who are not feeling fit to present themselves in the sick-bay, where the surgeons attend to them. It sounds the call for mess formation, for cleaning bright work, the call to put away the cleaning-gear, the officers' call for quarters, the assembly and retreat, the various boat calls, the swimming call and retreat, the pay call, when you go down to the paymaster and draw your money or leave it in the books as you like, the call for collision drill, to abandon ship, and so on with scores of other calls. It took me some time to differentiate the calls, but I finally got on to them and felt that I was getting along.

I was also learning to find my way about ship, and to know the difference between a water-tight compartment and an engine-room telegraph. That reminds me that when I was at the Newport Training Station, I became much interested in the dynamo, and was always asking questions about electricity and motors. When my transfer papers were being made out, I was asked if there was anything I wanted to specialize in. I promptly said "Electricity," but I did not know that this had been noted in my enlistment record, or that my enlistment record was to follow me wherever I went.

The second day I was on board the Louisiana I heard my name being called by a messenger who was going around the ship with a list of names. As he checked off my name, he told me that I was ordered to report to the electrician in the dynamo-room, and thereafter a dozen or so of us took instruction at specified times.

I hadn't been on the Louisiana very long before news came that the Atlantic Fleet, to which she belonged, was going to make a cruise around South America. To me it was a glorious dream coming true at last. There was a fine library for the crew, and at every chance I got I was poring over books descriptive of South American places.

Then the fleet began to gather in Hampton Roads, and we dropped down to take our place in line. Those sixteen battleships made the finest sight I had ever seen; but what I most distinctly remember is that while we were lying in Hampton Roads, waiting for orders to sail, I got into my first trouble.

I belonged to the crew of the starboard after three-inch. One day the gunner found something wrong with the breech mechanism, and we took out the breech-block. I put the block on deck, but I placed it altogether too close to the break of the after superstructure.

It would have been all right there, but while the gunner was inspecting the breech one of the big Cape Charles steamboats came by, and passed so close that her swell made the Louisiana roll a degree or two. It wasn't much of a roll, but it was enough to tip over the breech-block and to send it toppling over the edge of the superstructure. I saw it going and made a grab for it, but I was too late.

"Stand from under!" I yelled, but the block caught one of the men on the shoulder and came near breaking his shoulder-blade.

The officer of the deck was not more than a dozen feet away. He saw it all, and put me on report for "culpable negligence." In the navy, when you do anything wrong like this, there is no rough-house talk; you just go on report, and the next day the captain listens to what you have got to say for yourself.

The captain of the Louisiana was Captain Richard Wainwright. When I first went to the Louisiana I heard his name, and down in the library I had found books that told all about him—of how he had been executive officer of the Maine when she was blown up at Havana, and how bravely he had attacked the Spanish destroyers at Santiago.

In one of the stories I read about him was an account of a discussion as to what to do with a ship's small boats when going into action, whether to send them adrift or what. Captain Wainwright advised sending them adrift, arguing that they would be cut to pieces by shell-fire, and that the flying splinters would be a menace. The other fellow asked what he was going to do with his crew, if the ship should sink and he had no boats for rescuing them. I shall always remember reading Captain Wainwright's reply to that, for when I came to know him better it struck me as so typical of the man. His answer was that fighting cannot be made a safe business, and that the chance of drowning must be taken with that of being shot—which to my mind is typical good navy talk.

When I was taken to the "mast" on the following morning—they still call this deck court the mast, although it is held on the port side of the quarter-deck, just abaft the after turret—I had my first "close up" of Captain Wainwright. Of course I had seen him many times before, sometimes walking the quarter-deck and sometimes leaving the ship or coming on board, with side boys lined up and saluting and the boatswain's mate piping him over the side.

There were five or six other men on report. While their cases were being disposed of, I had a good opportunity of looking at my commander. He was tall and somewhat slender, with a heavy brown mustache just touched with gray. His eyes were very black and deep-set, and always seemed to have a twinkle in them.

At the mast the man who has put another on report has to be there and give his reason for making the report. It is somewhat like a police-court, with the policeman who made the arrest appearing

against the prisoner, the captain being like the magistrate who listens to the evidence and decides the case. The big difference is that at the mast the captain has before him the complete record of the culprit from the time he entered the service up to that moment. That record, posted at stated intervals, tells what each officer under whom the man has served thinks of him.

The first case was that of a seaman who had failed to promptly relieve another on anchor-watch. He was reprimanded and given two hours extra duty.

The next case was that of a coal-passer whose division officer had reported him for having soiled clothing in his bag at bag inspection. He was sent to the brig for five days on bread and water, and his liberty—that is, his privilege for going on shore—was stopped for three months.

Then my turn came. As my name was called by the master-at-arms, who arraigns the culprits, the officer who had put me on report briefly related the facts of the falling breech-block, and how it had injured a man standing beneath.

Captain Wainwright asked me what I had to say. I said I had nothing to say except that I was very sorry, and then added that I believed the block would not have fallen if the ship had not given a sudden roll to the wash of a passing steamer. The captain turned to the officer and asked him about that—whether there had been any such steamer, and if she had raised a swell.

Now I have served two enlistments in the navy, and have seen a lot and heard a lot, but during that time I never heard any one who had put another on report exaggerate a fact or try to conceal one. The officer who had reported me promptly said that a large steamer had passed close to us at the time, and that her wash had caused us to roll a good deal.

The ship's writer, who always attends these deck courts with the enlistment records of the accused, had handed my record to Captain Wainwright as soon as my name had been called. The captain looked it over, and I was mighty glad it contained no black marks. He studied it a half-minute or so and then said:

"Excused, but next time be more careful."

## IX

A FEW days later the fleet steamed out of Hampton Roads, and to me the sight of the three battle-ships ahead of us and the twelve churning along astern—for we were the fourth vessel in the long line—was the most inspiring spectacle I had ever seen. President Roosevelt was there to see us off, each vessel saluting with twenty-one guns as she drew past the *Mayflower*. As our saluting guns opened I felt an added importance, as if I was doing the saluting myself, although I didn't even belong to the gun-crew of the saluting battery. But somehow I felt as if I belonged to the show—was part of it.

Then, as we cleared the Capes, came still another sensation—that of the deep-sea swell underfoot and the slow lift and wallow of the big battle-ship as she dipped and rolled in the swell. I did not get seasick. Instead, I made my way to the bow, where the greatest motion was, and admired the great ram and the foam whitening over it, as if over a sunken reef, until I was almost blind.

There were no drills that day. As I recall it, I had nothing to do except to muster on deck when my watch was called. Even then I had no special duty, merely to stand by for a call. But when my watch went on duty at eight o'clock that night, I was posted as one of the lookouts, my duty being to stand near the port bow, keep a bright lookout ahead, and at every tap of the ship's bell, which was rung at half-hour intervals, to call out:

"Port cathead, light burning bright"—providing it was.

I was carefully instructed in this duty by the petty officer who had given me the task. I was to keep one eye on the horizon and the other on the red electric light glowing behind me in its light-box. If that light should blink out, I was to lose no time in shouting the word to the bridge.

I was eager to make a reputation for alertness, but nothing showed in the horizon, and the light burned steadily until I was relieved. I had imagined that the

safety of the ship had depended upon my vigilance; but I afterward came to know that it wouldn't have mattered if I had been stricken blind, for there were scores of other alert eyes watching everything that was going on.

Except for the red light on the port side, on whose radiance I was keeping an intense watch, the green one on the starboard side, the white masthead light, and the one at the stern, the ships were in solemn darkness. But from their mastheads the red and white of the Ardois, looking like the jewels of so many giantesses, flashed electric questions and replies at frequent intervals. The ships were talking to one another.

To me it was all so new and strange that I can easily recall that first night's vigil on a man-of-war. Three bells—half past nine—struck. As my partner lookout on the starboard side called out his formula—"Starboard cathead, light burning bright"—I took up the call. As the wind was blowing gustily, I made a megaphone of my hands and shouted the refrain to the bridge. Then I resumed my stare into the darkness, with one eye on the red light.

Suddenly I was startled by the sharp tap of a megaphone on my arm and a curt question from a figure which had emerged out of the darkness.

"Why didn't you pass the hail?"

I was taken all aback, too flabbergasted to speak. For a second or two I was uncertain whether I had passed the hail or not, so absorbed had I been in the darkness ahead, the red light, and the phosphorescent seas. In another second I knew I had, and moreover that I had called it up to the bridge. I said I had passed the hail.

My accoster peremptorily said that I had not, else he would have heard it, and added that he would have to put me on report.

I was thinking that I was in for trouble a second time, and a sense of the injustice of it was surging through me, when a curt voice descended from the bridge:

"Forecastle there!"

"Aye, aye, sir," my accuser replied.

"Report to the bridge, sir!"

The "sir" informed me that he was an officer—which I had not known before, as

he wore a slicker and sou'wester. He was, in fact, one of the midshipmen standing watch on the forecastle.

He was gone four or five minutes, and then he returned and said that the officer of the deck had told him he had distinctly heard me pass the hail. He admitted, therefore, that he had been wrong in accusing me, but he couldn't understand why he hadn't heard the hail. Then I explained how I had called straight up to the bridge through my hands, and that must have been why my voice had not carried over to the windward side of the deck, where he had been standing.

As if to make amends, the midshipman asked me if I had heard the good news. I said I had not, and he told me that a wireless had been received from President Roosevelt, saying that after the fleet had circled South America it was to return home by way of the Suez Canal—which meant that we were embarked on a journey that was to lead around the world.

News! Well, I should say it was! A few short months ago, and I had never seen the outside of the county wherein I had been reared; and here I was starting for a trip around the world. Not only was I going on this wonderful voyage, but I was being paid for taking it. As I got into my swaying hammock, after going off watch at midnight, and tucked myself in between the warm woolen blankets which the government had provided for my comfort, I wouldn't have exchanged places with any other boy in America—certainly not with one tied down to some little village, as I had been.

I had been quite apt in signals, and on the next day, as one of the signal boys was sick, I was detailed in his place, and for the first time went to the bridge, where the signal boys stood watch. Captain Wainwright was almost always there, as was the navigator, and one of the officers was always on duty as officer of the deck, these relieving each other at four-hour intervals.

You learn a lot on a signal bridge. You know everything that is going on in the fleet, reading all the signals, and knowing what each ship is saying to the other. For instance, on the fourth day out, I read a

couple which instantly recalled my sainted aunt and her theory that when sailors are sick they don't get proper medical attention, but are compelled to get up and work whether or no. The Missouri signaled to the flag-ship that one of her seamen had been stricken with peritonitis. With my aunt in mind, I watched for the reply from the flag-ship with intense interest. In a few minutes it came along—a signaled order for the Missouri to drop out of line, proceed to San Juan, Porto Rico, land her patient in the hospital there, and rejoin the fleet.

A few hours later the Illinois signaled that one of her seamen was down with pneumonia. She was ordered to land the sufferer at the naval hospital at Culebra. Thus two great battle-ships were sent out of line and a couple of hundred miles out of the fleet formation merely for the greater comfort of two enlisted men. Both ships had surgeons and adequate hospitals, but the admiral thought it more humane to give the sufferers the best treatment that could be had on shore.

I wrote all that to my aunt, and enclosed some of our menu sheets, asking her to forward them to Uncle Frank as examples of navy "swill." I am afraid she didn't get the letter, for she did not reply.

As I have said, you can pick up a lot of news on the signal bridge. For instance, every ship has to report each day the amount of coal consumed and the amount left in her bunkers. I had noticed that the Maine was the biggest coal-eater in the fleet, and that the Kansas was using less than any of the others. One day, after the ships had made their coal report, the flag-ship hoisted the Maine's distinguishing pennant, meaning that the message was for her. This is what we read:

"When you run out of coal, the Kansas will give you a tow."

That was Admiral Evans's way of administering a reproof and bestowing a compliment, making one signal do for both.

Well, I'm not going to spill anything about that trip around the world, and I'm going to shorten up all the rest of it—how after we got back I was transferred to a destroyer, next to a submarine, then to

a mine-layer; how I reenlisted, became a gun-pointer on the superdreadnought Utah, and went from her to the navy electrical school. At the end of my second enlistment I stepped out of that into a job that was paying me four hundred dollars a month when this war came around. Finally, I want to say, from my eight years' experience in it, that the navy is all right.

## X

THE narrative contained in the preceding chapters has been set down here just as it was given to me by my navy friend.

"But about this thing of navy men not being in right when they come on shore," I began, when he had finished.

"Just a moment," he interrupted. From his pocket he extracted a clipping. "I cut this out of a newspaper to-day. Read it, will you?"

The clipping was a letter written by a sailor to one of the New York papers. It ran thus:

I am a sailor in the service of Uncle Sam, wearing his uniform and upholding his ideas.

I am a patriotic lad, but it makes me mad to be treated with such little respect. This is just an instance: The other day I was with two other sailors and two soldiers, making five in the party. We went into a well-known dancing academy and tried to get a dance. The man who conducts the place said that the soldiers could come in, but the sailors could not, which made us kind of mad. We then went and tried another place, with the same result.

We then went to a show, and at last we were admitted, but were subjected to such petty annoyances by the ushers and the people sitting near us that we had to get out before the show was half over.

In Bay Ridge there is a girls' high school called the Bay Ridge High School, and they run community dances there on Wednesday nights. This is supposed to be a social evening, but the treatment you get there is very cold, and they look upon us as a crowd of roughnecks, when it is just the other way around.

CLEMENT E. SIMS, U. S. N.

"There," said my navy friend, "is merely a sample, one of a hundred that could readily be found. I won't say that the uniform of the enlisted man in the navy carries any stigma, but it is certainly looked down upon. Can you tell me why?"

I could not.

# Peace and the Freedom of the Seas

GERMANY'S IDEA OF "FREEDOM" ON THE OCEAN INVOLVES THE DESTRUCTION OF ALL MARITIME POWER, LEAVING HER WITH UNASSAILABLE SUPREMACY ON LAND

By Judson C. Welliver

Author of "The Land of Death," "Building for a New World after the War," etc.

THE substantial agreement between Britain and America as to their fundamental naval interests is beginning to be better appreciated than it ever was before. This observation may indeed be expanded to include at least one of the other Allied powers, though not in so close a bond of unity.

After the war there will be a general and sweeping reopening of the whole set of questions which concern naval warfare. Momentous decisions will have to be made, and they will be made only after the most exhaustive consideration.

At the time of writing this article, in the first days of 1918, the following countries are at war with Germany—Serbia, Russia, France, Britain, Montenegro, Japan, Rumania, the United States, Cuba, Panama, Brazil, Liberia, Siam, China, Portugal, Belgium, Italy, San Marino, and Greece. In addition, the following have broken off diplomatic relations with Germany—Bolívia, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, Haiti, Costa Rica, Peru, Uruguay, Ecuador, and San Domingo.

Practically the whole world is in the war—which means that practically the whole world will be represented in the peace congress. The scope of the conflict, thus involving a whole world, is really no more startling than is the complete flux of all international law that has taken place. It is a truism which statesmen bandy in their

speeches that there is no longer any international law. When the war ends, the nations will be prostrated, exhausted, and the people's means of existence at a lower ebb than they have ever been in modern times; and until the fabric of international relations can be reconstructed, there will be no guarantees of any country's security.

If the war ends with a crushing defeat for the Central Empires, the world will be able reasonably to anticipate a comparatively early establishment of measurable security; but if armistice comes more or less as a result of mutual exhaustion, and without decisive military defeat, then there will be a long era during which nothing will be on a basis even approximating permanence. Confidence and trust as between the opposing sides will be lacking, suspicion will fill the atmosphere, and the peace congress, a huge, unwieldy, unprecedented body charged with the effort to reconcile world-wide divergent interests, will sit down to an almost hopeless task.

The discussion which in England, and only to a less extent in other countries, ensued upon the issue of the Marquis of Lansdowne's utterance about war aims and peace conditions has at least served to focus attention on the immensity of the problem that will presently confront the world's statesmanship. After examining the utterances of statesmen representing both sides and all the leading belligerent countries,

Lord Lansdowne ventured to opine that a league of nations for the preservation of peace is well within the range of possibilities. This league of nations, he urged, should be the first step in the peace program, and such problems as the restoration of Belgium, the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine, the reconstitution of Poland, the disposal of German colonies, the settlement of the Adriatic problem, and all the territorial and indemnity issues, should be made secondary.

This suggestion is in itself rather startling. It is a reversal of the common attitude, which assumes that the first thing is to win the war, that the next is to make the terms of peace, and that finally, in the leisurely years of restored international amenity, the business of establishing a league of nations may be taken up. Lord Lansdowne suggested that it would be better to begin at the other end, establishing the league of nations first, and using as its basis the group of powers united in the fight against Germany. Later, when peace is restored and the new international law can be established, the countries now arrayed with Germany could be admitted to the league by subscribing to its program.

The mere suggestion of admitting Germany to such a pact, in the view of many people, is an evidence that the whole program is dangerous and undesirable. These critics are unable to believe that even a defeated and chastened Germany will ever deserve the trust and confidence of the rest of the world. They imagine that Germany must and can be outlawed from the society of civilized states, at least during a probationary period of indefinite duration.

This view seems to be based on the notion that a sort of international purgatory can be set up, with Germany and the German people as its inmates, and perhaps with the Bulgars and the Turks to keep them company. There these offenders might expiate their crimes against human society, with a hope of ultimate pardon if they give satisfactory evidence of repentance and good intentions.

There is no doubt, if judgment be based on the utterances of statesmen and the more authoritative writers on the subject,

that in the last year the tendency has been toward a more liberal view—toward something like the notion of Lord Lansdowne and of his chief supporter among English newspapers, the *Daily Telegraph*. These represent the opinion that a league of nations would be nothing but an offensive and defensive alliance like those of the past, if half the military power of the world was excluded from it.

True, a league of nations embracing all the countries now fighting Germany would represent the greater part of the world, and by establishing an enlightened international code to govern the relations among its signatories it might provide a working example of the possibilities of such a solution. But this would by no means give the world the security that is the ideal of Lord Lansdowne, of President Wilson, and indeed of all publicists. Rather, there is a feeling, apparently on the increase, that a league of nations of this sort would be regarded by Germany as merely an effort to hold fast the lines of the present alliance against her, as a menace to her future, and as a threat against the realization of what she regards as perfectly legitimate ambitions.

#### BISMARCK'S CONTINENTAL POLICY

Bismarck opposed oversea colonial expansion for Germany, because he believed that she would be unable to protect outlying dependencies against the naval power of England, and that the attempt to establish and maintain them would cost more than they would ever be worth. Bismarck was dismissed, and William II went in for oversea colonies and a powerful navy; yet Pan-Germanism did not forget all that Bismarck had taught it.

It was always fundamental with Bismarck that Germany must maintain the best of relations with Russia. While she did so, she would have nothing to fear from her eastern neighbor's steady advance in population, wealth, and military power. On the other hand, if Russia should fall into such a condition as now exists, Germany would have the opportunity to benefit from her tradition of friendship.

Bismarck and his school saw little for Germany beyond the seas. Their notion

of German expansion was a continental expansion—absorbing whatever might be gained from time to time by the extension of frontiers, but always keeping the empire a continuous territorial body. In this way it would remain comparatively independent of the maritime nations. The influence of this idea is plainly to be seen in the "Mitteleuropa" policy of the most important wing of the Pan-Germanists.

These, while favoring a great expansion for Germany, wish to accomplish it by enlarging the present Germany, establishing a domination over Austria-Hungary, the Balkans, Asia Minor, and Mesopotamia, and pushing thence into Egypt and central Africa. It is always their aim to avoid dependence on communications by sea, and to establish an essentially continental empire, able to sustain itself in spite of the attacks of a superior naval force.

The *Mitteleuropa* vision contemplates an opportunist seizing of every chance for continental expansion, whether east into Russia, northward into the Baltic areas, southeast with the ultimate purpose of practically absorbing the empire of the Turk, thence on toward India, or south into the heart of Africa. There is a strange fascination for many German expansionists in the adventure of Africa. They look to it as their great field of exploitation. Persia and India, of course, are likewise contemplated as prizes of the future.

But all these vast projects are being modified by reason of a new element in maritime operations—the submarine. Bismarck saw no chance to beat the British navy, so he wanted to build a continental empire that could be safe despite its naval inferiority. The *Mitteleuropa* school have accepted this hypothesis, and plan to keep all their communications on land. They would make a network of political and strategic relations serving for Germany the purposes which the fleet and the merchant marine have served for England.

#### CAN THE SUBMARINE DESTROY SEA POWER?

But to-day the submarine campaign has raised the broad and stupendous question whether naval power is so important as Bismarck and the early advocates of Mit-

teleuropa believed it. The Tirpitz school believes that the submarine has destroyed naval power as a dominant factor in the strength of empire. Not only do they claim that they can starve England into submission in the present war, they go so far as to assert that hereafter they can destroy the usefulness of armored fleets and great mercantile marines. They would drive every man, every nation, off the seas with the submarine, while themselves depending on the land for their own communications.

This is what far-seeing men recognize as the ultimate menace of the submarine. Either the submarine must be conquered by scientific application and technical development, or else it must be outlawed by international agreement. The alternative is that naval power will be of increasingly dubious value to those who possess it. And that is why England, Japan, and America, all of them peculiarly depending on the right of free seas and the authority of naval power, are being forced into a community of interests which is far more fundamental and vital than most people yet realize.

Japan and England are alike in being island kingdoms; in being dependent on the sea for their communication; in being industrial and commercial nations, rather than agricultural; in being absolutely dependent on the oversea importation of a large proportion of their food-supplies and raw materials. In addition, England, with dominions in every quarter of the world, must preserve her privilege of secure access to them, or her empire will fall apart.

In short, it has become a question of the land against the water; of continentalism as against maritism, if it may be permitted to invent phrases that will suggest the idea.

The identity of America's interests with those of England and Japan is obvious enough. America is indeed the most self-dependent and independent nation in the world, with its wonderful resources and wide variety of climates, soils, and products. On the other hand, America has become the greatest industrial nation, and her need of oversea markets is being constantly emphasized. Moreover, her colo-

nies in the Far East, and her responsibilities under the Monroe Doctrine dictate the maintenance of a strong naval force.

So, speaking in general terms, Germany sees her interests in subordinating maritime to continental development; England, Japan, and America find their interests bound up in the maintenance of naval might and maritime rights.

These are the fundamentals which go further than is yet generally realized toward insuring that the present alliance of nearly all the world against the Germanic empires will be continued. South America, for instance, has lined herself on the side of the freedom of the seas. That South America will at any conceivable future time find her interest to lie with Germany is unimaginable, because she must have the privilege of free and safe sea communication in order that she may live and develop.

China has declared war against Germany; and China will not fail to realize that her interest likewise is to keep the seas open, lest expanding German ambition might one day make even far-away China an object of Teutonic covetousness.

Even before the submarine was a factor the international law of the sea was exceedingly difficult of adjustment. Its development had been going on for many centuries, through tortuous processes in which piracy, profiteering, the law of prize-courts, the rights of neutrals, the definition and practise of blockades, and all the other phases of it had been slowly crystallizing. Even so recent a consideration of its problems as the Declaration of London came to no final agreement, because both the maritime and the continental powers were fearful, each that the other would gain unfair advantages.

Whatever advance was made by reason of the Declaration of London was incontinently thrown overboard when Germany started the ruthless destruction of merchantmen. That policy has brought the world to a point where its capacity to feed and supply itself grows increasingly more uncertain. It is true that Germany cannot sail her merchant ships on the high seas, but it is also true that because of Germany's ability to destroy, the enemies of

Germany are compelled to consolidate all the shipping capacity and all the ship-building resources of the world in their effort to keep their own commerce afloat.

After the war the merchant shipping of the world will be reduced to a low level. To restore it will be a task requiring the work of years and involving great industrial and financial difficulties.

#### A MENACE TO CIVILIZATION

Aside from this, there is the question of future security. A peace which leaves the way open for any nation hereafter to employ the submarine as Germany has employed it during this war would be almost a prohibition of ship-building for investment. Private capital would be chary of shipping-shares; the more so because after the war the cost of tonnage will be for a long time vastly greater than it has been heretofore. If this increased cost be considered along with the possibilities that another war may mean another era of submarining, it is obvious enough that without guarantees against that sort of thing mankind will simply be giving up its power to use the sea.

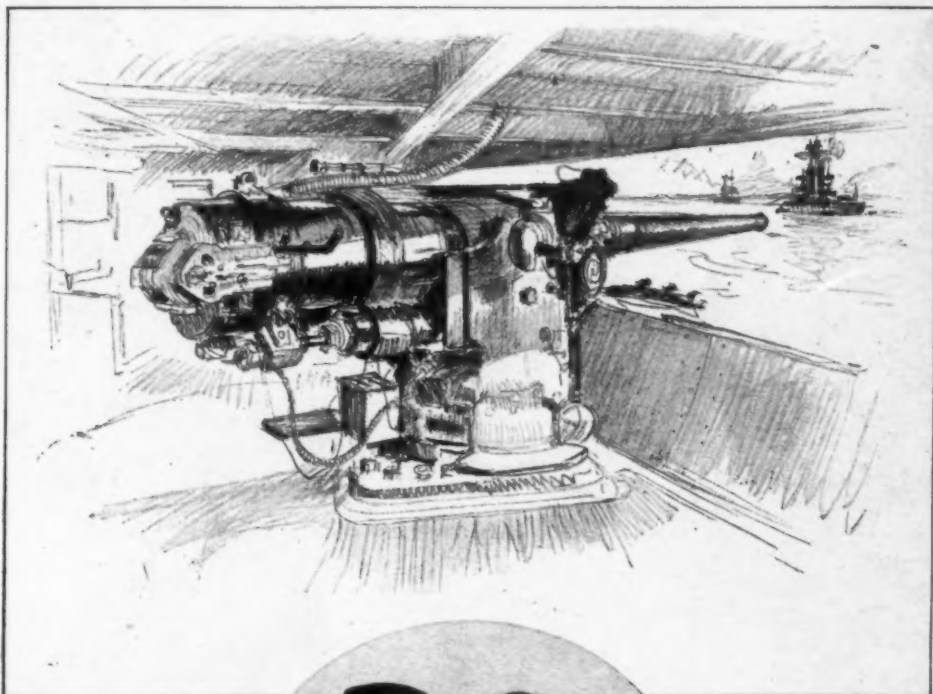
Small wonder, then, that the maritime countries and the countries depending upon sea communication begin to realize that they are compelled to make common cause against an enemy that threatens to block the blue highways everywhere. The world has grown, civilization has developed, the nations of the world have become neighbors, because of the maintenance, in the past, of the freedom of the seas. If that shall be taken away, if the German formula which means monopoly of the seas by Germany, shall be substituted, it will be a backward step in the march of progress comparable to the disaster that befell civilization when the Roman Empire fell to pieces.

These are some of the considerations which impress men nowadays, in studying the problems of this war and its hereafter. They are suggestions of the immensity and gravity of the problems that must be dealt with in connection with the making of peace and the reconstitution of international relations.

# Our Atlantic Fleet

A Series of Drawings by Vernon Howe Bailey

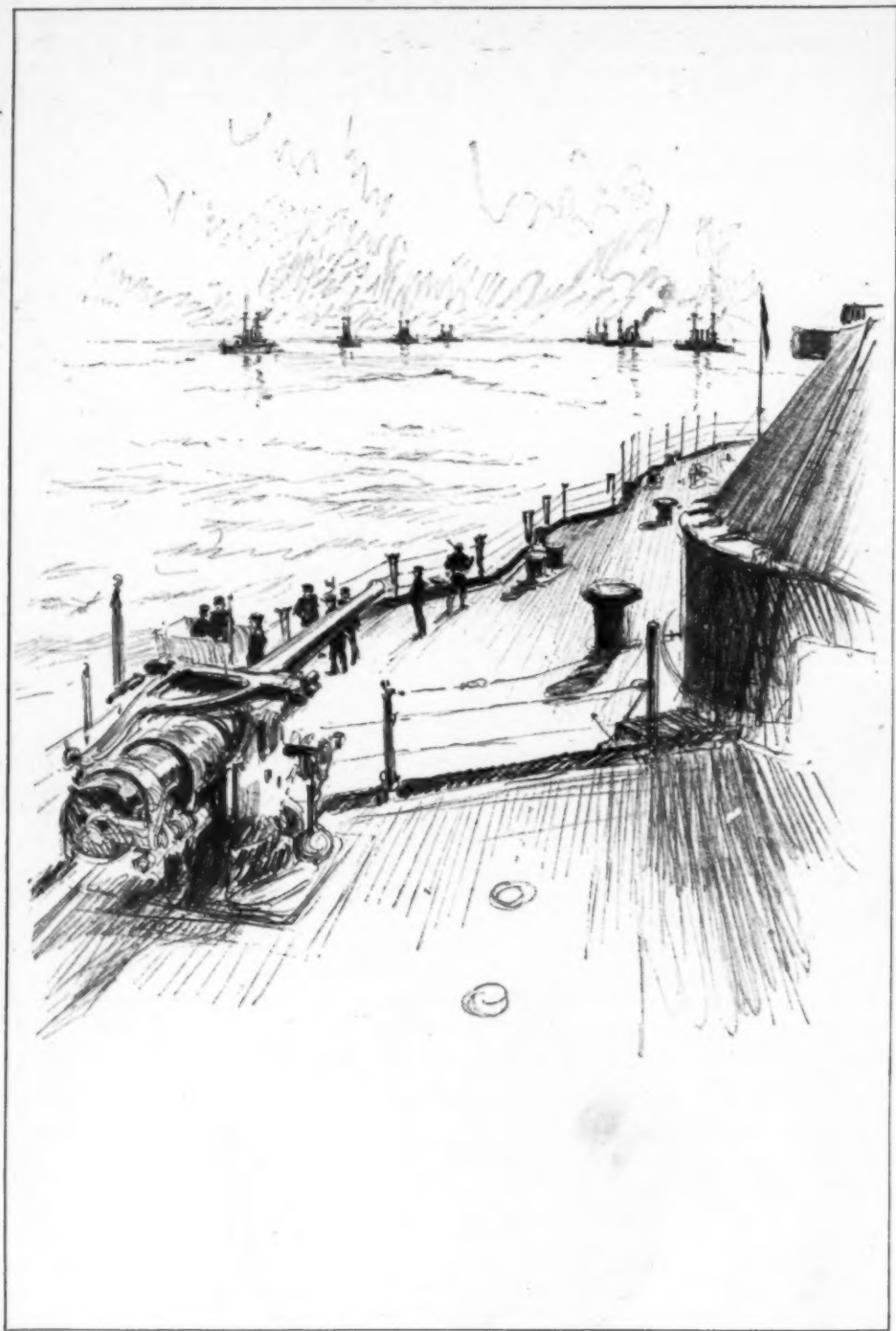
MR. BAILEY IS THE FIRST ARTIST WHO HAS BEEN AUTHORIZED TO VISIT THE MAIN AMERICAN FIGHTING FLEET AND MAKE DRAWINGS ON BOARD OF OUR BATTLE-SHIPS SINCE THE DECLARATION OF WAR



A RAPID-FIRE TORPEDO  
DEFENSE GUN MOUNTED  
ON THE LOWER DECK OF  
A SUPERDREADNOUGHT



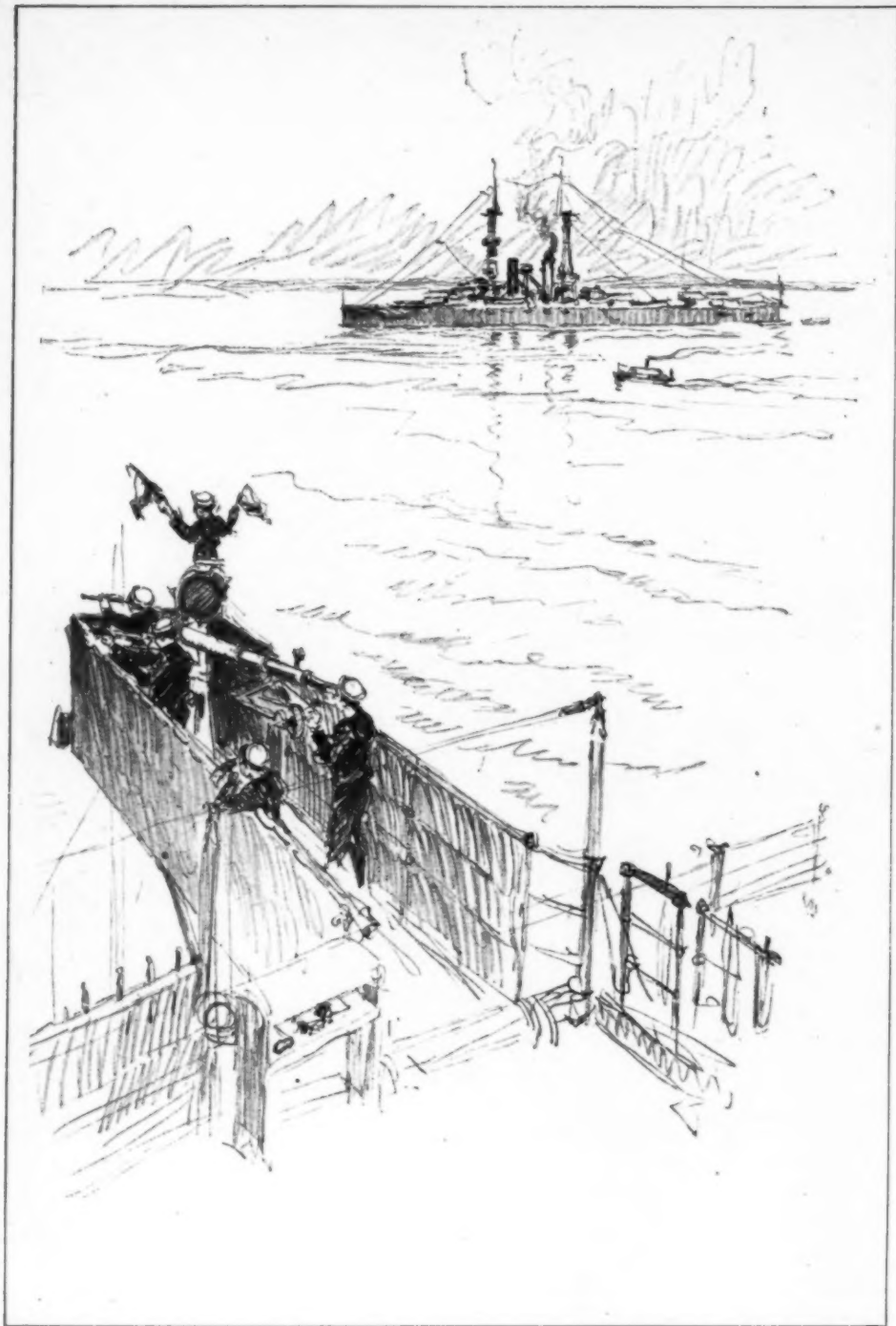
MR. BAILEY ON THE  
DECK OF A BATTLE-  
SHIP, AT WORK UPON  
THE DRAWING REPRO-  
DUCED ON PAGE 259



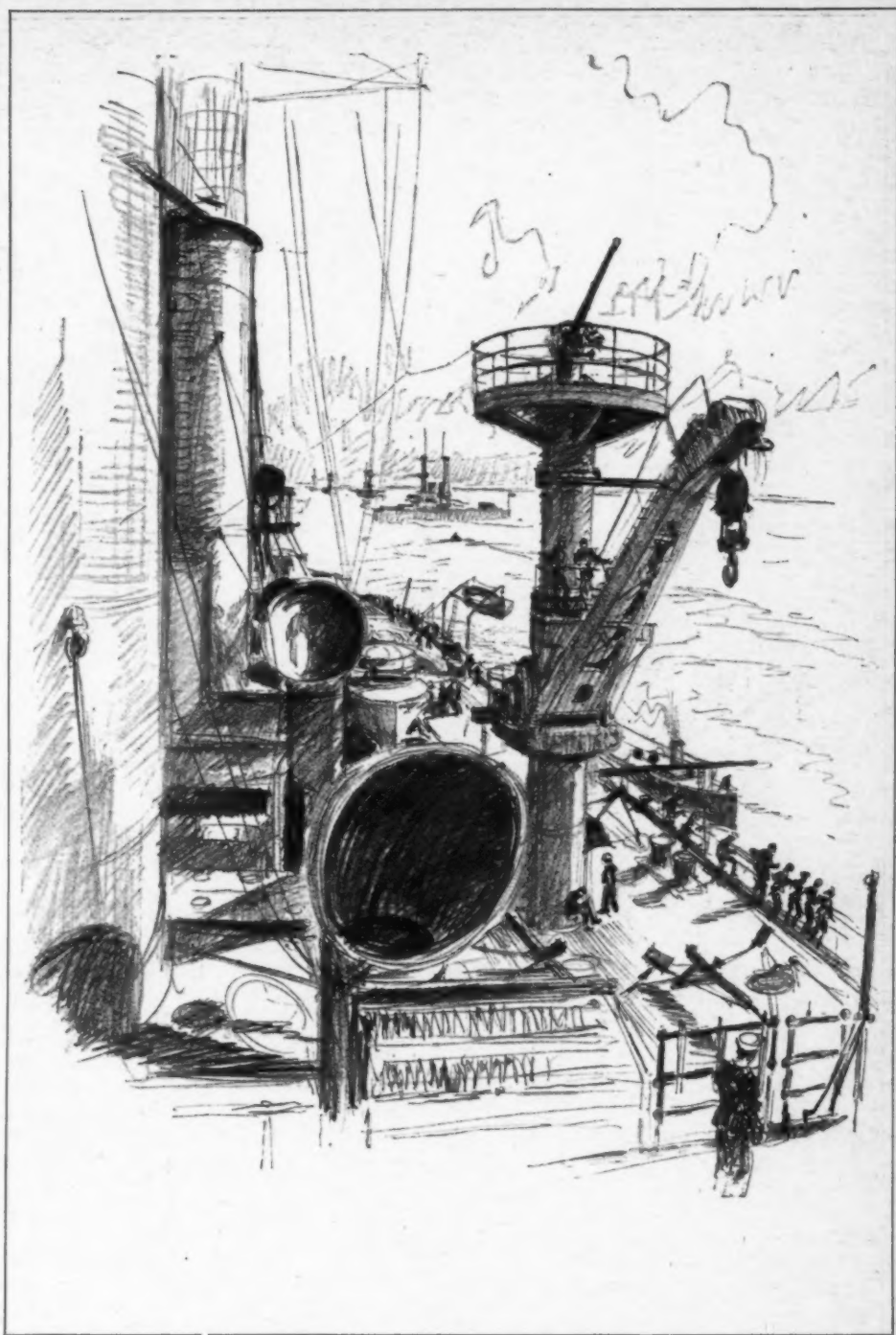
A DIVISION OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET ENTERING AN AMERICAN HARBOR, STEAMING IN DOUBLE COLUMN—THIS DRAWING WAS MADE FROM THE FORWARD DECK OF ONE OF THE SHIPS OF ANOTHER DIVISION



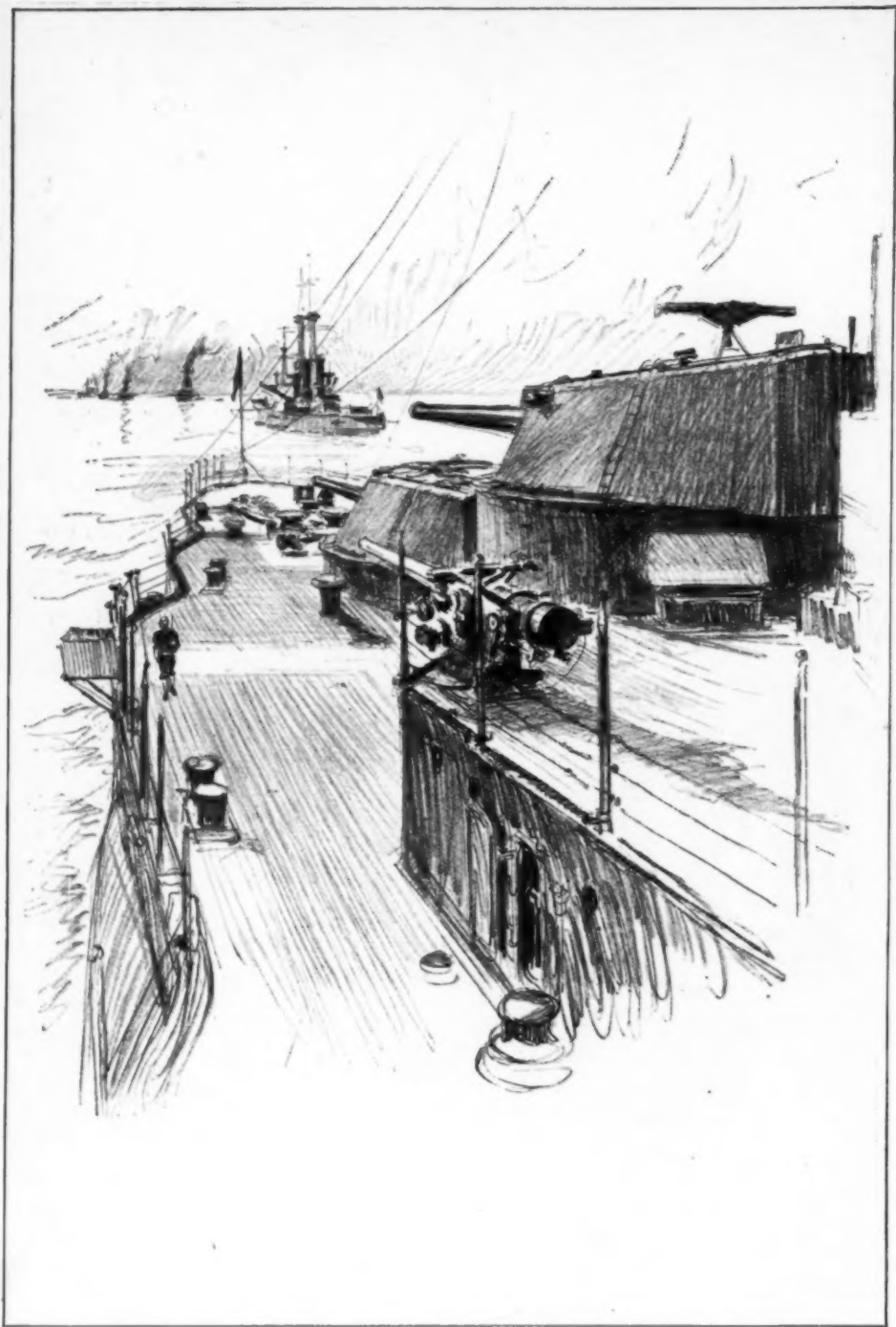
THE FORWARD DECK OF A SUPERDREADNOUGHT—IN THE FOREGROUND ARE THE ANCHOR CHAINS, AND ABOVE THEM FOUR GREAT GUNS MOUNTED IN TWO TURRETS—ON THE RIGHT, IN THE BACKGROUND, PROJECTS THE SIGNAL BRIDGE



ON THE SIGNAL BRIDGE—A SAILOR IS SENDING A MESSAGE WITH SIGNAL FLAGS, AND OTHER MEN ARE WATCHING THROUGH POWERFUL GLASSES FOR THE REPLY—ON THE BRIDGE IS A SEARCH-LIGHT FOR SIGNALING AT NIGHT



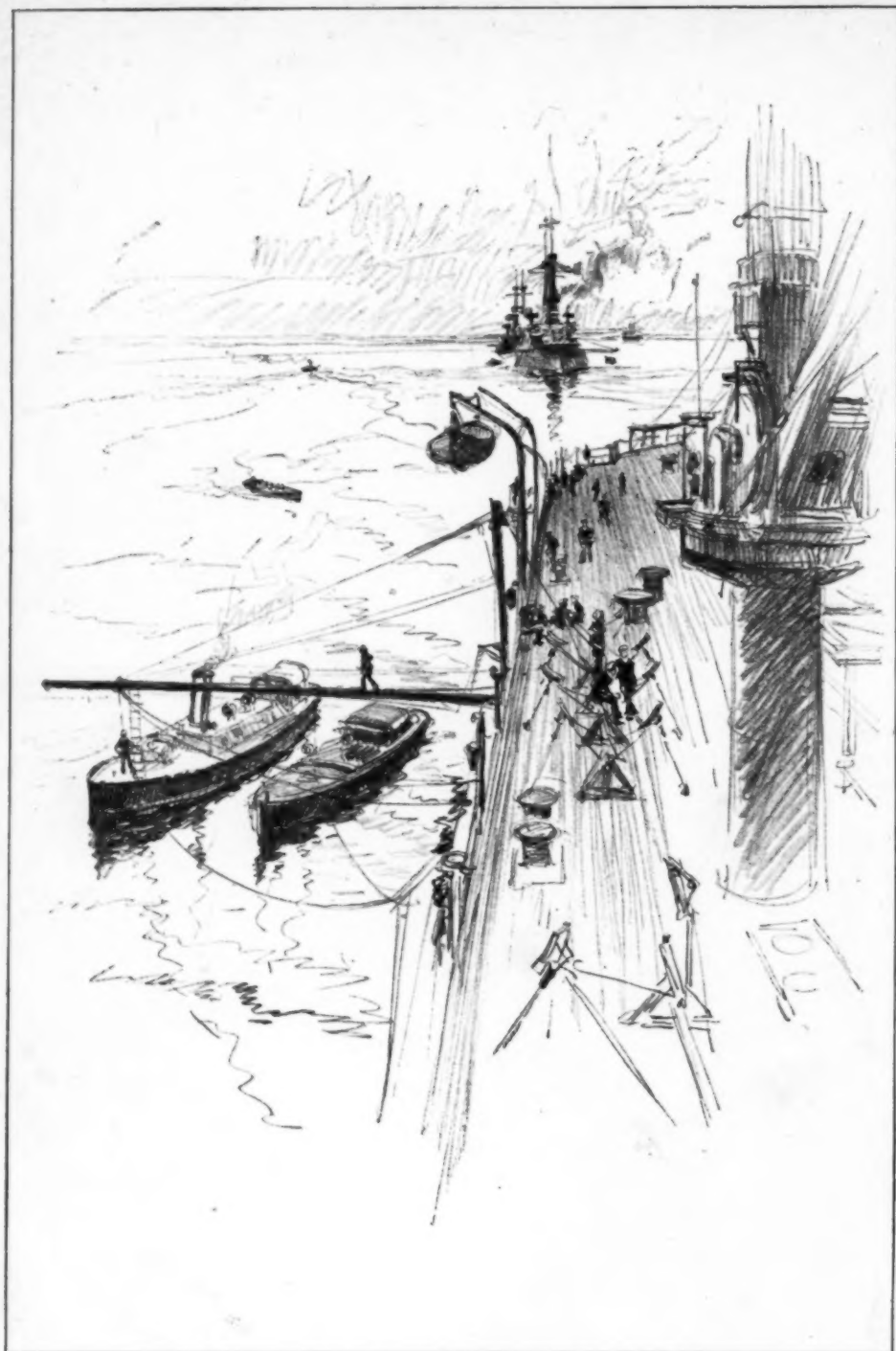
THE DECK OF A SUPERDREADNOUGHT, LOOKING ASTERN FROM THE NAVIGATING BRIDGE—  
IN THE FOREGROUND ARE A VENTILATOR AND PART OF THE SIGNAL  
BRIDGE; BEYOND, A GREAT DERRICK ON THE MAIN DECK



THE FORWARD GUNS AND TURRETS OF A SUPERDREADNOUGHT, LOOKING TOWARD THE BOW—  
NOTE THE LINE OF THE DECK, WHICH IN A MODERN BATTLE-SHIP IS NOT  
A FLOWING LINE, FULL OF SHARP TURNS AND ANGLES



THE MAIN DECK OF A SUPERDREADNOUGHT, GIVING A STRIKING VIEW OF THE MASTS, SMOKE-STACKS, VENTILATORS, AND DERRICK—THE SEARCH-LIGHTS MOUNTED ON THE SUPER-STRUCTURE ARE TO DETECT THE APPROACH OF ENEMY CRAFT



THE FLAG-SHIP'S BOAT BOOM, WITH THE SHIP'S STEAMER AND THE ADMIRAL'S BARGE  
LYING READY FOR SERVICE

# Aids to the Actor's Art

A FAMOUS AMERICAN MANAGER EXPLAINS THE ORIGINAL AND INGENIOUS METHODS  
THAT HAVE MADE HIM SO SUCCESSFUL IN STAGING HIS PLAYS

By David Belasco

**I**N the experience of every one who chooses the fine arts as the field of his work, and who succeeds to a reasonable degree in accomplishing the results which he has set as the goal of his ambition, there must come a time when he can look back with satisfaction upon hostile criticism. My own endeavor has always been devoted to the arts of the theater. As it is the most democratic of all the arts, and is therefore subject constantly to scrutiny and study from the most divergent points of view, I have not escaped the inevitable penalty of being sometimes misunderstood.

In one branch of the art of the theater, especially, my purposes and methods have aroused discussion which has resulted in extremes of encouraging approval or discouraging objection. There was a time when it was charged against me that I placed undue emphasis upon stage decoration, the use of light and color, of scenic investiture and minute detail of costuming; that I held the importance of these adjuncts above the play itself and its interpretation through the acting art.

It was argued by those who disparaged my methods, or mistook my purposes, that the chief effort in my dramatic productions was to appeal to the eye, and to subordinate the work of the dramatist, which must be the foundation of every production of the stage, to mere physical display. This view of my work as a dramatic producer, which was sometimes expressed twenty-five years ago, but has undergone a radical and significant change as time has progressed, caused me to be regarded in some quarters as a kind of stage-carpenter

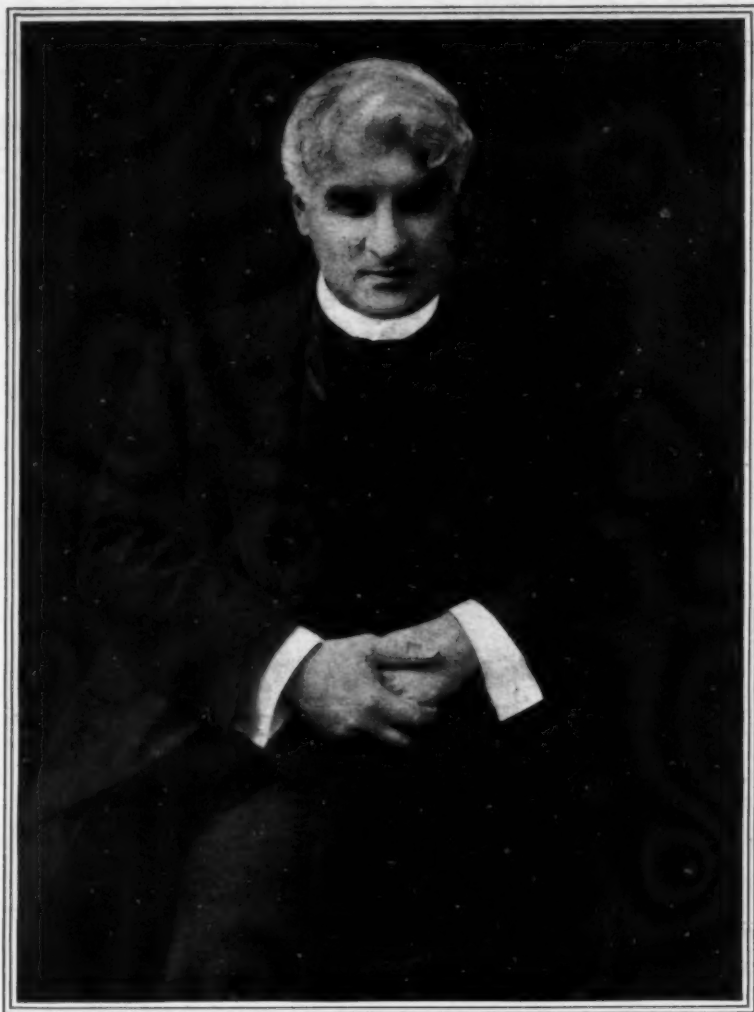
or decorator who was attempting to veil some kind of hocus-pocus by the pretense of art.

At the same time, my method of presenting plays was never without its strong advocates. The latter saw more clearly than my adverse critics. They divined that the careful attention I gave to the extraneous details of my productions was only for the purpose of interpreting and intensifying the moods of the play and of the characters, and that I was trying by legitimate artistic means to stir the emotions of my audiences.

In some of these controversies I have been hailed as a "wizard of light and color," and in other superlative terms. For such encouraging support I have always been grateful, but for the final verdict I have looked with confidence to the best taste of the public. A worker in the arts is never on unsafe ground when he courts both praise and blame; he is in danger only when he is ignored.

## THE THEATER'S DEBT TO MR. EDISON

It was my fortune to come into the theater during a time when lighting appliances and the use of illuminating effects were undergoing a great scientific revolution. The invention and the perfection of the electric light fall easily within this period. It is usual to consider the inventions of Thomas A. Edison from the view-point of their scientific, commercial, and practical utility. We of the theater realize also how great is the debt which the dramatic producer's art owes for its present perfection to this magician who is not of the theater, and into whose calculations the benefits which the



DAVID BELASCO, OWNER AND MANAGER OF THE BELASCO THEATER, NEW YORK,  
AND A PROMINENT FIGURE IN THE AMERICAN THEATRICAL WORLD

*From a copyrighted photograph by White, New York*

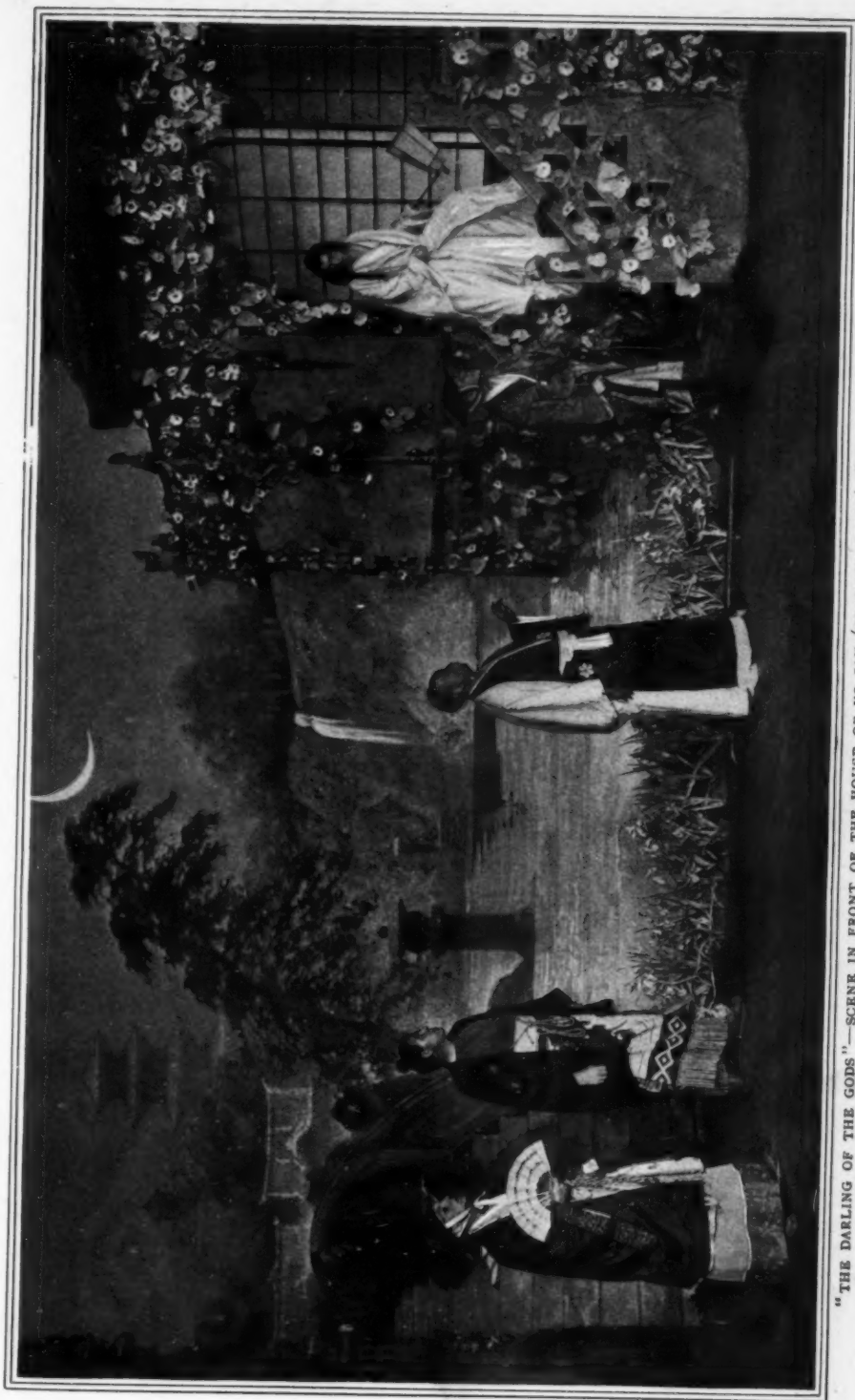
stage was to derive from his discoveries probably did not at first enter.

My first work as a producer of plays was done in the Far West, where the theater was still in a primitive state. I was, of course, much hampered by the imperfect methods of illumination then at our command. I began with flickering candles and smelly oil-lamps, and observed the improvement when they, in turn, were replaced by gas.

Each of these changes brought me a step nearer to the ideals which I had formed in

my dreams, but which then still seemed far away. It was inevitable that I should utilize to the fullest extent every new means by which the true effects of nature could be more closely reproduced in the theater. So it is upon applying to the stage's art electric lighting, and the more perfect use of color which it has made possible, that a great part of my thought and energies as a dramatic producer have been concentrated.

By good fortune my work at a New York theater, with its wider facilities, began about the time of the transition from the



"THE DARLING OF THE GODS"—SCENE IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE OF YO SAN (BLANCHE BATES), "BATHED IN MOONLIGHT AND CLOSE TO A RUNNING BROOK," TO BE INDICATIVE OF THE ROMANCE OF THE UNSUSPECTING LOVERS"

*From a photograph by Brown, New York*

stock-company system of presenting plays to productions which were made with a view to greater permanence, and in which more careful attention could be given to the details of their staging. This change in the management of theaters offered better opportunity and at the same time greater in-

drama with a musical accompaniment; but my conviction was that the most powerful emotional appeal could be made, and the strongest interpretative agency gained, by the use of color and light.

From the time when, as a boy, I used to play with toy theaters lighted with lamps,



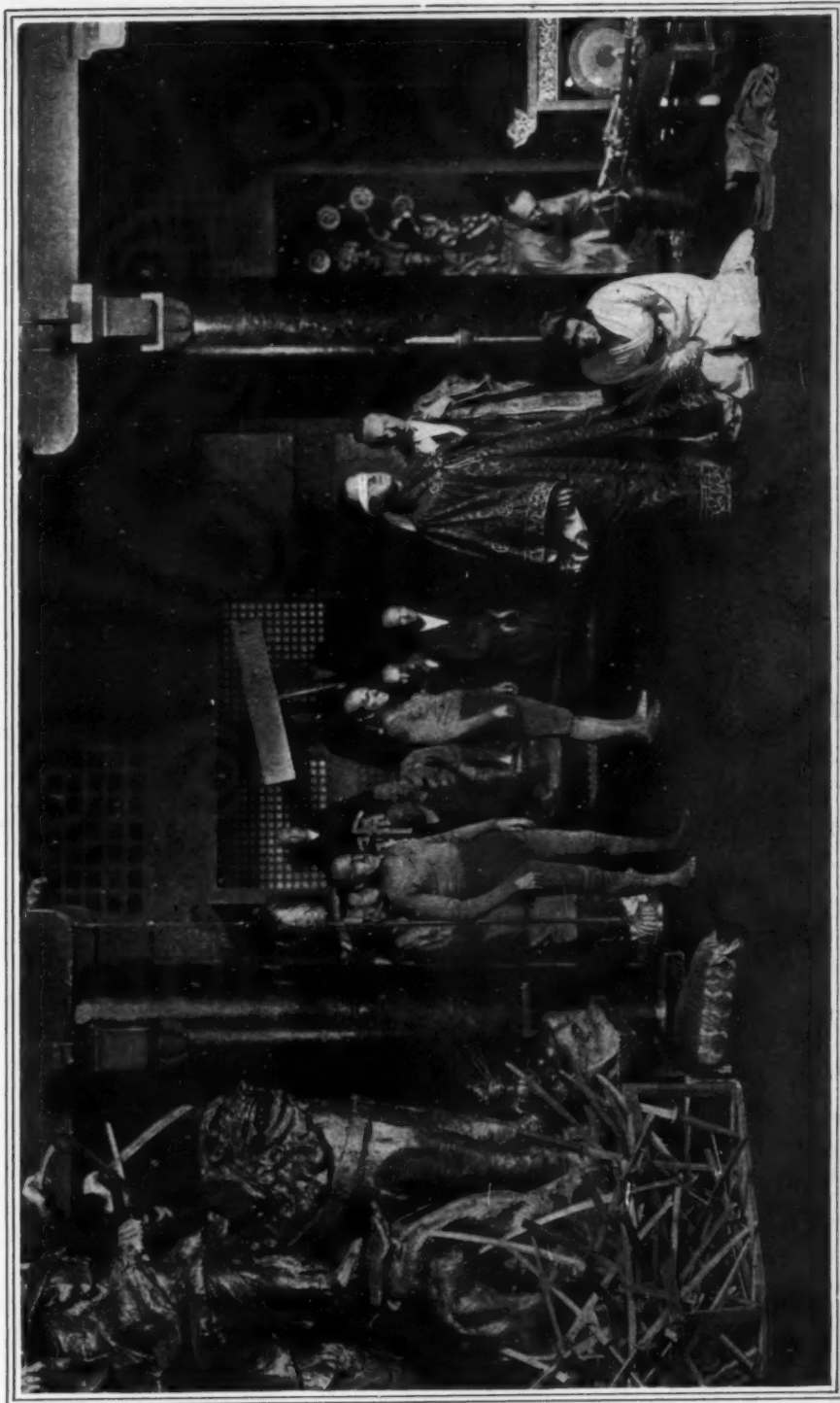
"THE DARLING OF THE GODS"—KARA (ROBERT T. HAINES) IS ARRESTED AS A TRAITOR IN THE HOUSE OF YO SAN (BLANCHE BATES)

*From a photograph by Byron, New York*

centive for experiment with delicate illuminating effects.

Before that time it had been the practise, as a means of stirring the feelings of audiences or intensifying the emotional effect of a speech or situation, to have some sort of musical interpretation accompany the play. A trace of the custom still survives in the term "melodrama," which implies

I have tried to reach my audiences through their sensitiveness to color and light. Later, when I became stage-director for managers who did not have the financial resources to provide even adequate scenic decoration, I made my strongest appeal in the same way. To use color, not for mere adornment, but to convey a message to the hearts of audiences, has become my creed. The proof



"THE DARLING OF THE GODS"—THE SWORD-ROOM OF THE MINISTER OF WAR, ZAKKURI (GEORGE ARLISS), WITH KARA (ROBERT T. HAINES) ABOUT TO BE TAKEN TO THE TORTURE-CHAMBER BELOW

*From a photograph by Byron, New York*



"THE DARLING OF THE GODS"—THE SCENE OF THE BAMBOO FOREST AND THE DEATH OF KARA (ROBERT T. HAINES) AND YO SAN (BLANCHE BATES)

*From a photograph by Byron, New York*

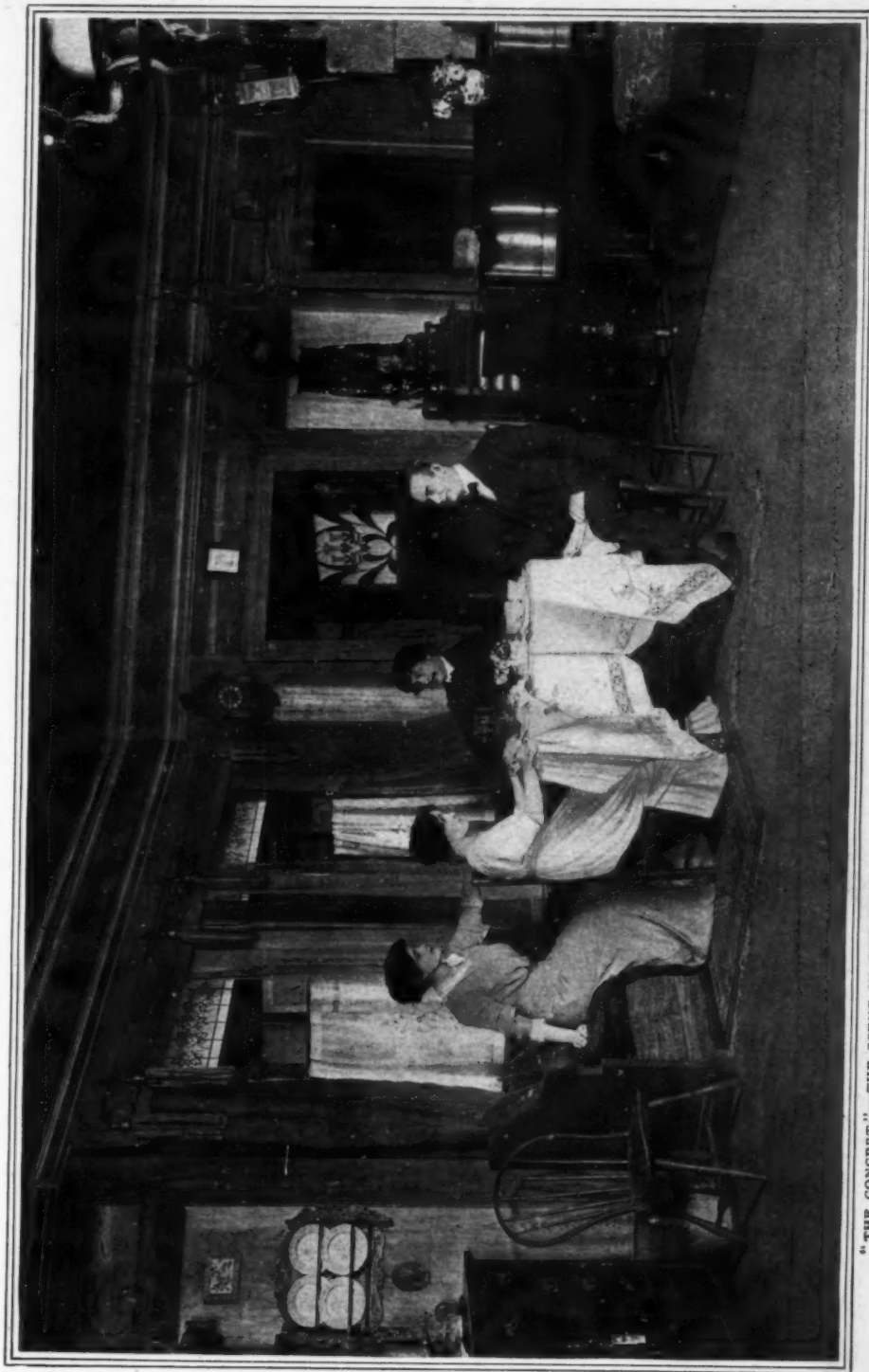
that I am right is my love of nature and my intuitive knowledge of its moods.

I recall that when I was a child I delighted in watching the changing effects of light upon the mountains, the ravines, the riverbanks, and the sea. Every hue in the heavens, by day or by night, interested me; and then I began to study the moods of nature.

For nature is as complex in its moods as a woman. Mark the lowering anger of a March day, with its driving clouds and frowning, barren landscape; while April is all tears and smiles, symbolizing the spirit of awakening nature and of growing things. Let one watch the changing hues of the grasses and leaves on a midsummer afternoon to understand how restless and variable are nature's moods. October, with its

russets and browns, suggests the mood of sadness; winter, spreading its coverlet of white, breathes peace and rest. One need only read the inexhaustible book of nature to learn and feel all these moods.

If, as I conceive it, the purpose of the theater be to hold the mirror up to nature, I know of no better way to obtain the effects of nature than to go to nature itself, To fulfil this purpose with integrity, to surround the mimic life of the characters in drama with the natural aspects of life, to seek in light and color the same interpretative relation to spoken dialogue that music bears to the words of a song, is, I contend, the real art, the true art, of the theater. He who goes direct to nature for the effects he introduces on the stage



"THE CONCERT"—THE SCENE IN THE BUNGALOW IN THE CATSKILLS, WITH JANET BEECHER (THE MUSICIAN'S WIFE), JANE GREY (THE ELOPING WIFE), LEO DITRICHSTEIN (THE MUSICIAN), AND WILLIAM NORRIS (THE DESERTED HUSBAND)



"THE ROSE OF THE RANCHO"—FRANCES STARR AS JUANITA AND CHARLES RICHMAN AS KEARNEY, IN THE PLAY THAT ESTABLISHED THE ACTRESS AS A STAR

*From a photograph by Byron, New York*

can never be wrong, because nature itself is never wrong. It is upon this creed that I base my faith in realism in dramatic art.

The trouble is, however, that a school of decorators has grown up within the theater which is trying to improve upon the effects of nature. Thus has risen the so-called "new art" of the stage. It has resulted in the eccentricities of coloring and lighting that have had a fitful vogue during recent years. My own belief is that it is not only a negation of truth, but a waste of time to try to improve upon nature, because from such an effort there emerge only the tawdry, the bizarre, and the unreal.

This movement has not been confined

wholly to the theater, but has spread among the other arts. It has been utilized by unskilled workers to conceal their deficiencies, and it has been lauded and championed by faddists who are always ready to fancy that they discern sublime truth in things which to normal eyes are grotesque and unreal. In the theater it has manifested itself in opaque backings, in the vivid, deadly colorings of extreme impressionism, and in exaggerated architecture.

Yet out of all this eccentricity — this striving to be "different" at any cost — much good is eventually to come. Already the attempt to exaggerate the effects of nature is providing its own antidote. From it all will reappear the real art of the the-

ater, which will be found to consist of just this—lighting, coloring, simplicity, according to the established laws of nature.

Whether the scene be an exterior or an interior, no matter what be the conditions with which it is concerned, one of the assisting factors in strengthening its appeal to an audience is the stage-director's skillful use and manipulation of lights. Indeed, the regulation and diffusion of light, and the arrangement of color effect, in a simply appointed sitting-room scene are not less important, and also not much less difficult, than the creation of what may seem to be a far more intricately contrived sunset panorama.

#### A UNIQUE ELECTRICAL LABORATORY

For years, ever since I was financially able to equip and maintain it, I have had an experimental electrical workshop in the basement of my theater. So far as I am aware, it is the only laboratory of its kind in the world. Every illuminating appliance I have ever used on my stages has been invented in it. At any hour in the day, and often far into the night, experts are busy with me or under my direction in this unique little workshop, experimenting with my light and color devices, trying by every means that ingenuity can suggest to bring my stage into still closer harmony with the secrets of nature. Even Mr. Edison in his great laboratories is not more industrious than we.

Many of the inventions we have developed here have been adopted in theaters all over the world. Very often theatrical experts have come from Europe to study our methods, and it has been a common thing for workmen to obtain jobs on my mechanical staff only for the purpose of discovering all they can and then carrying their knowledge back to the producers who sent them to my shop. But such secret tactics are unnecessary. Every one is invited to come in and watch us if he wishes, because whatever devices I use in one production will be changed and improved in the next. We try never to stand still; our method is always to move ahead.

It happens that time and money are often wasted in our underground work-

shop, from which other theatrical managers get the benefit. I have spent as much as five thousand dollars in an effort to imitate certain delicate colorings of a sunset, and have ended by throwing aside the scene altogether.

When I was preparing "The Girl of the Golden West," I experimented an entire summer to reproduce the hazy, shifting hues of the sun as it sinks below the Sierra Nevadas in California. It was a very beautiful sunset that we contrived, but it was not even remotely Californian. So we proceeded to something else, and I sold that sunset scene, which had been the fruit of three months' work, to another manager for a nominal sum. He used it with great success in one of his own productions.

In the same way many other effects which cost me thousands of dollars to accomplish, owing to the amount of experimenting they required, have been copied by others at trivial cost.

In my workshop was invented the new system of horizontal lighting which made necessary the complete architectural remodeling of the stage of the Belasco Theater before the production of "The Boomerang," in the autumn of 1915. Within a year every theater in New York which makes any effort at progressiveness had adopted the hood and side-lights, with their peculiar dimmers and reflectors, which formed the basis of the process.

Years before this the "Du Barry lights" and "baby lights," which afterward went all over the world, had their origin in my laboratory. It may be of interest to know that the former, which I invented for the production of "Du Barry," were brought into existence on account of the brilliant red of Mrs. Leslie Carter's hair and the peculiar coloring of her complexion.

She was like an April day—all sunshine and rain—and, as she was a woman of great passion and power, her emotional scenes would tend to accentuate the lines in her face and take away her beauty. I saw at once that the lights which were suitable for the other actors in the company, both in hue and intensity, were not adapted to her. They might make the other actresses beautiful, but they made Mrs. Carter look

hideous. To counteract their effect I contrived a system of small, moving individual lights, which were kept fixed upon the important characters as they moved about the stage.

On account of Mrs. Carter's coloring, the light constantly cast upon her was a delicate pink, which tended to accentuate her beauty by softening the sheen of her hair and removing the lines from her face. The device was simple enough—after some one had first thought of it—and ever afterward it has been a blessing to red-haired actresses. I suspect, too, that a good many matrons have taken advantage of it in arranging the decorations of their private drawing-rooms.

Any dramatic producer who works for the best artistic effects in the theater must have an intuitive knowledge of color, and he must also know his geography well. The caprices of nature have always had an intense fascination for me. In each far-separated locality of the earth, nature has given a different appearance to sun and moon and stars and sky, and to vegetation and fruit and snow and sea. Nature has also given to the peoples of these differing localities their own peculiar esthetic sense of color. For instance, if any one doubts that the Japanese have a different sense of the values and relationships of color from our own, let him even briefly study their kimonos or their potteries or their landscape-paintings.

#### STAGING "THE DARLING OF THE GODS"

I am convinced that the esthetic satisfaction which the public found in my production of "The Darling of the Gods" was due as much to its effects of color, light, and costumes as to its story and acting. Every particle of color used on the stage, every ray of light cast upon its scenes, was carefully calculated to symbolize its moods, interpret its meaning, and direct and strengthen its emotional appeal. I meant that the lighting accompaniment should stand in the same relation to it as the music written by a composer to express and elaborate the thought and sentiment of a poem.

I foresaw that it would be hard for my

audiences to step out of the glare and excitement of the New York streets and enter at once into the mood and spirit of ancient Japan. To put them in a receptive state, I began the story of the revolt of the outlawed Samurai and their betrayal by the *Princess Yo San*, to save the life of their leader, *Prince Kara*, her lover, by showing a series of tableaux symbolical of the theme of the play. I called this silent picture "The Chase and Death of the Butterfly," and made it indicate what was to be the fate of the heroine. It was timed to picture Japan in the spring, when the cherry-trees are in half-bloom, and it showed the lapse of the hours from the sunshine of midday to the gloom of night—suggestive of the passing of a life.

It led to an interior scene which I called "The Feast of a Thousand Welcomes," brilliantly illuminated by varicolored lanterns, for now I was suggesting to my audiences the ceremonials and festivities of Japanese life. To increase the delicacy of the effect I enclosed the stage in silk draperies, for the Japanese are particularly sensitive to soft colors.

Each chapter of the story was enveloped in lights to fit its moods. I passed to the *shoji*, or paper house, of *Yo San*, bathed in moonlight and close to a running brook, to be indicative of the romance of the unsuspecting lovers, as the spies of *Zakkuri*, the minister of war, lay in wait for *Kara* to arrest him as a traitor.

Thus the play proceeded to the sword-room of the relentless *Zakkuri*, who had made *Kara* his captive, and was endeavoring to force *Yo San* to betray her lover's hiding-place as the price for saving him from torture. This picture of the war minister's palace was vaulted, high-pillared, gloomy, and forbidding, to typify the cruel nature of the man. At intervals the door leading to the dungeons below was opened, lighting the scene with the red glare of the torture-chamber, to which *Kara* was soon to be sent.

The suspense and thrill of this scene were gained solely by my manipulation of lights. I might have played it in its entirety in pantomime and made it express just as much. In the torture scene in Vic-

torien Sardou's "La Tosca" a sense of horror was communicated by the sound of the agonized cries of the suffering *Mario*; but my scene was all silence, and I worked upon the imaginations of my audiences by the sinister glare of the torture fires as *Zakkuri* wrung from *Yo San* the confession which meant life to *Kara*, but death to his devoted band.

Eventually came the scene of the bamboo forest, where the surrounded Samurai, with *Yo San*, their betrayer, and *Kara*, her lover, commit honorable suicide by *hara-kiri*. Behind the gaunt trees I showed a great, blood-red, descending moon, symbolical of ebbing life. I shrouded this picture in deep shadows and painted it in the color-tones of tragedy. My purpose was to veil from the audiences the actual incidents of the death of the Samurai, which might be repulsive, but to impress the full meaning of the tragedy upon their imaginations. When they had heard the clatter of the armor as the last man fell, the moon had slowly sunk out of sight, leaving the stage in darkness and silence.

The tragedy of the play having now been completed, it became necessary to represent *Yo San*'s ascension to heaven, to meet the waiting *Kara*, after her condemnation to ten thousand years in the Shinto purgatory for her betrayal of the Samurai. With the possible exception of certain settings in "The Return of Peter Grimm," this was the most audacious scene I have ever undertaken to represent on a stage.

Literally it meant that a very earthy *Yo San* had to be shown rising skyward through the air to meet a healthy *Kara* sitting on a cloud. If the picture became for a moment ridiculous, if it stirred so much as a ripple of laughter, the dignity of the entire play would be lost.

We began by painting the clouds and the heavens in colors, but I could see nothing but the paint. Each time *Yo San* ascended she reminded me of nothing so much as *Little Eva* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It became very evident that colored scenery would not do; I found that the effect must be contrived with shadows and illusions gained by lights.

So I surrounded *Yo San* with white, un-

painted canvas, and began experimenting to evolve a color suggestive of celestial blue—not the pale blue of the sky, but the radiant blue of the heavens above the sky, to which the spectators could not take valid exception, of course, because they had never been to heaven. I wanted only to excite their imagination and make them see in *Yo San* the symbol of a liberated soul.

I secured the requisite shade of blue by throwing an intense white light through powerful lenses covered with peculiar blue silk. When these rays fell upon the white-canvas scenery they became partly absorbed, and produced exactly the right indefinite, far-away effect. Over all was spread a gauze veil which tended to soften the scene. The figures of *Yo San* and *Kara* were held in deep shadows—so deep that their outlines could barely be seen as they slowly approached each other with arms outstretched.

Hundreds of experts came to study this final scene in "The Darling of the Gods," and all agreed that its ethereal and spiritual suggestion was perfect. But what would have been the amazement of an audience if the special lights had suddenly been cut off and the ordinary lights of the stage turned on! They would have discovered nothing more than Blanche Bates and Robert T. Haines dressed in white clothes and surrounded with meaningless strips of unpainted cloth.

The artistic success and the popular appeal of "The Darling of the Gods" were sufficient to justify my faith in the use of color and light to communicate to audiences the underlying symbolism of a play. Yet that is only a part of the use to which these important adjuncts to every dramatic production may be put. It is equally within the province of a stage-director to employ the same agencies to produce effects of realism.

#### A MIDSUMMER NOON ON THE STAGE

When I produced "The Rose of the Rancho," the romantic drama which established Frances Starr as a star, one of the problems I had to solve was how to make the physical discomfort and mental

lassitude caused by the noon heat of a midsummer day in southern California seem actual to a theater audience. Every one who is familiar with the climate knows that at such a time the semitropical sun beats fiercely down upon the earth—that under its withering rays no man or beast can work.

Upon such a scene, representing a garden outside a mission church, it was necessary to lift the curtain of "The Rose of the Rancho." The impression that the audience would first gain was to establish the note of languor which was to be constant through the remainder of the play. To be successful I must impart the most vivid suggestion possible of stifling and enervating heat.

I experimented a long time without satisfactory results. I had been using intense white lights, but the effect they produced upon painted canvas was not what I desired. The glare was there, but not the suggestion of heat. Then it occurred to me to cover the lamps on my stage with yellow silk and change the adobe walls of the church to neutral colors which would absorb the rays. The result was that I obtained exactly the effect of dry, hot sunlight. It seemed as if the sun were actually burning into the plaster walls.

Into this stage picture I brought a slumbering Spanish *padre*, a water-girl half asleep, two drowsy donkeys and their driver, who was deep in slumber. I was able to hold the scene for six minutes without a sound or movement from the stage, except an occasional snore from the sleeping *padre* and a yawn or two from the stupefied donkey-driver. The audience looked and listened, and literally felt the heat of a tropical day. Many people told me the scene was so real that it became actually uncomfortable.

Scores of lighting experts came to study the process that I used, and this silent scene which preceded the first spoken dialogue of "The Rose of the Rancho" has since been imitated everywhere in the theater, and often with similarly realistic effect. To persons not familiar with the use of color on the stage it probably did not seem difficult to contrive; nevertheless, its

realism was secured only after weeks of patient experiment and through the most delicate combinations of pigments and light.

Such effects as these, and dozens of others that I might cite from a list of perhaps twoscore of my productions, are more noticeable to the layman when used in romantic and fantastic plays than in modern dramas in which the scenes are laid in interiors and among the conventional surroundings of contemporaneous, everyday life. By the broader, more vivid stage pictures the eye is consciously assailed; but in a well-managed modern play, too, there are thousands of chances for delicate strokes of illumination which neither audience nor critic is likely to notice, yet which work unconsciously upon the feelings and imagination.

To select the right opportunities for their use, to know how to contrive them, and at the same time how to conceal them, is what makes the profession of the stage-director so difficult. Not only must he have a comprehensive knowledge of all the arts, he must understand psychology and the physical sciences besides. In the intricate process of producing a play he must be the translator of its moods, and must supply the medium by which they are transmitted to audiences.

#### WHY "THE CONCERT" WAS A SUCCESS

To portray the characters and speak the lines is the business of the actors, in which they must be drilled in accordance with the stage-director's conception of the play. His next important business is to read and interpret the invisible writing expressed in moods which lie between the lines.

By subtle use of light, without altering so much as a word of the dramatist's text, it is sometimes possible to change completely the impression which a whole scene conveys. Often upon such a change may depend the fate of the play itself. The success of Hermann Bahr's comedy, "The Concert," when I produced it in America, contrasted with its quick failure when it was subsequently acted in London, is an instance which shows the responsibility resting upon the stage-director. In its case

the fortunes of the whole production depended upon the discreet handling of a single scene which did not require more than ten minutes to present.

This play, the work of a prominent Austrian dramatist, is the story of the infatuation of a weak, sentimental, and highly romantic young woman, the wife of a phlegmatic but indulgent husband, for her music-teacher. The teacher is a volatile and temperamental genius of the piano, a creature of uncontrollable impulses, but his sensible and devoted wife thoroughly understands him. The adoration of his headstrong pupil leads her to arrange an elopement, and she runs away with him to his bungalow in the Catskills, with rosy visions of perfect bliss.

Although the play is a comedy, this scene in the bungalow, which forms the second act, is really a domestic tragedy. Into it presently enters the deserted husband, and also the wife of the runaway musician. To cure the elopers of their infatuation these two pretend that they, too, have fallen in love and are quite content with the course of events.

As the act ends in a reconciliation, it became necessary at any cost to preserve the audience's sympathy for the eloping wife. To accomplish this purpose I raised the curtain upon an afternoon scene, to suggest the idea of frivolity. In the full light of the day the wife would be able to resist the caresses of her amorous music-teacher, and to realize the indiscretion into which she had plunged herself. While the sun still shone, she was able to hold herself in check; but as the shadows lengthened, and twilight fell upon the world, romantic impulse overcame her, and her self-control relaxed. Now was approaching the danger hour. As the musician sat at the piano and strummed on the keys, the door gradually opened and she stealthily entered, showering flowers over him in the dim light and embracing him as he played. Such a scene could have been acted only in the twilight and under the romantic spell that such an hour invokes. If it had been shown in the broad light of day, the situation would have been impossible for the woman and instinctively offensive to the audience.

With the unexpected arrival of the other pair I caused the caretaker of the bungalow to enter and turn up the lights. Then each of the four could distinctly see the faces of the others. The hour for explanations had come, and the spell of romance was removed from the situation. The understanding wife of the musician meanwhile moved quietly around the room, arranging the supper, and fixing the chair and pillows for his comfort. Then she proposed their customary game of checkers. As they played, the other woman sat at the window, neglected and forgotten, in the cold gray of the moonlight which suggested that she had passed out of his life.

The lighting treatment of this act in "The Concert" brought the note of genuine romance into the play and saved it from seeming tawdry and merely scandalous. When it was acted in London, in the full light of day, the second act was regarded as vulgar, and the reconciliation with which it ended was judged to be inconsistent with what had gone before. The result was that there it ran only eight performances, while at my theater in New York it continued through an entire season without at any time provoking criticism on the score of vulgar suggestiveness.

#### THE METHODS OF A CAREFUL PRODUCER

Any play worth producing at all is entitled to the most perfect interpretation that can be secured for it. Any means that aids the audience's grasp and understanding of it, or that appeals to the esthetic sense, is useful and legitimate in the theater—provided the stage-director never loses sight of the fact that, when all is said and done, the play itself is the main thing, that the actors are always the chief instruments through which the story is to be told, and that the scene is only a background against which the dramatist's work is projected.

In arranging a production I permit the play to establish the environment in which it is to be set. Its theme, and that alone, must be the basis for everything else that follows. The color-schemes must be chosen to agree with it, in the same sense that the actors must be selected with regard to their fitness for the characters. As I would not

begin the actual work of mounting a play without first having settled upon its cast, I also try to work out every essential detail of scenery, light, and costumes before I set about the practical work of the production itself.

In selecting my actors, I take into consideration the complexion and the color of the hair. If there are to be several girls or boys in a family, I try to have the girls resemble the mother and the boys look like the father. Such seemingly trivial details as these are not always detected by the theatergoer, but they greatly help the general effect of the play. In making my groupings on the stage I prefer, if possible, not to place two pronounced brunettes together, or two pronounced blondes.

Most of all, I endeavor always to protect the appearance of the women on my stage. The men do not matter so much, but the women must have the benefit of every possible lighting effect. For instance, I would not throw on the features of a brunette the same quality of light that I would put on a blonde. In working out the color and lighting details of every production the careful stage-director must always keep in consideration their effects upon the star; he may believe that he is not influenced by them, but he is, nevertheless.

Ordinarily I decide upon all matters of costumes myself, although in regard to the leading women of my companies I take care, as far as possible, to defer to their personal tastes. But in the end the costumes must harmonize with the predominating color-schemes of the stage.

In order to control this important detail of a dramatic production, I provide all the clothing worn by the people in my companies, even to such simple articles as neckties and shoes. The ordinary practise is that the producer should supply fancy costumes, but that so-called modern clothing should be furnished by the actors themselves. I have found it advisable, however, to regulate every detail that enters the productions on my stages, and the advantage I gain by such precaution greatly outweighs the expense.

It is much easier to provide the wardrobe for a historical or costume play than for a

drama of contemporaneous social life. In the former class of plays the costume-designer can be guided by the descriptions of the modes of the period in which the story is laid, and he also has the works of famous painters and the exhibits of the museums to assist him. Moreover, in such productions the vivid coloring of the costumes can more readily be made a part of the general color-scheme of the scenes. It is easy to see that in plays which are purely fantastic the imagination and artistic perceptions of the costume-designer have their fullest sweep.

But in costuming a modern play many difficulties arise, because it is necessary to give heed to the fashions of the passing hour, which are whimsical and subject to constant change. I always hold to one method. First, after consultation with my actors and scene-painters, I settle upon the general color effects I intend to use. Then I instruct my actors and actresses to imagine themselves to be in the stations in life which their characters represent, and to go for their wardrobe to such places as these persons would be likely to choose. If they are to appear in a play of polite social life, I send them to the best Fifth Avenue *modistes* and tailors. If, on the other hand, they belong to a humbler stratum in life, I instruct them to observe such economy and tastes as these humbler people would be likely to use.

For instance, all the costumes in "The Boomerang" were bought in the smartest up-town shops in New York, while the wardrobe used in "The Music Master"—all except David Warfield's seedy frock coat—came from the ready-made and second-hand clothing-stores of the East Side. The old frock coat which Mr. Warfield always wears when he appears as *Anton von Barwig* was bought from a man who had worn it at his wedding, twenty years before the production of the play. Mr. Warfield is wearing it still, notwithstanding that "The Music Master" was first acted fourteen years ago. The most expensive garment worn in any of my plays has not been kept with greater care than this faded, threadbare wedding-coat, for, like wine, it improves with age.

When I produced "The Darling of the Gods," I sent to Japan for the costumes of my principal actors, as well as for the other paraphernalia of its scenes. When I presented "Du Barry," I had a commissioner go to France, where he purchased the rich fabrics and had them dyed to reproduce exactly the dresses and styles of the court of Louis XV, as shown by portraits painted during that period.

The problem of obtaining appropriate costumes, however, varies with every play. I have dumfounded a tramp by asking him to exchange the coat on his back for a new one. Sometimes a poor girl of the streets has attracted my attention because she was like a character I had in mind. I have sent for her and bought her dress, hat, shoes, and stockings. My wardrobe people have rummaged for weeks through pawnshops and second-hand stores to find a vest or some other article of apparel appropriate to an eccentric character in one of my plays. From fashionable dressmakers and tailors have come bills that would stagger a rich society woman.

#### THE BELASCO "DRESS PARADE"

As these details of a production accumulate, they gradually get out of hand. So, to correct the costumes, to satisfy myself as to the color harmonies, and to detect any error that may have been made in assembling them, just before the first public presentation of a play I hold what has become known as my "dress parade." Every member of the company is required to dress exactly as he will appear in his rôle, even to the details of neckties, gloves, and jewelry. Then I watch them carefully as they march back and forth on the stage in all the various lights which are to be used during the scenes.

Sometimes it happens that colors which were satisfactory in natural light present a totally different effect under the artificial illumination of the stage. Again, cosmetics which seemed right when applied in the white light of the dressing-rooms are completely changed by the ochre and blue used in the lighting of certain scenes. All these blemishes must be detected and corrected before the play comes to its first perform-

ance, for an audience has eyes as well as ears, and a wrong impression conveyed by one actor may harm the effect of a whole episode.

But all these adjuncts of lighting, color, and costumes, however useful they may be, and however pleasing to an audience, really mark the danger-point of a dramatic production. No other worker in the American theater has given so much time and energy to perfecting them as I; nevertheless, I count them as valuable only when they are held subordinate to the play and the acting. The stage accomplishes more through the ability of its actors than through the genius of its scenic artists and electrical experts. And if the theater in this country to-day is in a state of decline, it is because too much attention is being paid to stage decoration, important as it is when held in its proper place, and too little to the work of the players.

It is at once significant and deplorable that our scenic artists study continually, our actors seldom. And it is a fact that, except in the rarest cases, the more indifferent the quality of the acting, the more elaborate are likely to be the surroundings in which it is found. If the artistic success of a play depended principally upon its scenery and decorations, any one who could afford to engage a good painter might become a dramatic producer almost overnight. And if this be the end sought by dramatic art, then we have had no past theater. Shakespeare would doubtless have utilized every accessory and aid known to our modern stage, yet the greatness of his dramatic genius was established without them.

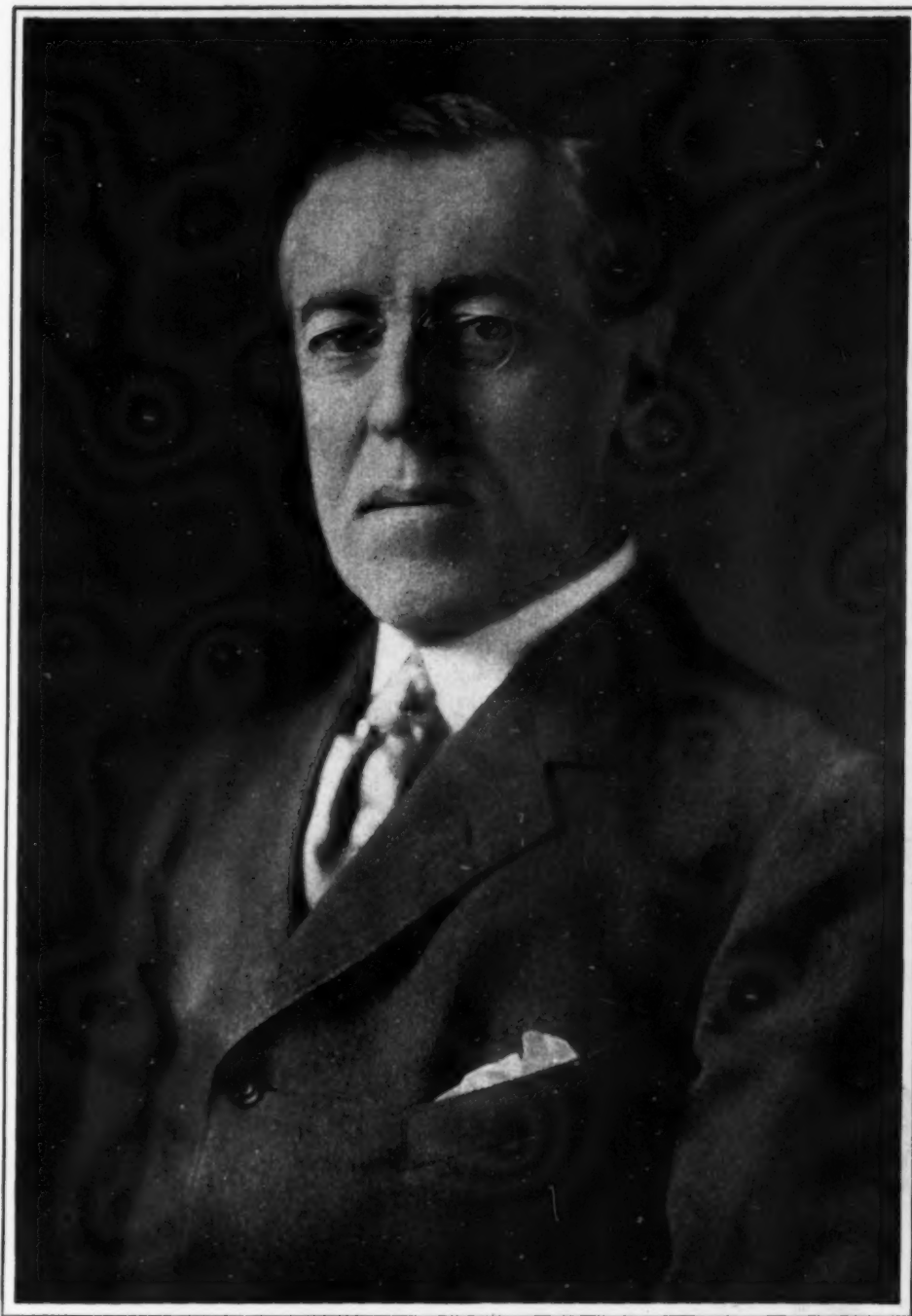
Only when the stage-director is resolved that the play shall stand first in importance, can he safely employ the countless pictorial aids which contribute to its effect and its appeal. Only when he relies upon his actors as the chief means of its interpretation should he venture upon those other agencies which help to bring it into closer relation with life and nature.

In short, to paraphrase *Hamlet's* words, the play must always be the thing, whether to stir the esthetic impulses of the public or to catch the conscience of the king.



The President  
and His Chief Lieutenants  
in the Conduct of  
the War and the Affairs  
of the Nation

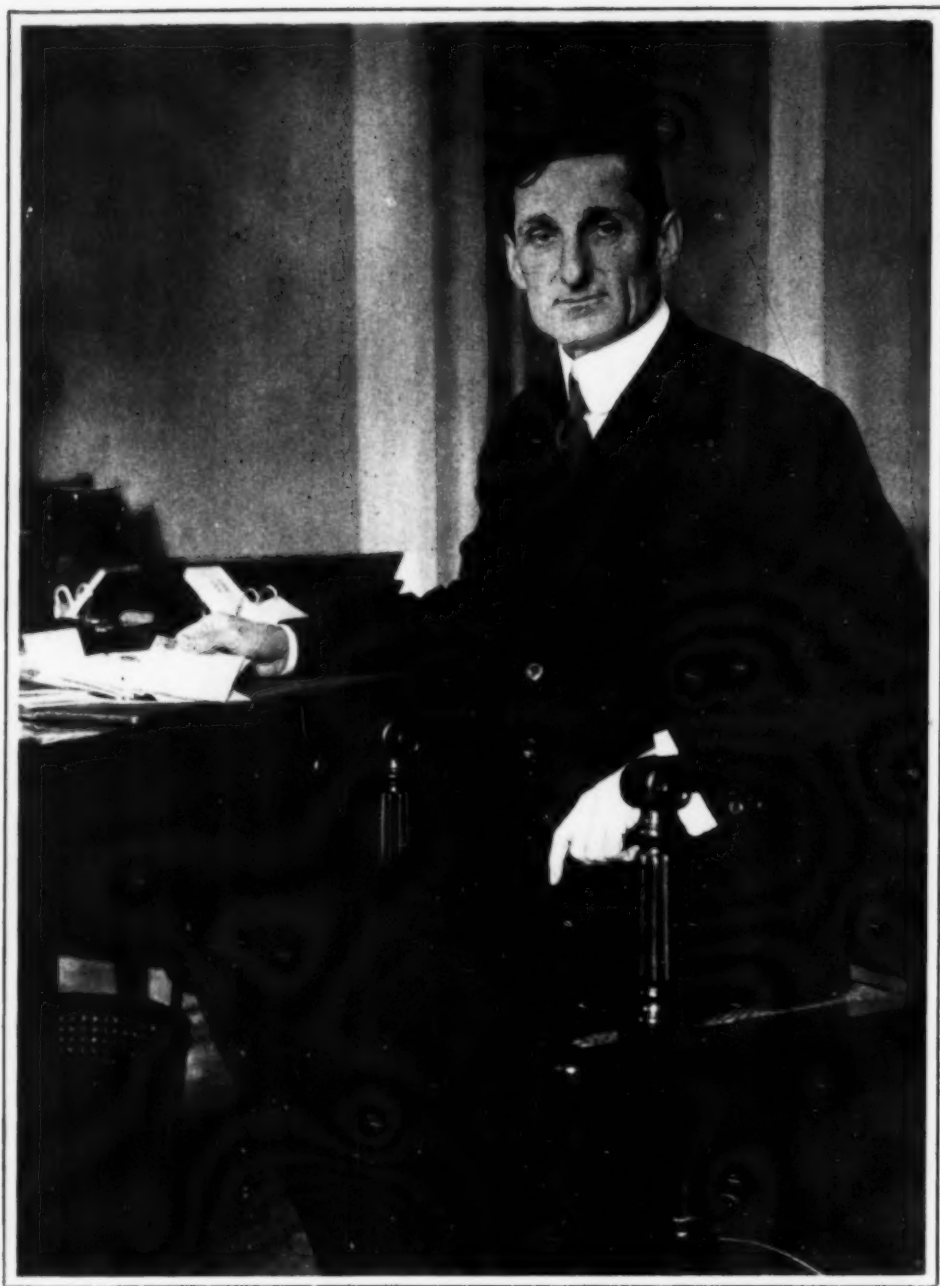




WOODROW WILSON

President of the United States, and Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy

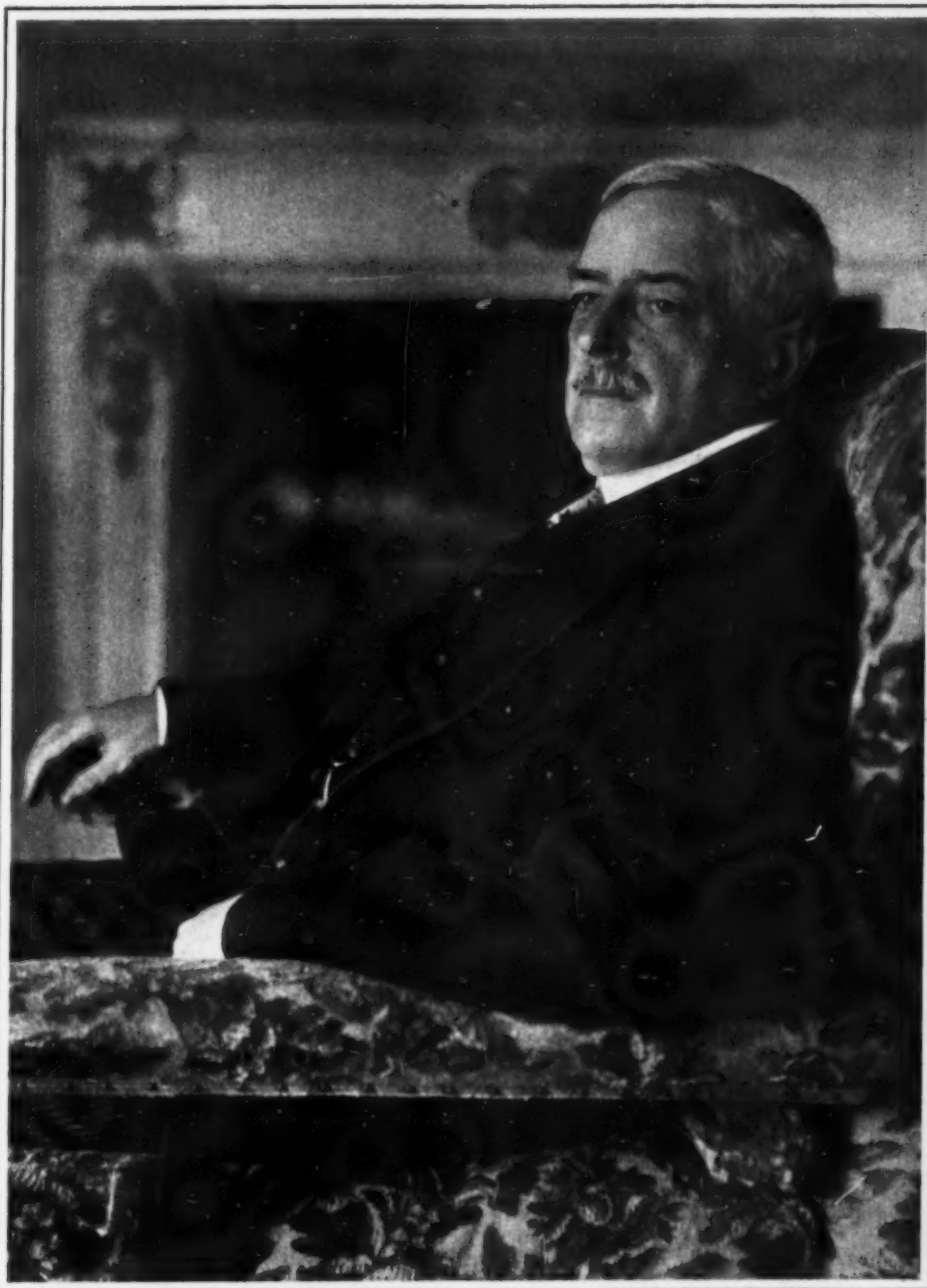
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WILLIAM G. McADOO

Of New York, son-in-law of President Wilson, and holder of three important and highly responsible posts as Secretary of the Treasury, Director-General of Railroads, and Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board

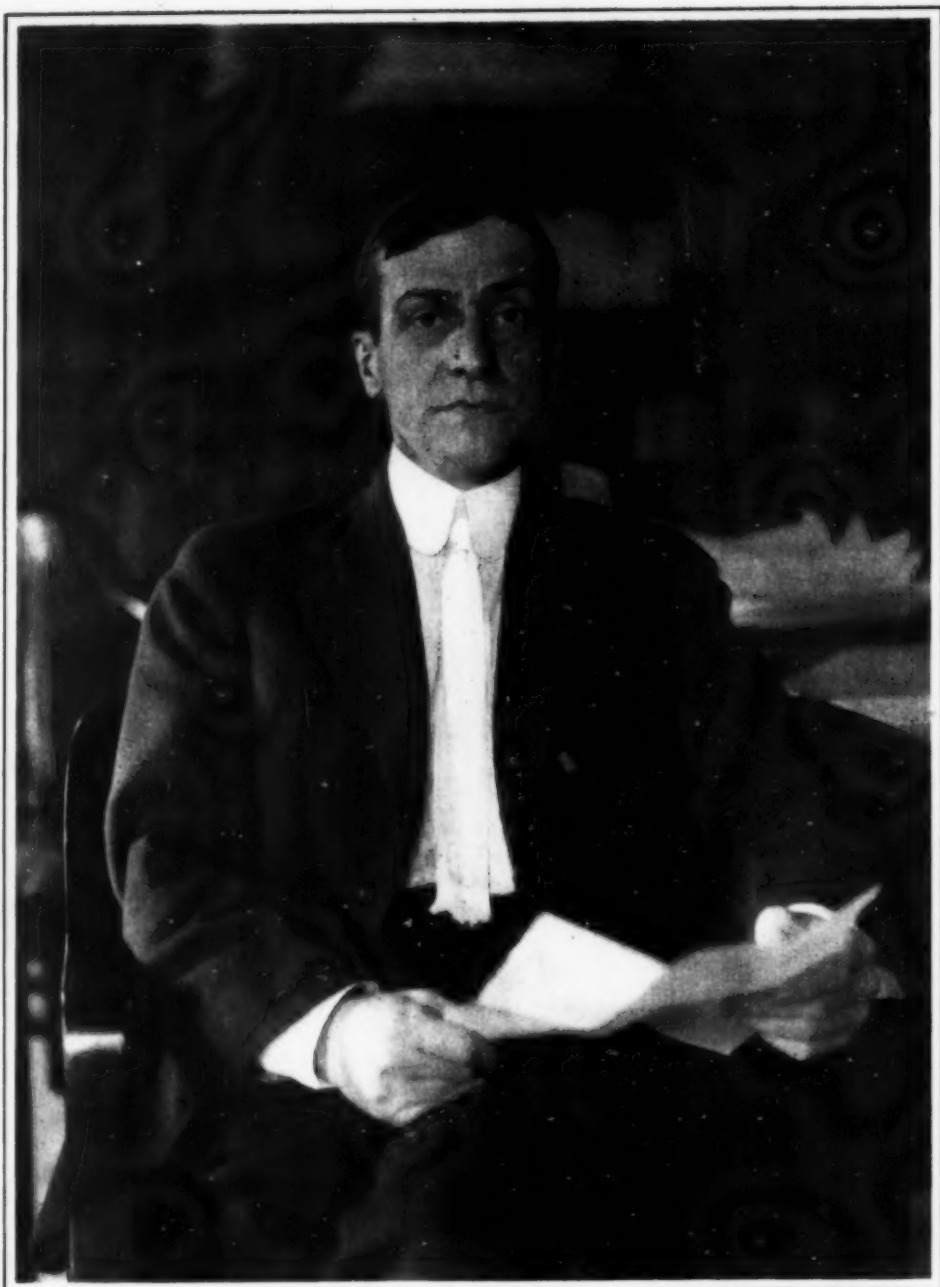
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ROBERT LANSING

Of New York, Secretary of State—He inherited the traditions of his department as son-in-law of Ex-Secretary Foster and as counsel for the United States in five international arbitrations

From a photograph by the International Film Service, New York



NEWTON D. BAKER

Of Ohio, Secretary of War, appointed as successor to Lindley M. Garrison, who resigned on account of what he regarded as the President's unwillingness to prepare the American nation for war

From a copyrighted photograph by the Press Illustrating Service, New York



JOSEPHUS DANIELS

Of North Carolina, Secretary of the Navy, who after having been a target for general criticism can now point to the fact that his department entered the war ready and well equipped for service

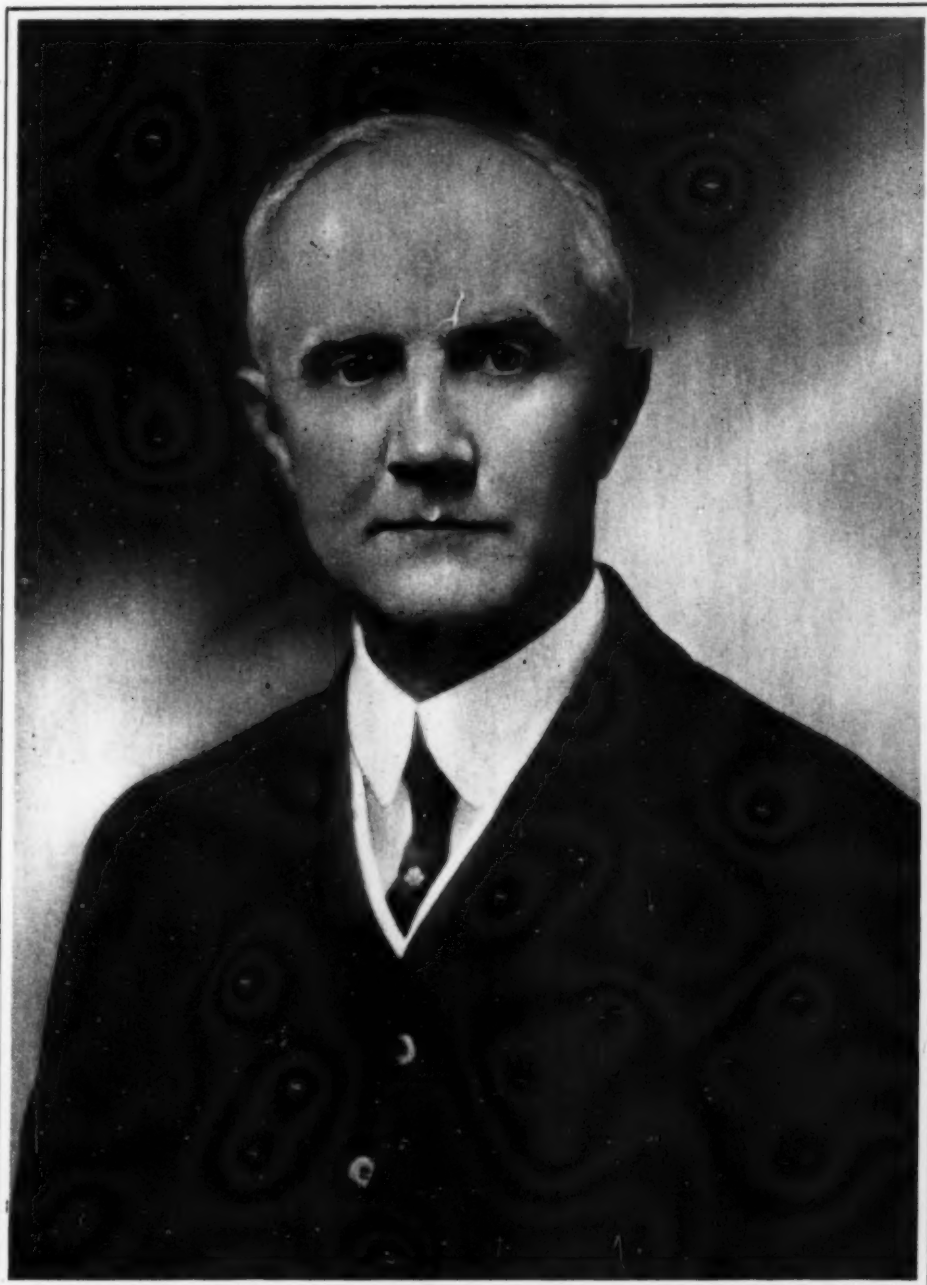
*From a copyrighted photograph by Buck, Washington*



ALBERT S. BURLESON

Of Texas, Postmaster-General of the United States, who entered the Cabinet after a long service in Congress, and who is understood to be one of the President's closest personal counselors

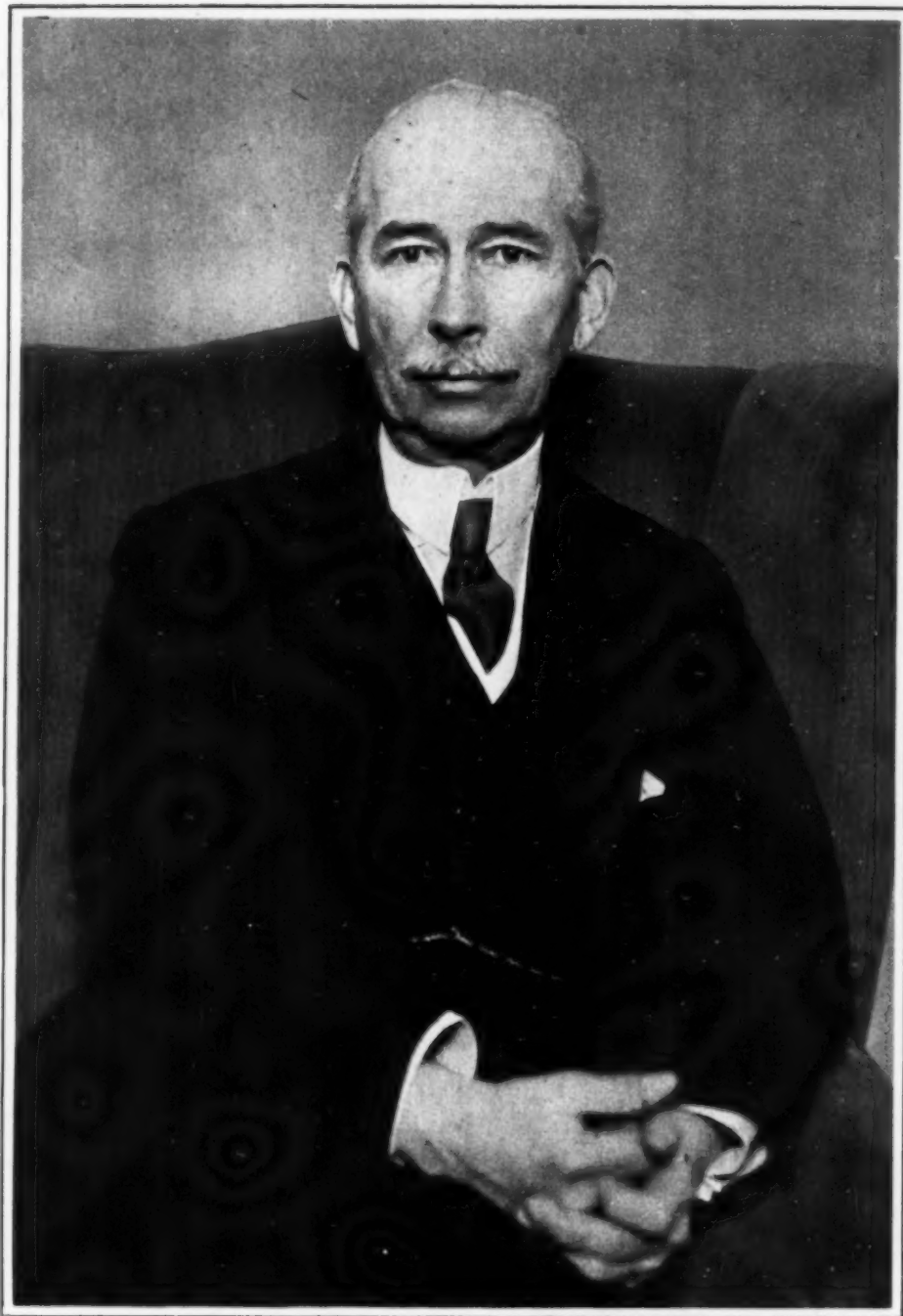
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THOMAS W. GREGORY

Of Texas, Attorney-General of the United States, officially the chief legal adviser of the President and the executive departments, and personally a strong reliance of Mr. Wilson

From a copyrighted photograph by Clinedinst, Washington



EDWARD M. HOUSE

Of Texas, who has never held office, but has done important service as the President's special representative in affairs of international concern

# EDITORIAL

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## The Third Liberty Loan—The World's Greatest War Loan and the World's Greatest Lenders

**I**N the Third Liberty Loan the people of the United States face a summons without a precedent in history. They also face an opportunity without a historic parallel. There have been great war loans in the past, as measured by the wealth and resources of individual nations. Such was the British Victory Loan of a year ago; such was the Second Liberty Loan, the first adequate recognition by Americans of their latent lending power; such also was the Victory Loan of our northern neighbors, in which one in every eight of the men, women, and children of Canada gave to win the war. But our Third Liberty Loan is an undertaking vaster than any of these, by whatever standard we apply, and more intensive, too, in that it calls for personal sacrifice by every one of our hundred and more millions.

Not every one can subscribe, it is true, but to make the loan the success it ought to be will demand a subscriber in every six of our population. Consider what this means. The average family is still figured at five persons, and this is probably accurate enough if the test be earning power and joint support, rather than the mere fact of housing under a single roof. Then of every six families in the length and breadth of the country a Third Liberty Loan subscription must be had from all but one.

And it must, in every case, be the largest possible subscription. It must, on the average, be for no fifty-dollar bond, nor yet for a hundred-dollar bond, but for much nearer five hundred dollars' worth of bonds. That means the pledge of the saving power of every member of the family, not for a month, or two months, or three, but for six months, a year, a year and a half. It means a patient, sustained, and unremitting effort at the business of going without things we should perhaps like to have, but have no actual need for. This affects our daily life. We shall have to wear our old clothes a little longer. We shall have to study those economies of time which may economize money, and those unwonted expenditures of personal effort which may economize money. Even our pleasures and recreations will have to be transformed into inexpensive diversions.

The pinch will be felt, but after all it is a reassuring pinch of the kind we bestow on ourselves to convince us, and others, that we are awake. What are the billions we are asked to give? No more than conservative banking would warrant placing as a mortgage upon the wealth of the State of New York, calculated at twelve billions of dollars. The total of the Third Liberty Loan, tremendous though it seems and is, is no more to the United States than a divisional first mortgage is to the Pennsylvania Railroad or the New York Central. When we say "first," "second," and "third" Liberty loans

we indicate their order only and not a priority of lien. Where the security is two hundred and fifty billions of dollars, priority becomes meaningless. Where the dividends to the stockholders, as we may regard the national income, are thirty-five billion dollars annually, a borrowing of two billions, or five billions, or even ten billions, can mean nothing beyond temporary inconvenience.

At the close of the Civil War the national expenditure had amounted to twice the banking power of the country. If this war shall cost us seventy-two billion dollars, we shall end it in precisely the same situation. And the way in which America wiped out her Civil War debt is still the marvel of economists everywhere.

While these things are true and necessary to keep in mind if we would maintain that sense of proportion which is more rare than a sense of humor, and quite as serviceable, the same lens that brings the larger outlines into view and into relation with each other magnifies and clarifies the duty and privilege of the individual when brought to bear upon his own share in making the Liberty loans victory loans.

Every American must take stock of his personal means, his income, his earning power. He is on his honor as the inheritor of the rights and freedoms that descend to him to estimate with faithful exactitude what he can do, and then to do it. He must not be content while a personal economy remains unaffected or while a personal sacrifice remains possible. He must leave no penny unturned to win the war.

And while making a sacrifice for the sake of his country he will be making a financial investment unrivaled from the point of view of enlightened selfishness.

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## The Destruction of Guatemala City Number Three

ONCE more ruin and disaster have overtaken the oldest and in many respects the most interesting capital in Central America. On its present site Guatemala City dates only from 1777, but as an entity it had its beginnings when Pedro de Alvarado, most popular of Conquistadores, fought his way through hostile Indians to be greeted by an amiable tribe in the forests of Guatemala. Guatemala City might almost be called an itinerant capital, since it has twice been forced to move its location because of tempestuous upheavals of unfriendly Nature.

Tourists have been more inclined to select the enterprising and socially charming republic of Costa Rica as their objective in Central American travel. Yet there is a majesty in the mountains of Guatemala, a romance in its million bright-garbed Indians, an archeological interest in its prehistoric ruins, which the smaller state cannot equal. Guatemala City boasted the finest cathedral in Central America. It boasted also as picturesque and evil-smelling a market as any Far Eastern city. There were handsome modern buildings, a fine theater, and a Temple of Minerva which, we understand, was the pride of Señor Manuel Estrada Cabrera's heart.

Most, if not all, of these, apparently, are in hopeless ruin. Will the Guatemaltecos seek further for a quiet spot on which to erect their capital, so relentlessly pursued by disaster? Will they rebuild on the site of 1777, or will they, perhaps, return to the shadow of Agua and Fuego, those two beautiful and serene-appearing volcanic sisters which have worked so much havoc in the past? Antigua Guatemala now lies at their feet, an American Pompeii, with the remains of a score of lovely Spanish churches to testify to the greatness of the early city. Its location is beautiful, but isolated. This latter defect, we presume, might easily be remedied, since the extension of the railroad to it could present no greater engineering problems than those which have already been solved by North American energy in the building of interoceanic Central American lines. As for safety, it would seem from this latest calamity that one location has little advantage over another. Perhaps the only way for the Guatemaltecos to have a really safe capital is to choose a site outside their own country!

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## The Submarine-Hunters

THE first submarine-hunter seems to have been *Ned Land*, the brave harpooner who flung his weapon at *Captain Nemo's* monster, the *Nautilus*, with terrifying results, as related by Jules Verne in his "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." It will be remembered that the courageous *Edward* could make no dint or dent in the submarine's skin. His successors of to-day have better fortune. They use lance bombs instead of harpoons, they fire guns whose bullets, discharged in rapid succession, perforate the U-boat's armor and slit it open as easily as you get at tinned goods with a can-opener.

Little gray ships, pleasure-boats except for their deadly armament, have patrolled the North Sea this winter, as they have patrolled it for several winters past. They go in and out of almost every port in Great Britain. They are eighty feet long, of a twelve-foot beam or breadth, can make over twenty knots—which is considerably better than twenty miles an hour—and carry two officers and eight men. They draw little water and thus expose a small surface to torpedo attack. The shallow draft enables them to take short cuts over shoal places, too.

There is a gun mounted forward and astern lie depth charges, ready to drop overboard and set to explode at various distances under the water where the submarine may be nestling. The lance bombs are for "close work," like *Ned Land's*. Of course the men have rifles and pistols.

This is the "M. L.," as the English, with a national love of abbreviation, have named the motor-launch which performs the work designated by the American navy as "scout patrolling." The launches set out, regardless of any except the worst weather, every morning from hundreds of ports. They leave "line ahead," but as soon as they are free of the harbor the signal is given to form abreast. Deck rails come down, the gun is cleared for action, the lance bombs and depth charges are set, rifles and pistols are loaded. The launch may roll; in fact, she usually does; meals may be served at uncertain

hours; everybody is pretty likely to be soaked through and through. It is uncomfortable work, but it is performed; and it is effective, as the German Admiralty can testify.

Night patrolling is a much more severe test of nerves. The launch runs as slowly as possible, and a sharp lookout must be kept for anything ahead, from a U-boat to a mine, a wreck, or a buoy. At any instant a challenge may come from out of the darkness, and certain lights must be ready to display in answer; these are called recognition lights. There are no other lights shown, nor is it possible to show any. In fact, there are no lights burning aboard the launch at night except one or two in the engine-room, invisible outside. A search-light is ready to be flashed on any object that arouses suspicion.

At times the launch's engine is stopped and she drifts in the blackness with a hydrophone, or underwater telephone, over the side, while, as it has been picturesquely put, "a man in the chart-house with the receivers to his ears waits for a submarine to 'ring up.'"

A submarine will not attack a patrol launch if it can help it, and the launch often practises "sitting on a submarine." This means locating the U-boat's presence by means of the hydrophone while sending a call for other boats by wireless. The capture or destruction of the under-water boat can then be made pretty certain, though, of course, sitting on a submarine entails some risk of her getting away.

Motor-launches are now used in increasing numbers for mine-sweeping. The mines are usually exploded by firing from a specially heavy rifle; they make excellent targets, and the sport is pronounced "great fun." The most vivid picture of a bit of this North Sea duty we have seen is not the work of Mr. Kipling, but of Lieutenant Harry Vandervell, R. N. V. R., writing in the *Yachting Monthly*, published in London:

A ship is shaping a course for the mouth of the Thames. Suddenly there is a terrific explosion and a column of smoke, steam, and debris. She heels over and begins to settle by the stern. An armed yacht two miles away rings full ahead, and she and a trawler a mile away on her starboard bow both dash toward the sinking ship to save life. Suddenly the trawler strikes a mine and "goes up." There is nothing left when the column of smoke and water subsides except a quarter of an acre of splinters, coal-dust, and ashes, a box of signal-flags, a small dog-kennel, a tin can, some bobbing heads and mangled bodies. The armed yacht hastily rescues three living from the wreckage, and proceeds to the sinking ship, whose boats have already been lowered and mostly manned, where she completes the work of rescue just before the final plunge. Then the yacht, gray-painted and somber, but still showing the graceful lines which in peaceful times were portrayed in glistening white-and-gold—by some miracle—"Suppose we shall go up, too, some day, old man!"—emerges safely from a new mine-field, her wireless making a report to the nearest base. From there flutters round the coast:

"So-and-so channel closed to navigation. Vessels are not to pass to the westward of a line bearing—etc., etc. Warn all traffic."

At the same time, at a certain naval base on the east coast, a Boy Scout runs along the pier and delivers an envelope marked "On His Majesty's Service—Secret," which he delivers personally to a retired lieutenant R. N., who opens it, initials the envelope as evidence of receipt, and the Boy Scout returns to the S. N. O.'s secretary. Shortly afterward six paddle-sweepers, which before the war carried muslin or flannel-clad holiday-makers from towns to seaside resorts, go thumping out of the harbor, with semaphores wagging and signal-flags fluttering. There is no cry of "Bottled ale or stout," or "Choc'lits," or "Spare a

copper for the Seaman's Orphanage." Men are busy coiling down, winches rattle, and the cries are such as "Vast heaving!" or "Tail on there smartly, lads!" as, leaving white streamers of foam behind them, the paddlers put forth to sea in column line ahead.

From several other seaside resorts, now known as naval bases, motor-launches chase the shipping with the signal "MN"—"Stop immediately"—flying at the yard, and as they come near alongside whilom yachtsmen—in civil life they performed the functions of bank cashiers, stock-brokers, artists, musicians, authors, manufacturers, agents, and what not—shout orders through megaphones. Forty-eight hours afterward a signal flows through hundreds of miles of copper wire, "So-and-so channel reported clear of mines," and various war signal-stations pass on the information.

The day is coming when the M. L. will play a still more important rôle in the war, perhaps. These vessels have already served as auxiliaries in naval operations off the Belgian coast.

## The Greatest of All By-Products

"CHARACTER," said an educator, brilliantly, "is a by-product." Perhaps a more perfect epigram never was uttered; perfect because it presents what is to most minds a novel idea, because it is seen at once to be surprisingly full of truth, and because it is not the whole truth. For an epigram may be compared to a powerful microscope. It is a lens of tremendous magnifying power. With its aid we see clearly things we could not see before—astonishing things; but just as the best lens is guilty of subtle distortions, so is the cleverest epigram.

If character were wholly a by-product we should be able to modify it by varying combinations of such other things as birth, environment and training, or education. Yet no one believes that a formula exists for so uniting these ingredients as perceptibly to influence personal character.

The recognition of this fact was implicit in that part of the last annual report of the president of Columbia University wherein Dr. Butler expressed doubts on the subject of admitting men and women to the university on the basis of educational tests alone.

Dr. Butler made it plain that he thought some sort of character test or character investigation might become necessary in respect of those seeking to become students of the university. He did not go into details, but presumably he had in mind something more than negative tests. If such inquiries were undertaken, it would hardly be enough to show that the candidate for admission had never been arrested or had no known bad habits or propensities. The examiners would naturally ask what he had done affirmatively, if he had shown a quality of leadership, had displayed at some time or other physical courage, had exhibited a capacity for shouldering burdens.

To be specific, it would be affirmative evidence of sound character if the youth had organized a baseball team or a debating club, had rescued a boy from drowning, had helped support his mother when the father's death left her unexpectedly dependent. These, or a hundred other acts, would each and every one of them show the existence of qualities on which character can be builded and in the complete absence of which the development of character is impossible.

There could be no unfairness in the application of such tests. It is true that an opportunity is not vouchsafed to every youth of eighteen or so to prove, through the accident of a parent's death or as the sequence of a companion's peril, the stuff that is in him. Yet no boy can reach eighteen without having given innumerable little proofs of his moral nature. These may have been insignificant, but they are cumulative; those who knew the boy will remember some of them, or will be able to give the cumulative impression made by them.

And this impression, or conviction, will have another aspect. The grown-up seldom contemplates the behavior of a boy or girl without relating it to the future. Thus there is always in the mind of every adult who has had a chance to observe the child closely a conviction as to what sort of child it is and what sort of man or woman it will make. Of course, a particular older person may be wrong in regard to both, or may be prejudiced. Perhaps the Columbia examiners—if they shall be instituted—would do well to devise a check by hearing the youth's testimony on the subject of the character of his character witnesses!

Granted the existence in a youth of the qualities which are essential for the formation of good character, and it may be admitted that the actual production of character itself is more or less a by-process. A university is not essential to the manufacture, but a university education can help in the way indicated by Lord Bryce when he said:

There has been created in Oxford and Cambridge that impalpable thing which we call "atmosphere," an intellectual and social tone which forms manners and refines taste and strengthens character by traditions inherited from a long and splendid past.

As Dr. George Edwin MacLean says, this is because "the university is in its broadest sense a spiritual institution." A vice-chancellor of Oxford explained:

A university education teaches a man to think for himself, and I should like to add that that is an education which takes a long time.

Cardinal Newman said that the true function of a university was to impart liberal culture, and Huxley declared that a university should be a factory of new knowledge. President Wilson, while the head of Princeton, said:

I believe general training, with no particular training in view, to be the very heart and essence of university training.

A university, he thought, could not resemble a department-store, with each student arriving to purchase a certain definite commodity in the way of education. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* quoted by Dr. MacLean asked pointblank: "What is a university?" and went on to say:

Most men would perhaps face with a more tranquil courage the task of defining a dreadnought, which baffles the *Times*, or that of defining the duties of an archdeacon, which once baffled the House of Lords.

The same writer succeeded in answering the question as well as any one else, it may be, when in the course of his article he asserted that the essence of

a university is a spirit, a principle of life and energy, an influence, which "must be impoverished and robbed of efficacy if, owing to want of means, or want of ideas, or want of freedom, a university falls short of the great end of its being—that of caring for the spirit and mind of man regardless of considerations of utility."

Let us all admit that we cannot exactly define a university and that we cannot exactly define character, but that a certain relation should exist between the two. While character is a by-product, it cannot be produced at all without certain innate qualities. We cannot make it by any exact blend of inheritance, environment, and education. If the stuff is there, the character will form itself; but the aim of a university being to develop character while imparting knowledge, the university is justified in using every effort to avoid waste of its time, money, and ideas on infertile soil.

This should vindicate Dr. Butler's position, if it requires vindication, and need not disturb those to whom, for one reason or another, a university education may be unattainable.

If they haven't it in them, the university couldn't put it there; if they have, it will out anyway.

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## Enter the Traveling Saleswoman!

THE traveling saleswoman is not unknown in fiction and in fact. She has now become the subject of serious discussion in the journals devoted to the art of selling, for inevitably our army is claiming its quota from the salesmen as from all other professions.

There seems to be no reason why woman should not be a successful sales-agent, even if she were to wander far afield into countries where the serious and successful business woman is not so common a sight as it has become in our own land. Women are notably facile linguists, and after the first shock to his inherited prejudices has passed away we believe the gallant *señor* of San José or Lima or Buenos Aires will be in no way loath to purchase sewing-machines or shoes or crockery from a matter-of-fact but charming woman who differs widely in type and temperament from the more secluded ladies of his own land.

The enterprising head of a great industry, Mr. John H. Patterson, president of the National Cash Register Company, recently held a convention to which came eight hundred wives of his sales-agents to learn how to cooperate more intelligently with their husbands in their work—in other words, to learn how to increase the efficiency of these spouses. It has been suggested that in carrying out this very clever idea Mr. Patterson had in mind the situation which the war would produce, and thus began the training of a reserve corps of sales-agents for his business.

The comfort of the traveling salesmen has always been an object of solicitude on the part of hotel-keepers and railroad-managers. If the ranks are to be invaded by the gentler sex, these purveyors will have to trim their sails accordingly. We predict, for instance, the abolition of that standby of certain railway dining-cars, the traveling men's combination lunch, so-called

—a substantial but unappetizing medley of meat and vegetables, served on an enormous plate divided into segment compartments like a platter for *hors-d'œuvres*, or the palette of an impressionist painter. The lady "drummer" on her rounds, we feel sure, will be too fastidious to tolerate such a concoction.

## The Exposure of Doctors in Modern Battles

THERE seem to be varying opinions held by the general public regarding the work of the medical officer in the present war, one being that it is merely a sinecure, and the other that physicians are being needlessly exposed to danger, thereby causing the losses in this branch of the service to be unnecessarily heavy.

It would be well if all those who harbor the former idea could read in the weekly British journals the announcements of honors awarded to physicians, with the instances of bravery which have earned such decorations. The following are a few such examples:

### DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER

Temporary Captain James Harding Barry, M.C., Royal Army Medical Corps, attached to London regiment, for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty in attending to the wounded under exceptionally trying conditions. Under very heavy shell fire he dug out five men who were buried and amputated two men's legs on the spot.

Major Lionel Wilfred Bond, Australian Army Medical Corps, for conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty. When in charge of advanced collecting and forwarding posts his total disregard of danger under a terrific hail of gas shells, high explosive, and shrapnel fire gained him the confidence of all ranks, and greatly assisted the evacuation of the wounded. Later, although wounded and partly gassed, he refused to leave his post, and his bravery and devotion saved a very critical situation.

### BAR TO THE MILITARY CROSS

Temporary Captain Harold Garnett Janion, M.C., Royal Army Medical Corps, attached Royal Horse Artillery, for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. He was assisting to remove the pilot from a wrecked aeroplane when the spot came under heavy fire from a hostile battery. Several of the bearers were wounded, but by his courage and example this officer collected fresh bearers and conveyed the wounded men to safety.

### MILITARY CROSS

Temporary Captain Charles Reginald Ralston Huxtable, Royal Army Medical Corps, attached Lancashire Fusiliers, for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. He showed the utmost skill and bravery in attending to and evacuating wounded. When seven of his bearers were buried by a shell he at once, despite the intense hostile bombardment, organized a party and dug them out.

Temporary Captain John Finlayson McGill Sloan, Royal Army Medical Corps, for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. His dressing-station being blown in on the top, he dressed over two hundred cases under very difficult conditions.

Such inspiring courage helps to maintain the traditional reputation of the medical profession for heroic self-sacrifice. In this war, as never before, there are abundant opportunities for such exhibitions of bravery, because never before in civilized times have we had to fight against so unscrupulous an enemy, an enemy who respects neither the Red Cross workers nor even

the wounded themselves. This fact transforms what was formerly considered to be a comparatively safe branch of the service into an office of special hazard.

The suggestion has been made, however, that the doctors' lives should not be so frequently risked and lost. Colonel Goodwin, the distinguished English physician who came over here with the Balfour mission, referred to this very subject in speaking before the convention of the American Medical Association. He stated that though the number of deaths among physicians had at times been vastly exaggerated, it had, as a matter of course, been necessary in the present war for the doctors to expose themselves to great risks, with a resulting long casualty list.

But imagine, said Colonel Goodwin, the feelings of the mothers when they sent off their sons to the war, if they thought that the poor wounded fellows were to be left uncared for to die on the battle-field because there was none to go to their aid! That work—seeing that they are brought to safety and caring for their wounds, regardless of the enemy's fire—is the work of the physician. And added to all other vital considerations, as Colonel Goodwin pointed out, is the effect on the morale of the men in the trenches, which would be disastrous were they to see their comrades lying untended and perhaps dying between the firing-lines.

The doctors realize all these things, and have risen to meet the need in the same spirit that has characterized their greatest men of the past. The Allies are not thoughtlessly allowing these valuable lives to be destroyed, as might seem to be the case to the superficial observer; but it is largely owing to the enemy's disregard of all the laws of humanity that there has been this appearance of needless sacrifice of life in the noblest of all the professions.

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## What the Loss of Jerusalem and Bagdad Means to Germany and Turkey

WITH Bagdad on the east and Jerusalem on the west in British hands, the Allies control two vitally important points of the Ottoman Empire in Asia. Their possession of these two ancient cities effectually blocks the Germanic scheme of Oriental expansion, and threatens the power of the Turk as a sovereign and his prestige as a leader in the Mohammedan world.

Each of these cities had its own peculiar part in the perfection of the Kaiser's plans for the eastward extension of German imperialism. Jerusalem first brought the world to a realization of the extent of his schemes. The Teutonic development of the Holy City was the fruition of the apparently insignificant project of Germanic colonization in Palestine. It was here that the Kaiser challenged the power of the French in Syria and proclaimed his protection of the Mohammedans of the world. His whole purpose was to make Jerusalem the center and stronghold of Teutonism in Palestine and Syria. This was as necessary to success as Bagdad itself.

The Bagdad project included not only a German Mesopotamia, but a German Syria and Palestine. Bagdad was to open the way to Persia, to the

Persian Gulf, with a military and naval base that would be but a step to India and the Orient beyond. Palestine was the key to the Suez Canal, "the spinal cord of the British Empire," and to the Red Sea, the great waterway of the commerce of the East and West. To reach the Persian Gulf required the building of an entire new railroad. To reach Suez and the Red Sea meant the diversion of already existing railways and linking them up with the general project.

While the railway to the East was in course of construction, the plans for the Palestine roads were being carried out. The Hedjaz line, built by Mohammedans as a route to their shrines at Medina and Mecca, was shrewdly made available as a strategic railway by the building of miles of sidings and great storehouses for military supplies, and by the projection of a line from Medina to the Red Sea ports of Yambo and Jiddah. From Rayak, a station on the railway south of Aleppo—a junction point on the Bagdad railway—another road was to be carried through Palestine to within a short distance of the Egyptian frontier.

This last project was left incomplete by the war, and the Hedjaz railway was finished only to Medina. It lies within striking distance of Jerusalem, and its capture, which is apparently imminent, will remove the menace of the Turkish forces yet remaining in Arabia from the new, independent kingdom of Hedjaz, or Arabia, and connect the small ally with the British forces in Palestine. The great Bagdad railway dangles in air somewhere between Nesbin and Mosul in the Tigris valley. It will, no doubt, be completed, for an overland route to the East is an economic necessity; but it will be a commercial highway, and not a route for the triumphant advance of German imperialism.

South of a line drawn from Jerusalem to Bagdad lies more than half of Turkey's Asiatic Empire. Much of this vast territory, it is true, is a desert, but along the coast are Hedjaz, Yemen, Oman, and El Hasa. Could Turkey emerge from the war a strong nation, she would be able to reestablish her weakened sovereignty over these important provinces. Instead, the whole land seems to be irretrievably lost to her. The independence of the Arabs will be definitely established, and Oman and El Hasa will gain the boon they have long sought—permanent freedom from the odious Constantinople government.

This country had in the past a special value to the Turk. On account of its proximity to India it was always a pawn in the shifty Ottoman statecraft. It represented Turkey's strongest hold upon Islam and the Sultan's chief claim to the califate, for here were the sacred shrines of Islam. With the fall of Jerusalem there remains to Turkey but one Moslem holy place, Damascus.

What Germany wished for in Turkey was a subservient land rich in possibilities which would accrue to her individual benefit. But what will she think of a Turkey shorn of power and prestige and no longer able to serve her purposes? Is it any wonder that Turkey would ask, if she dared, a separate peace? Never before was the Ottoman Empire so near dissolution, never did the wrongs and sufferings of the Armenians and other Ottoman Christians seem so certain of being avenged.

# China, the Land That Knows No Rule of the Road

THE CHAOS OF THE CHINESE STREETS IS SIGNIFICANT EVIDENCE OF THE GREAT ORIENTAL NATION'S FATAL LACK OF THE WESTERN SENSE OF LAW AND ORDER

By Edgar Pierce Allen

SO far as there is a rule of the road in China, that rule is "pass to the left"; but it is a rule which, where foreign influence does not control, is less often observed than broken. All Americans who have walked or ridden on Chinese roads must have been struck with the confusion of traffic. The wider the road, the greater the confusion, because the more freedom.

Both vehicular and pedestrian traffic uses the whole road-space in common, and each man pursues his own way in accordance with his own sweet will, so far as he is able to impose that will upon others—the humble by insinuation or inattention, the forceful by systematic disregard. The pedestrian crowd is thoroughly democratic. A high official who, doffing his dignity, ventures to walk unattended, must take his chance with the meanest laborer. You and your wife, trying to walk abreast, may be pushed apart by ragged coolie or silk-gowned merchant.

The man in a hurry uses the polite phrase, "Borrow light," to ask that way be made for him. The outriders and runners of an official in a carriage or sedan-chair utter the same polite phrase, but in a peremptory tone of voice; or else they make way for their masters by more active means of persuasion. Your driver or rickshaw coolie, conscious of foreign power behind him, orders everybody to stand aside that your triumphal progress may be unimpeded.

If the road be in bad repair or muddy, one chooses the practicable path, on whichever side it may be, and keeps to it until he is ousted by one of greater powers of self-assertion.

## RAPID TRANSIT UNDER DIFFICULTIES

Withal, under the old conditions, when there was no rapid transit, the traffic went smoothly enough. The crowd was good-natured, and confusion resolved itself by constant give and take. Rapid transit—horse-drawn carriages and motor-cars—have added new and serious elements of difficulty.

How often does one hear a motor-horn on Fifth Avenue? In China, outside of a few well-policed thoroughfares of a few foreign settlements, it is impossible to drive a car without sounding the horn incessantly. The people are not yet used to danger in the streets, and are not on the lookout for it.

Heretofore the inattentive pedestrian, plodding along in the middle of the road, was slowly and gently, or more roughly but no less safely, pushed aside by the shoulder of a mule or the hand of a man. Even the dogs lying in the middle of the road were accustomed to have man and beast step over them and cart-wheels pass on each side of them.

The Westerner driving his own vehicle finds one of his chief difficulties arising from the fact that, while he recognizes and

EDITORIAL NOTE—The author of this article is an American lawyer who is a resident of Tientsin, in northern China, and who writes on Chinese affairs with experience and authority.



A STREET IN PEKING, WITH SHOPS AND MARKET STALLS—PEKING, FOR SIX HUNDRED YEARS THE CAPITAL OF CHINA, IS A CITY OF SEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE

*From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*

intends to conform to a rule of the road, the native whom he is meeting or trying to pass either does not recognize a rule of the road, or does not know that the Westerner recognizes that rule, or, even so, that he intends to conform to it.

Passing down the left-hand side of the road, you overtake a slow-going cart, and, in order to pass it, you swing the nose of

your car out toward the right. A native cart-driver, whose cart is the head of an approaching string, seeing you swing toward the right, does not necessarily assume that you do this merely to pass the cart in front of you, and that, having passed, you will at once return to the left and continue on that side. Just as likely as not, he will imagine that as your nose is pointed to the

right you want to go to the right, and will therefore, with whip and voice and shoulder, persuade his animal to turn to the right in order to let you have your way. Behind him one cart after another follows his lead so closely as to give you no room to pass between them; with the result that if you do not stop dead, you soon find yourself as far from where you ought to be as the width of the road allows.

#### THE CONFUSION OF CHINESE LIFE

There is no better illustration of the working of the rule of law as compared with the rule of man than in the street traffic of a city of civilized people, where every man knows the rule of the road and every man confidently moves, whether slowly or rapidly, in accordance with that rule, because he has every reason to expect that every other man will do the same.

Does one need any better or more convincing illustration of the confusion of Chinese life as a whole than the confusion of a Chinese street? Is it conceivable that a people would tolerate confusion anywhere, if it were capable of order? Order is the product of the developed mind, and confusion is evidence of the undeveloped.

When one finds that one cannot drive a motor-car through a Chinese street without utterly abnormal interruptions, does one talk of the mystery of the Chinese mind, impenetrable by Western intelligence? Why, then, talk of that mystery when, for instance, one proposes to the Chinese government a perfectly good piece of business, spends a year of impatient endeavor before a contract is signed, and then finds that one's real troubles have only just begun?

#### THE SO-CALLED MYSTERY OF THE EAST

Some writers speak of the impenetrable mystery of the East as if it were something rather wonderful and admirable than otherwise. That which is difficult to understand in Chinese conduct in the counting-room and in the council-chamber rests upon the same basis as that which is difficult to understand upon the street; and surely there is nothing admirable or wonderful in the latter, save that it is wonderful to find an

otherwise intelligent people who have lived so long and progressed so little.

The Chinese are difficult for us to understand because one has no basis of law or principle upon which to predicate their conduct. Three of the "five relations" of Confucius were within the family. One, that of "Prince and Minister," has ceased to exist, and nothing seems yet to have taken its place. The fifth was "Friend and Friend." It is true that Confucius himself was not silent on the broader relation of man and man, but his thoughts on that subject were not formulated into definite doctrine, and have apparently made little or no impression upon his followers.

One used to be able to count upon ministerial loyalty. One still can count on family solidarity and the steadfastness of friendship, but between man and man there is no law superior to the resultant of the forces of circumstance. One cannot foresee what a Chinaman will do, because one cannot know all the circumstances of his particular case. Even if after long and patient effort one had arrived at a fair sum of those circumstances, one could not be sure that the subject would not be actuated at last not by the resultant force, but by the last impulse.

The writers about the "mysterious East" assume that it is mysterious only to the West, and that between East and East all is plain sailing. Of course, that cannot be true. It is no plainer sailing for a Chinese chauffeur on the crowded and confused Chinese street than for the Western. The advisers of Yuan Shi Kai, when he made his futile attempt to assume monarchical power, two years ago, did not appraise the forces of the opposition any more accurately than a score of foreigners in China might have appraised it; nor did those of Chang Hsun, a year later, in his pitifully ineffective effort to restore the Manchu dynasty to the throne.

Chang Hsun counted on support which he did not receive. He did not know all the circumstances of each military governor's individual case, or was not made aware of some late intervening impulse. Chang Hsun was an uneducated soldier, if you will, and his failure to understand may



THE BUND OR RIVERSIDE STREET IN HANKOW—HANKOW, ON THE YANGTZE-KIANG, IS THE CHIEF COMMERCIAL CENTER OF INLAND CHINA—WITH THE NEIGHBORING CITIES OF HAN-YANG AND WU-CHANG IT HAS A POPULATION OF ABOUT TWELVE HUNDRED THOUSAND

*From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*

not warrant any general inference; but what of K'ang Yu-Wei and Liang Tun-yen? Or, rather, what of Liang Tun-yen, experienced minister, long-time follower of Chang Chih-tung and then of Yuan Shi Kai? For K'ang Yu-Wei's inability to appreciate obstacles correctly had already been exhibited in 1898, when he placed the

Emperor Kwang-hsu's feet upon the way of martyrdom.

#### THE ONE SAFE COURSE IN CHINA

The only safe and peaceful course in China is to let well or ill alone, not to move at all, since to move means to bump into somebody else and thereby get into



A STREET IN SHANGHAI—SHANGHAI, THE CHIEF SEAPORT OF CHINA, OPENED TO FOREIGN TRADE IN 1842, LIES NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE GREAT RIVER YANGTZE—IT HAS A POPULATION OF ABOUT A MILLION CHINESE AND TWENTY THOUSAND FOREIGNERS

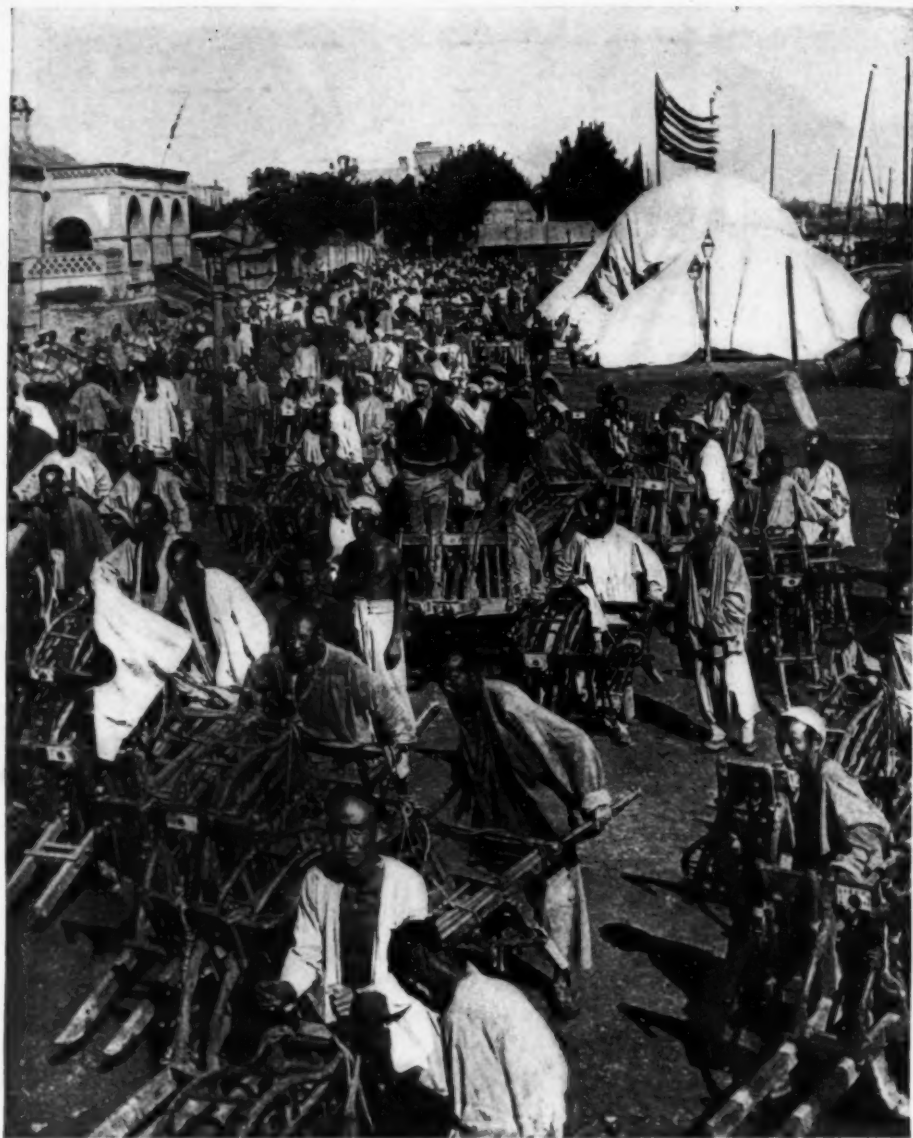
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trouble. Is that not the essence of the doctrine of the Tao?

The reforms which have been attempted in China of recent years have been due chiefly to foreign influence or pressure. No minister knows the mind and temper of the Chinese people well enough to be able to estimate accurately the effect of any par-

ticular reform, although it is always safe to assume that when it is the people who have to pay, proximate cost will count more against any given scheme of improvement than ultimate gain will count for it.

So it is that so many reform measures have been made applicable to one province alone, or to the Treaty Ports alone, as a



WHEELBARROW TRANSPORTATION IN TIENTSIN—TIENTSIN, ON THE PEI-HO, EIGHTY-SIX MILES FROM PEKING, IS THE CHIEF PORT OF NORTHERN CHINA, AND HAS A POPULATION OF ABOUT THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILLION

*From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*

sort of test, the decree or law establishing the reform expressly saying that if it succeeds in the limited area it will be extended farther. Imagine the Congress of the United States trying the income tax on the citizens of New York before extending it to the Atlantic seaboard and thence gradually over the whole country!

So far from assuming that it is plainer sailing for the Chinese among his own people, is it not fair to argue thus—since that which makes it difficult to understand the Chinese is not that their minds move in another dimension, but merely their limitations, and since the Chinese who seek to understand them are subject to the same

limitations, therefore it seems fair to assume that, given a knowledge of the language and some years of patient observation, a Western mind—not, of course, a mediocre Western mind—may really reach better results than the Chinese can?

#### CHINA'S NEED—THE RULE OF LAW

Where are the Chinese best governed, happiest, most prosperous? In foreign ceded or leased territory and in foreign settlements, where the rule of law which they have not evolved for themselves is imposed upon them by the will of the foreigner.

Herein, if one wants immediate results, lies the secret of successful dealing with the Chinese. Let your will be a will for good, and impose it for the good of the Chinese. This does not require political subjection as a condition precedent, but it does require the ability and the readiness to use force if necessary.

Realizing that man is upon this earth not for to-day alone, but for myriads of years, one would prefer that a people in many ways so admirable and so likable as the Chinese should be left free to develop for themselves, perhaps in a generation and perhaps in a thousand years, those faculties which, in a moral and scientific civilization, express themselves in the rule of law. The period of evolution, however, would inevitably be a period of chaos, and the ordered part of the world is too impatient of chaos in these days to be willing to keep its hands off indefinitely while chaos resolves itself.

Chinese scholars are fond of saying solemnly:

"Your civilization is material, while ours is moral."

Never was distinction more falsely laid; and how any Western critic can have accepted it, as some of us have done, passes understanding.

Our material civilization, so far as it is a civilization at all, is founded on moral principles and moral attributes, the chief of which is integrity. The science which has made possible so much of its material manifestation is itself dependent on the moral elements involved in accurate observation, devoted effort, and faithful recording.

Is it conceivable that any people knowing the one and the other would prefer the material conditions of China to the material conditions of Europe? Why, then, do the material conditions of China remain unchanged? Obviously because the people of China are not capable of changing them.

Given all the intelligence so far attained by the human mind—and some Western admirers of the Chinese go so far—they would still be incapable of changing their conditions without the fundamental moral, without which there can be no advance. There is no hope that China, left to herself, will work out her own salvation, without a moral regeneration; and that must come from within, and must await God's own good time.

Meanwhile the impatient world may refuse merely to stand by. It remains to be seen how it will act, and what part we shall take in its action.

#### PATCHWORK

I MADE myself a crazy-quilt  
From bits that nature gave—  
Some sky and clouds and sun that spilt  
Above a crested wave.

I padded it with fragrant flowers—  
Poppies and eglantine,  
And creamy petals brushed in showers  
From a honeysuckle vine.

I bordered it with lights from the sea—  
I found them hidden deep;  
And then I spread it over me  
And laid me down to sleep!

Mary Heithamp

# Home Life in Camp

THE GREAT WORK THAT IS BEING DONE TO KEEP THE SOLDIERS AT OUR ARMY CANTONMENTS IN HEALTH AND COMFORT, AND TO PROVIDE THEM WITH NORMAL AMUSEMENTS

By Montrose J. Moses

FOR more than half a year Uncle Sam has been devoting his best energies to the task of making a powerful and well-trained army out of the vast host of recruits that came to him at the call of war. This great work has involved onerous duties and heavy responsibilities apart from its strictly military phase.

"I must make my soldiers comfortable and contented," one can imagine Uncle Sam arguing. "In the new army camps they must lead a normal life, with such opportunities for recreation in their spare time as they would have at home. Moreover, the districts around the camps must be properly guarded. No vicious temptations must be held out to the soldier wearing the uniform of the United States Army."

For this reason there was organized the Commission for Training Camp Activities headed by Raymond Fosdick. This body sent its agents to the towns nearest the cantonments, and saw to it that the "red-light" districts were done away with; that the towns and cities, of their own accord, should realize that the time had come for a general civic house-cleaning. Remarkable



THE SENTINEL—A SUNDOWN  
SILHOUETTE

*Copyrighted by the International Film  
Service, New York*

instances have been recorded of the way in which civic pride has cleaned up doubtful districts in the West and Southwest which, even so recently as the trouble with Mexico, were proving a menace to the men concentrated in that section of the country.

Public utterance on the part of our officials emphasizes the high regard felt by Uncle Sam for the citizen who has become a soldier, and who is once more to be a citizen so soon as he has done his job and returned to his customary pursuits. Congress has given, in the Army Bill of May 18, 1917, excellent authority to the Commission for Training Camp Activities in this precautionary work; and the coopera-

tion of the Governors of States, and of the mayors of cities and towns, has resulted in what might almost be considered a universal response from communities willing to do something for the soldier, who in his turn is being trained to do much for them.

Mr. Baker, the Secretary of War, has thus expressed his interest in the work for the welfare of the men in the camps:

Our responsibility in this matter is not open to question. We cannot allow these young men,

most of whom will have been drafted to service, to be surrounded by vicious and demoralizing environment, nor can we leave anything undone which will protect them from unhealthy influences in crude forms of temptation.

This is the spirit which has come out of Uncle Sam's determination to make his cantonments something more than military mobilization centers.

#### A GREAT ARMY OF DEMOCRACY

A visitor to one of the camps will be asked to consider the problem involved in this work for the soldiers' welfare. A large percentage of the men drafted know nothing of French, though they are to fight in France. A considerable percentage of them are foreigners, and know little of English, though they are in the American army. A certain percentage of them are illiterate, though they belong to a country where illiteracy is a serious drawback to citizenship. Another large percentage of the men are colored, and that fact immediately involves a social question which has had to be handled deftly and yet fairly.

We are asked to go into the matter even a little more minutely. The draft is a system of selection thoroughly democratic. It reaches out for the rich boy and the poor boy. It makes no difference between the man of the city and the man of the mountains; the boy on the farm and the boy in the factory. It takes no consideration of the talents, the occupation, or the trade of the man drafted, although these points are considered after he enters the service, when the time comes for him to be tabulated on cards and assigned to that part of the service where his abilities will be most useful.

Each cantonment contains anywhere from thirty-five thousand to fifty thousand men, drawn from all classes of society, representing all types of interest, and bringing all its inmates under a common set of influences. The effect of this concentration is pervasive and striking. The new citizen soldier, who has never before been thrown in contact with activity going on outside of his farm or his mountain fastness, suddenly realizes that competition in the world rests entirely on the individual equipment and



A SOLDIERS' GLEE-CLUB AT CAMP FUNSTON, FORT RILEY, KANSAS—MUSIC PLAYS A PROMINENT PART IN LIFE AT THE ARMY CAMPS

*From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*

responsibility. Not surprising, therefore, is it to learn that whereas the young farmer soldier may shoulder a gun with the one hand, in the other hand he may have a manual of intensive farming which he had never thought of before.

Such are the men who are being organized into a great national army. And any

one of the military police instructed us to go to headquarters to the end of a long and varied day, I was everywhere fully impressed with the fact that the citizen soldier is getting a "square deal." It may be that there has been a certain amount of slowness in supplying him with a complete equipment; but, considering the disadvantages



NOT LUXURIOUS, BUT COMFORTABLE AND HEALTHFUL—A TYPICAL DORMITORY AT CAMP UPTON, YAPHANK, LONG ISLAND

*From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*

one of the cantonments now, after a period of nine months, will present a phalanx of men who are in excellent physical condition, who seem to be thoroughly happy, and who are rapidly mastering the technique of the first-rate soldier. The stooping shoulders of the desk-worker have straightened. The pale, ascetic-looking city youth has become healthily ironed out; the country boy has become smarter and more alert under the conditions of camp life.

I went to one of these cantonments with the full knowledge of all the doubts expressed in the newspapers regarding the equipment provided and the opportunity offered the soldier. From the moment when

under which we have had to work, the new American army which is to be sent to France is fast taking shape.

My principal purpose in visiting the camps was not to follow the technical training of the soldier, not to study trench-warfare as it is practised in the great fields where the men are drilled, but to see Uncle Sam, the father of a million boys, as a host.

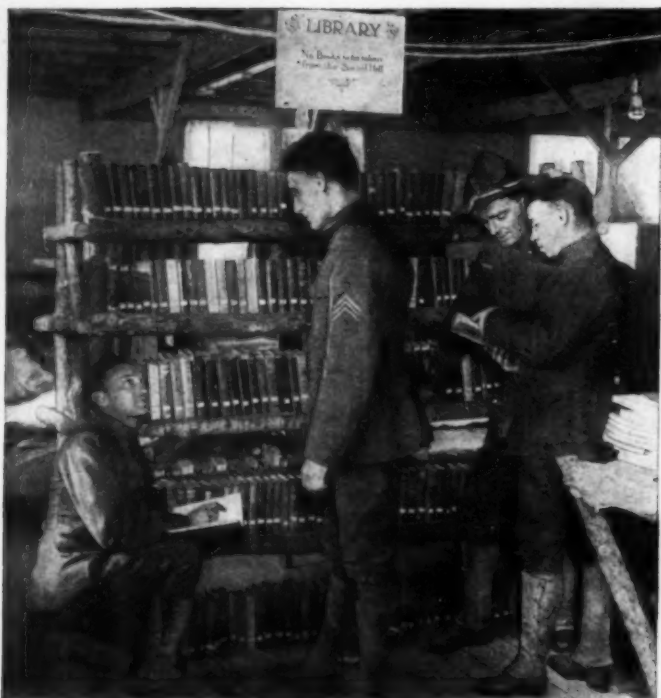
The Commission for Training Camp Activities has divided its work into two broad aspects—first, strictly social, looking after the moral welfare of the camps and the zones surrounding the camps; second, purely recreational, supplying the men with the normal activities and amusements to



THE HOSTESS HOUSE AT CAMP GORDON, ATLANTA, GEORGIA—THESE BUILDINGS ARE MAINTAINED BY THE Y. W. C. A. AS SOCIAL CENTERS FOR THE SOLDIERS



A TRIGONOMETRY CLASS IN THE Y. M. C. A. BUILDING AT CAMP MACARTHUR, WACO, TEXAS—FOR STUDIOUS SOLDIERS THERE ARE MANY OPPORTUNITIES IN THE CAMPS



A BARRACK LIBRARY AT CAMP UPTON—THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION SUPPLIES READING-MATTER IN ALL THE CAMPS

*From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*

which they were used before they were drafted. In both phases of the work the commission has sought cooperation from civic and social organizations already established before the war began.

Mr. Fosdick has called around him a board of experts who are giving their time and energy to the solution of a problem which is not an easy one. Imagine a great new city, built on land that was wholly unoccupied only a few weeks before. Such a city, to take the statistics of a typical camp, covers an area of eight thousand acres. It has twenty miles of railway and many thousand miles of sewers and water-pipes. Its



A DEMONSTRATION OF "TANK" WARFARE AT CAMP UPTON—THE BRITANNIA, A BRITISH MACHINE WHICH HAS THREE TIMES BEEN "OVER THE TOP" IN FRANCE, SHOWING HER ABILITY TO CROSS A TRENCH

*From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*

daily water-supply is two million gallons. On cold winter days it uses one hundred and twenty-eight steam-heating plants and three thousand stoves.

Imagine Uncle Sam as a host who, presented with this city multiplied sixteen times, suddenly has thrust upon him sixteen times forty thousand men to entertain and take care of. The men of each cantonment need forty thousand pounds of bread daily, and other supplies on a corresponding scale. In order to maintain the army regulations for cleanliness, they keep busy as many laundries as are usually to be found in a city of half a million people. This is the kind of little home Uncle Sam has established in sixteen localities of the United States.

The first thing that struck me on visiting one of the camps was the determination on the part of every one, even under the abnormal conditions of war, to live as normal a life as possible. Walking down the main street of any small town you will see the post-office, the general store, the church, the motion-picture hall, and probably the library. You will find the same thing in any of the national army camps.

#### THE CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS

What did Uncle Sam do in order to supply his soldiers with the normalities of life? He said to that wonderfully organized body, the Young Men's Christian Association:

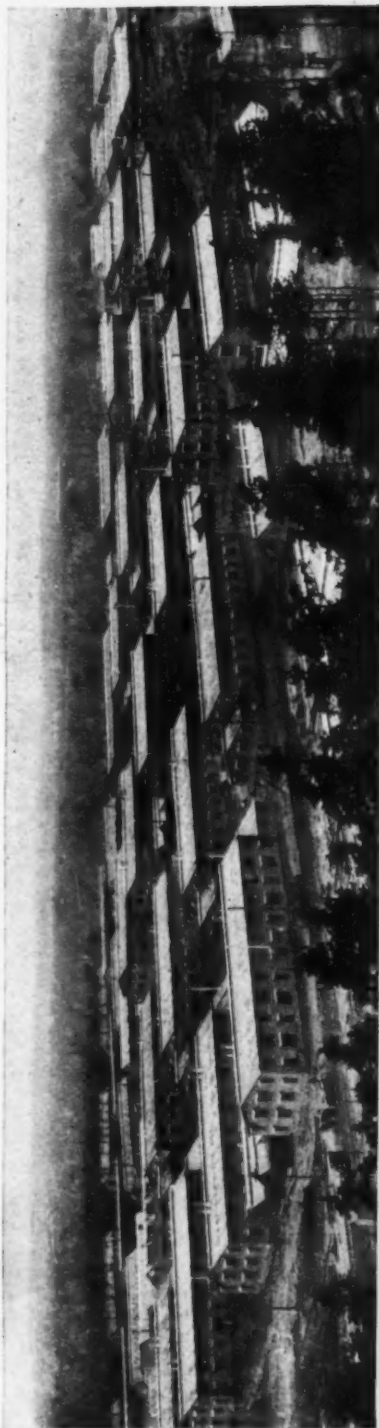
"We need your help in all the directions in which you have had experience during the past."

He said to the Knights of Columbus—even before this war, during the concentration on the Mexican border:

"We need your help not only along non-denominational lines, but also along strictly religious lines, for about thirty-eight per cent of our soldiers are Catholics."

The next appeal was to the Young Women's Christian Association:

"There will be a great problem for our young soldier to face when his mother or his sister or his sweetheart desires to see him in the camp. Even though he is a soldier and under strict military discipline, I am not going to deny him the privilege of having his womenfolk visit him. Therefore,



BARRACK BUILDINGS AT CAMP UPTON—THOUGH THIS ENGRAVING SHOWS ONLY A COMPARATIVELY SMALL PART OF THE CAMP, IT GIVES AN IDEA OF THE EXTENT OF THE MILITARY CITIES IN WHICH OUR NEW ARMIES ARE HOUSED  
From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York



WARREN KINSEY, A SONG LEADER, WITH IMPROVISED STAND AND BATON, CONDUCTING A CHORUS OF SOLDIERS AT CAMP GORDON, ATLANTA, GEORGIA

*From a photograph by Price, Atlanta*

I lay upon you, as an organization, the responsibility of maintaining clubhouses where, under your chaperonage and protection, he may meet such visitors as he desires to see."

There was also a call to those numerous societies which have looked after the welfare of the girls of cities and towns:

"Under abnormal conditions of war, where munitions factories are concentrating large numbers of girl workers, or where my cantonment cities are near factories of other kinds, it is essential that the welfare of the girl in relation to the camp be looked after. If it is possible, we would like each girl to feel her own individual responsibility in this



SOLDIERS AT CAMP UPTON CLEANING REVOLVERS—THE MEN IN THE CAMPS HAVE STRENUOUS DAYS OF WORK AND DRILL, WITH A FAIR ALLOWANCE OF LEISURE

*From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*

war. We would like, as far as we can, to have patriotic organizations formed for service, where the girl is given a definite duty to perform in relation to the soldier."

Finally a message went to various amusement organizations regulated by the Y. M. C. A., the Redpath circuit, the Albee and Keith vaudeville circuits, and in general to the theatrical world of America:

"Our men not only need healthy shows, but they need the very best you have to supply them."

In other words, Uncle Sam has practically drafted into the service of the army every individual and every social, artistic, and economic organization in the country, and the response he has received has been most generous and effective.

True to the general responsibility felt by all organizations that could contribute to the work, the American Library Association, with its perfected system of collecting and distributing books, consented to take charge of the camp libraries. Not only has each cantonment its library building, but the barracks have branch libraries for the convenience of separate companies.

Accustomed in their home towns to shopping for their own personal comforts, feeling a certain independence when they are allowed to run small accounts at the different stores, the men have been met by Uncle Sam with the proposition of establishing post exchanges, or canteens in the smaller camps, where they may do their own buying outside of the regulation clothing and food furnished them by the government. At Camp Meade, for instance, each regiment has its own post exchange, regulated by the colonel of the regiment, and under the supervision of a camp officer. Profits are distributed to the company funds, and are used to purchase additional items for the mess. One exchange, so it is recorded, took in six hundred dollars in one day. Another exchange, at Rockford, Illinois, where the officers' corps is large, made a record of a thousand dollars.

In some instances, too, retail sellers from neighboring towns have been allowed to visit the camps and display their wares—reminding one of the old days when the Yankee pedler, with his pack, used to travel

unfrequented roads with his silks and cotton goods and laces.

When I visited one of the camps, I found civic improvements taking place all around me. The soldiers were actuated by the "good roads" ambition. They were laying out ornamental flower-beds with little bits of broken stone. It being near the Christmas season, I saw squads of men come out of the woods near by with evergreens; army wagons were laden with Christmas trees. Y. M. C. A. automobiles were flying here and there with Red Cross packages, for Uncle Sam was determined that each soldier should have his Christmas gift.

#### ATHLETICS IN THE NEW ARMY

Another aspect of the camp is that in its spirit of competition and of comradeship it is very much like a huge college. Uncle Sam has found that athletics have a strong appeal to the enlisted man, and are a valuable adjunct to military training. He is encouraging boxing, under a committee headed by James J. Corbett, for the reason that the positions and motions prescribed in boxing are almost exactly those needed in bayonet practise. Hand-grenade throwing has been developed into a game, and the men are taking to it as the average boy takes to handball.

Practically all the athletic experts of the country have gone into the army. In every camp you will find a football hero or a baseball star. Ouimet, the golf champion, is a private at Camp Devens. In selecting a football eleven at that camp, forty-four teams took part in the elimination contest.

There is keen rivalry everywhere, and no lack of good fun at the expense of the tenderfoot who has never enjoyed athletics before. Here is where democracy has its greatest outlet. Here is where a clean and sportsmanlike spirit is created. Speaking with one of the athletic directors appointed by the Fosdick commission, I was told that to these activities, outside of the intensive military training given to the soldier, the government looked for a remedy for the discontent of which a certain amount is to be found in almost every camp. During the Civil War, he said to me, had there been a general recognition of the value of athletics,

many thousands of desertions might have been averted.

One other invaluable asset must be recognized as a factor in life at the cantonments. On the theory that the soldier is a better fighting man when he sings, the commission has appointed a committee to take charge of music for the camps.

Instruction is given by song leaders, who may be compared to the cheer leaders at a college football game. All the soldiers are learning to sing. A general belief in the value of vocal music has resulted in Uncle Sam's publishing a song-book for the drafted man, which has now reached a circulation of more than a million copies.

These, in general, are the activities which characterize any one of the sixteen cantonments. I have laid emphasis on what is being done for the soldier by Uncle Sam and the community, rather than what is being done for the soldier by himself. I have not mentioned the fact that to the soldier, these days, his uniform represents a certain privilege wherever he goes. In any part of the country he has a claim upon the local organizations established for the welfare of our fighting men.

"Take a soldier home for dinner" is a watchword that has given many a man an anchorage where otherwise he might have suffered hardship or drifted into undesirable surroundings.

#### READING AND STUDY IN THE CAMPS

Not unnaturally, the average soldier is more anxious for recreation than for hours of definite intellectual improvement, and yet much is being done in the line of educational work. Audiences of serious-minded young men attend the lectures furnished by the Y. M. C. A. and other organizations. But the general feeling is that after a hard day's work, and when the soldier has written his letter home, he wishes to be amused, he wishes to be relieved from the strain of a life which is so different from the life he was leading a year ago.

Of course he has only a limited time for all this outside activity—outside, in the sense that it is apart from the regular training of the soldier. If he wishes to study, it must be done between the hours of seven

and nine in the evening, and between those hours also he must seek his amusement.

Most of his amusements he gets without payment. When the Liberty Theaters are in running order, he will be able to see Broadway productions at a minimum cost—anywhere from ten to twenty-five cents a seat. The tickets are to be issued by Uncle Sam in the form of "smileage" books, each book very much like the mileage tickets on the railways, from which a certain number of coupons will be detached for each performance, according to the amount the soldier wishes to spend.

Money is being spent lavishly, by both the government and the public, to maintain the home life of the drafted army. The total expenditure for this purpose must have run well into the millions, for the libraries, the theaters, the "hostess houses," the Y. M. C. A. buildings, cost anywhere from ten to twenty thousand dollars apiece.

If the old Bible saying is true that as ye sow so shall ye reap, there is no doubt that the United States soldier to-day is being better safeguarded than ever before. When the war is over, and he returns to his ordinary pursuits, he will as a rule be a finer and stronger man physically, and will also have gained mentally and spiritually.

Many of those things which are being supplied him in the cantonments will follow him across the seas to France. Not very far behind the trenches there will be libraries, clubhouses, and theatrical performances. As I write I have before me a letter from a soldier at the front. In the midst of the strenuous demands upon his nervous energy he has had time to read a long list of good books, stretching from Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth," Jane Austen's "Sense and Sensibility," and Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" to Stevenson's "Vailima Letters" and Borrow's "The Bible in Spain."

After the storming of Vimy Ridge by the Canadians, the soldiers immediately formed two nines and played baseball. This incident explains the wisdom of Uncle Sam in recognizing the fact that soldiers must have recreation, and in doing all he can to provide them with the best opportunities for it that money and experience can devise.

# The Tariff, Reciprocity, and the Future

THE WORK OF THE TARIFF COMMISSION IN PREPARING FOR THE NEW COMMERCIAL ERA THAT WILL FOLLOW THE WAR

By F. W. Taussig

Chairman of the United States Tariff Commission

THE world will become a very different world after the war. We cannot isolate ourselves. Foreign trade, as well as international diplomacy, must play a greater part than before. We must be prepared to meet the commercial as well as the military and political dangers which are involved by our entry into world politics.

As we have stood for freedom, equality, and justice in our past policy of isolation, so let us stand for freedom, equality, and justice in our new policy of participation in the affairs of the world. If we extend our foreign trade, we shall hope to do it by making that foreign trade advantageous to others as well as to ourselves. If we make commercial alliances, we shall wish to make them profitable not only to ourselves but to our commercial allies. It would be a vast misfortune, and indeed a negation of all we hope to accomplish by the war, if it left behind it no other commercial policy than one of selfish struggle and mutual re-creation. Our aim should be not to secure discriminations, but to remove them. Our industrial and commercial ambition should turn to securing that efficiency of industry which promotes the prosperity of all the world.

This general attitude, however, is not inconsistent with a wish, and indeed a determination, on our part to safeguard our own interests. We must make sure that any negotiations or treaties which follow the war do not injure our own trade or put us

in a position in which other countries could discriminate against us without the possibility of effective counter-measures of our own. As it happens, the European situation may conceivably become such upon the conclusion of peace as to necessitate our having at our disposal some sort of bargaining weapon.

The great war, before last April, had made it evident that the commercial treaties and tariff arrangements between the United States and foreign nations needed revision. Our entry into the conflict has made it certain beyond question that on the conclusion of peace the attention of the government must be given to this important subject.

Neither in the past nor under existing legislation has the United States government had an established policy with regard to its commercial relations. Since 1890 we have had varied experiences with trade treaties and reciprocity arrangements. As matters now stand, when it comes to negotiating or bargaining with other countries in the matter of tariff arrangements and tariff concessions, the United States may fairly be said to be in a helpless position.

## OUR LACK OF BARGAINING POWER

Under the present tariff act, that of 1913, there is virtually no provision for reciprocity arrangements, certainly none for bringing pressure of any sort to bear upon countries which may discriminate against the United States. The act simply contains a clause

authorizing the President to negotiate treaties; but such authority the President has in any case. The inevitable delay in negotiations, not to mention the necessity of confirmation of treaties by the Senate, leaves the country, in this regard, in a state of complete unpreparedness.

Earlier tariff acts had contained provisions giving some sort of specific bargaining authorization. Under the much-discussed Blaine program, embodied in the tariff act of 1890, there had been a formidable but also irritating method of bringing compulsion to bear, particularly upon South American countries, by a system of penalizing duties. Under the act of 1897 reciprocity treaties were contemplated and in fact were negotiated—the so-called Kasson treaties; but these required the consent of the Senate, which was not given, and eventually nothing came of them.

The tariff act of 1909 contained a blanket section on maximum and minimum duties, which proved in practice so likely to react unfavorably upon our own interests that no appreciable use was ever made of it. With the virtual dropping of the entire subject in the act of 1913, the United States has, to repeat, no policy and the Administration has no powers.

#### EUROPEAN RECIPROCITY SYSTEMS

While the United States has been making trial, in a somewhat tentative and perhaps vacillating manner, of different sorts of reciprocity arrangements, European countries have dealt with the problem more systematically and consistently. Generally speaking, two systems are distinguishable—that of a general and conventional tariff, of which the German example is typical, and that of a maximum and minimum tariff, of which the French is typical.

In the former the general tariff is fixed by the legislative branch of the government, and the conventional rates are fixed by conventions or treaties with other countries. In Germany, for instance, the conventional rates were determined by bargaining, and were granted for reciprocal concessions, the only restriction being a few minimum rates on agricultural products. By the operation of the most-favored-nation clause the con-

ventional rates were extended to all countries entitled to receive most-favored-nation treatment.

The other system, that of a maximum and minimum tariff, differs from the general and conventional tariff in two respects. In the first place, it has two rates on practically all articles enumerated in the tariff act; in the second place, the minimum rates are fixed not by the executive, but by the legislative branch of the government. It is frequently referred to as the double or multiple tariff system. Under it the most-favored-nation clause in commercial treaties operates, as in the case of the general and conventional tariff system, to extend the minimum rates to those countries entitled to most-favored-nation treatment.

The American interpretation of the most-favored-nation clause in commercial treaties has been very different from the European interpretation. This country has contended that special favors granted by one country to another do not inure to the benefit of a third country by virtue of the favored-treatment clause unless that country gives special equivalent concessions. The European interpretation, on the other hand, holds that concessions granted by treaty to one country are automatically and unconditionally extended to every other country entitled to receive most-favored-nation treatment.

This latter interpretation has been of wide effect because of the treaty of Frankfort, which terminated the war of 1870 between France and Germany. By that treaty the two countries guaranteed to each other, without limit of time, treatment on the most-favored-nation basis. The inevitable extension of the same most-favored-nation treatment to other countries, when once made in favor of any single country, rendered the Frankfort provisions of fundamental importance in European commercial arrangements.

#### AN ERA OF NEW TRADE ALINEMENTS

The war has now terminated the Frankfort treaty, and has also brought possibilities of commercial alignments on an entirely different basis. Both our Allies and our enemies are considering the various possi-

bilities of commercial warfare, commercial neutrality, and commercial alliances. For example, the Central Powers are considering the establishment of an economic union for central Europe, while imperial preference has been actively discussed in England and in her self-governing colonies.

Early in 1917 the committee on commercial and industrial policy of the House of Commons adopted a resolution advocating that preference be accorded in British markets to the products and manufactures of the British oversea dominions. At an imperial conference held some weeks later resolutions were adopted favoring mutual preference throughout the British Empire, and also reciprocity of treatment between India and the self-governing dominions.

The Scandinavian countries held two conferences in 1916 for the purpose of considering measures to conserve the rights of neutrals and to safeguard their independence in the economic struggle which they anticipate will follow the war.

Far-reaching possibilities are suggested by the resolutions of the Paris Economic Conference of 1916, which recommended measures for the war period, special provisions for the commercial and industrial reconstruction of the Allied countries, and permanent measures of mutual assistance among the Allies. Among the subjects discussed were plans for a period of probation before the Central Powers could receive most-favored-nation treatment, for the conservation of natural resources for the Allied countries primarily, and for safeguards against the dumping of goods by the present enemy powers.

The lessons to be learned from all these experiments and trials are by no means clear. Some methods that have proved serviceable in foreign countries are not practicable in the United States, and others are not in accord with our principles and traditions. Still others may contain useful lessons for us. What is clear above all things is that the situation calls for prudence, foresight, and systematic inquiry into the experience of the past and the possibilities of the future.

The Tariff Commission is endeavoring to grapple with this great and far-reaching

commercial problem. It has already begun a thorough investigation of the reciprocity treaties and the general commercial policy of the United States and of European nations. Still more, it has undertaken to inquire independently what are the plans and expectations of the various countries with regard to the future.

We are well aware that on many aspects of this problem nothing of a definite sort can yet be ascertained. Yet something can be learned concerning the possibilities and the prospects, and some preparation can be made for the establishment of a sound policy of our own. Toward this end the Tariff Commission hopes to contribute both by its investigations at home and by inquiries abroad.

#### THE WORK OF THE TARIFF COMMISSION

Let me turn from these international problems to matters strictly of domestic concern, and let me say something as to the functions of the Tariff Commission and the ways in which it may be of service to the country.

The Tariff Commission has no administrative or judicial functions. It is a body purely for gathering information and suggesting recommendations; but it is unlike most investigating commissions in that it is not temporary. It has not been created for the purpose of investigating a particular situation and making a special report thereon. It is expected to continue its operations over a considerable period of time and to make not one report, but a series of reports.

As regards the attitude of the Tariff Commission itself, I gladly give the most complete assurance that it approaches its problems in an absolutely non-partisan attitude and with a total absence of prejudice. It has no doctrine to preach and no panacea to prescribe. Its only guiding principle is a desire to promote the public well-being.

Its prime objects are patient investigation and absolutely impartial attainment of the facts. Its members have no ax to grind. They ask indulgence for their inevitable shortcomings, but they can give the most unqualified assurance of single-minded service. They wish to enlist the cooperation

of the public, and at the same time to assure it of a spirit of cooperation on their part.

We shall welcome information and suggestions from all quarters, and we shall not fail to give attentive consideration to everything that reaches us. Many problems and difficulties will suggest themselves to business men, in their own experiences, which would be valuable to the commission. Many views will present themselves which will escape notice unless freely brought to the attention of some coordinating body. We constitute a sort of clearing-house for discussion and the gathering of information, and we welcome contributions from any source.

A body of this kind is unique. What can be achieved by it?

Let it be pointed out, first, what it cannot be fairly expected to do. I am sure that I state truthfully the attitude of the commission, and the attitude of Congress when it established the commission, when I say that our task is not to take tariff questions out of the hands of Congress, or to remove them from the realm of statesmanship. We hope that we can aid in their settlement and can promote the ends of statesmanship; but the determination of public policy in this direction, as in every other, must rest in the first instance with the national legislature, and ultimately with the people.

Nobody, however expert, can settle, still less dictate, the position which the country shall take on controverted political and industrial questions. All that any administrative or investigative body can do is to contribute toward discriminating and intelligent discussion and action.

It will be admitted by all, I believe, that hitherto, in the consideration of tariff problems, trustworthy and accurate information has often been painfully lacking. The committees of Congress have been fairly swamped by conflicting statements on matters pertinent and not pertinent. They have heard a vast mass of testimony on both sides of countless questions. They have found it beyond the limits of physical possibility to deliberate and discriminate, to separate the wheat from the chaff, to ascertain what were the unquestionable facts,

still more to ascertain which facts were the significant ones.

Complete information on such contested questions has always been difficult to secure, and sometimes, it must frankly be confessed, it may prove impossible to obtain it. No tariff commission can pretend to be a perfect and inexhaustible encyclopedia of information. And yet it may conceivably perform functions of a somewhat encyclopedic sort. Given time, organization, foresight, and the way can be made ready for prompt and intelligent action.

#### AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE TARIFF

The commission has undertaken to establish a catalogue of tariff information, somewhat in the nature of an encyclopedia. It is planned to secure, in the case of every article enumerated in our tariff acts, all the pertinent information that is available. For each article there will be, as far as possible, data concerning importation and exportation, domestic production, prices, and cost of production, the conditions of competition between the domestic and imported quotas of supply, and references to sources from which further and more extended information can be obtained.

To gather information of this sort and to present it in usable form is far from an easy task. Like any far-reaching scheme of investigation, it cannot be carried through suddenly or quickly. In time, however, the commission hopes to have, and to keep up to date, a body of information that will be of important service in the determination of tariff policies. This much can be accomplished, and surely is worth accomplishing.

Not a little has been said, in discussions of the tariff situation in general and of the Tariff Commission in particular, about the desirability of a scientific policy. That term should be used with caution. In the field of political and social inquiry we have not reached the stage of scientific certainty which has been reached in so many branches of natural science. It will not be contended that the principles of economics can be laid down in such terms, and with such certainty, as to enable us to formulate commercial policies which rest upon absolutely settled foundations.

But the term "scientific" may be used in a different sense from that in which it implies established principles and indubitable truths. In that other sense it means simply that we shall be accurate, painstaking, discriminating, that we shall refrain from guess, rumor, exaggeration, vague and untested general statements. We proceed in a scientific way if we gather all the information we can, sift it with care, present it clearly, apply it intelligently. In this sense the operations of the Tariff Commission may fairly be expected to have a scientific character and to prepare the way for a scientific treatment of tariff problems.

#### LEGISLATION BY COMPROMISE

It is pertinent to invite attention to one further problem in this connection. So long as fundamental questions of principle are subject to disagreement, legislation must proceed more or less by compromise. Compromise applies, moreover, not only to matters of principle, but to many matters of detail.

The adjustment of the details of tariff duties has sometimes taken place by compromise between the representatives of different constituencies, each representative necessarily reflecting the views and wishes of his own locality. This unsatisfactory situation has frequently been ascribed to a lack of public spirit or integrity among members of Congress. No such explanation is for a moment tenable. Every one familiar with our Senators and Representatives knows that they are a body of high-minded and patriotic men. Though they differ, necessarily, in their views on contested questions of public policy, all are equally desirous of promoting the public good. But the position of a legislator as the mouthpiece and representative of his constituents leads to pressure for the promotion of their special interests; and that pressure easily leads to a pooling of the interests of different constituencies.

The fundamental principle upon which our government was founded, that of checks and balances and of decentralized responsibility, militates against comprehensive and consistent plans of legislation. The establishment of the Tariff Commission indicates,

it may be safely said, a desire on the part of Congress to promote consistency and comprehensiveness in this important field.

Quite different from these general problems, and yet of no small importance, are those involved in the administration of tariff laws. Here there is beyond question a large field for strictly non-contentious and needful inquiry. Some aspects of it are specifically mentioned in the act creating the commission. We are called upon, for instance, to investigate the administrative and fiscal aspects of the customs laws, the effects of *ad valorem* and specific duties, the arrangement and classification of articles in the customs schedules.

The vexed question of the expediency of specific duties as compared with *ad valorem* duties is not necessarily connected with any disputed matters of public policy; neither is that of the simplification of the machinery for entering and appraising imported merchandise, and for collecting duties. Every one conversant with the framework of our tariff laws knows that much of it is cumbersome, ineffective, and obsolete. The commission has already entered on this part of its task, and is confident of being able to point the way to simplification and improvement.

#### AN EVIL THAT NEEDS CORRECTION

By way of concrete illustration I shall describe a problem of an administrative and non-contentious sort, which the Tariff Commission had occasion to consider almost immediately upon its establishment.

A familiar phenomenon in our revenue legislation, with regard both to customs duties and internal taxes, has been the withdrawal of commodities from the taxable field during the period in which an increase of rates was under discussion. It is inevitable that when the first steps are taken toward an advance of taxes, commodities should be withdrawn at the then existing lower rates in order to prevent them from being subject to the proposed higher rates. There have been occasions when this has been done upon an enormous scale and with most serious consequences for the public revenues.

Many of my readers will remember what

happened in 1897, when the Dingley Act was under discussion. During that long period of discussion, it was probable, indeed certain, that wool, which had been free under the preceding tariff act—that of 1894—would be subjected to duties in the pending measure. Enormous quantities of wool were consequently rushed in from all parts of the world, and were entered free of duty. When the act of 1897 was at last enacted there was a corresponding sudden drop in importation. It took several years before the wool market recovered from this anomalous situation, and was able to adjust itself with some stability to the newly levied duties. The government lost millions of dollars of revenue, while the ultimate purchasers of wool did not secure it upon a free-wool basis.

The same thing happened with regard to other articles during the period when the Dingley Act was under consideration. The total loss of revenue to the government during the six months of that interim period was not far from seventy-five million dollars.

The same difficulty appears with the internal-revenue taxes. When proposals for increasing internal taxes are under consideration, the commodities to be affected, such as spirits and tobacco, are rapidly withdrawn from warehouses. The government loses money; the consumers nevertheless pay prices based on the higher taxes eventually imposed. The embarrassment is a serious and constantly recurring one.

Now for all this there is a remedy, nor is it far to seek. Other governments have long dealt successfully with the difficulty.

Great Britain has a settled practise by which, as soon as the government proposes an added tax, it is collected at once, with the understanding that if the proposed legislation should fail to be enacted the anticipatory collection shall be refunded. In France and in Italy the law providing for the same procedure has the not inapt designation of "padlock law." The government's revenue is protected by the provisional collection of proposed taxes, and trade unsettlement from a large and sudden withdrawal of commodities under the old rates is avoided.

The Tariff Commission accordingly submitted a report to Congress showing the embarrassments and difficulties which had arisen in the United States, and proposing a remedy which the commission considered feasible. Naturally, the details of procedure cannot be the same in the United States as in other countries. It is hardly necessary to say that in any such plan regard must be had to outstanding contracts, and to the protection of merchants who have entered in good faith on commercial arrangements based on the previous tax situation.

The case, at all events, serves to illustrate the point to which I am now calling attention. Though the problem here may be less easy to deal with than it has been found in Europe, it is not impossible of solution.

#### YESTERDAY—TO-DAY—TO-MORROW

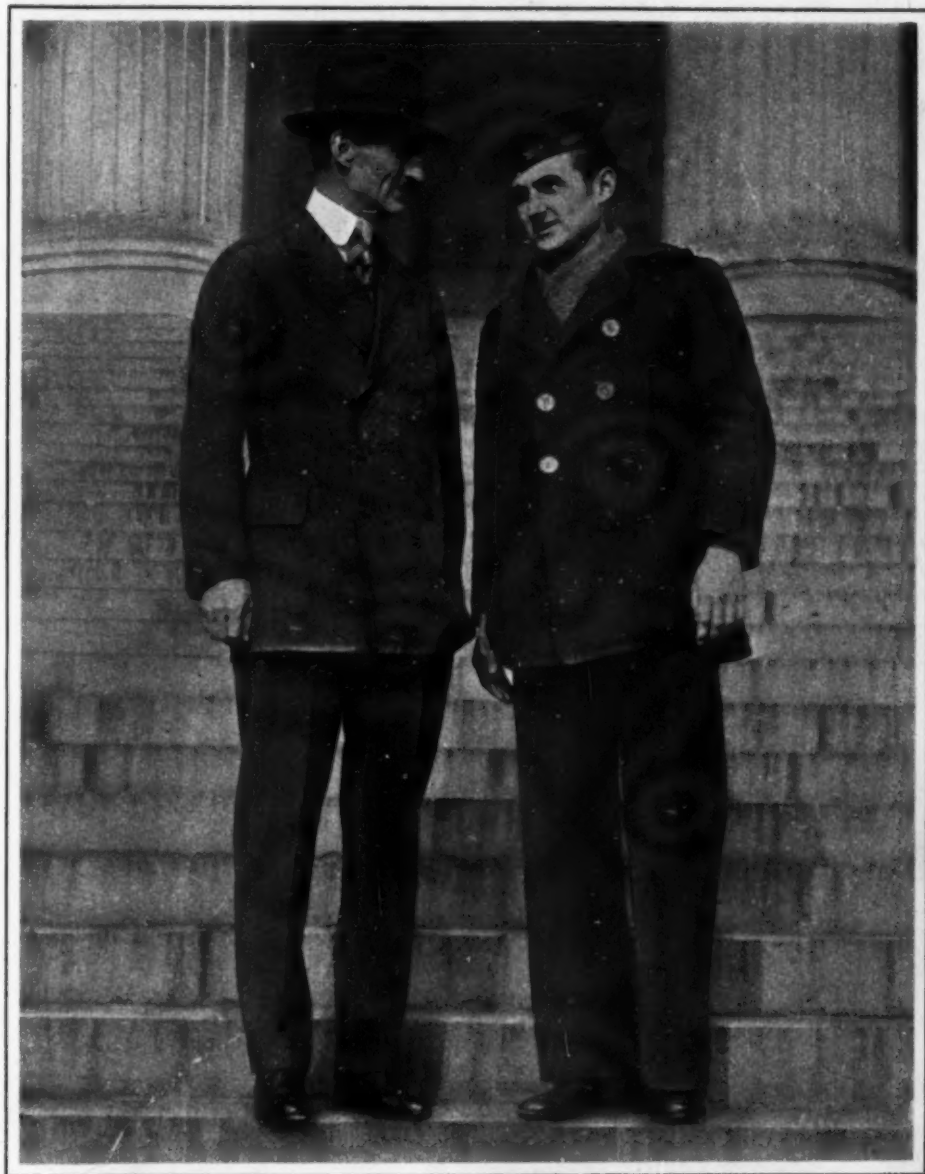
THE day is dull, the nights are long;  
In all this world I find no song.  
My life is empty, cold, and gray—  
But this, dear one, was yesterday!

God made you mine in one sweet kiss;  
The world seems mad with joy for this!  
My heart before your feet I lay—  
And this, dear one, this is to-day!

I dare not look ahead to see  
What God has planned for you and me;  
It may be joy untold, or sorrow—  
But, after all, that is to-morrow!

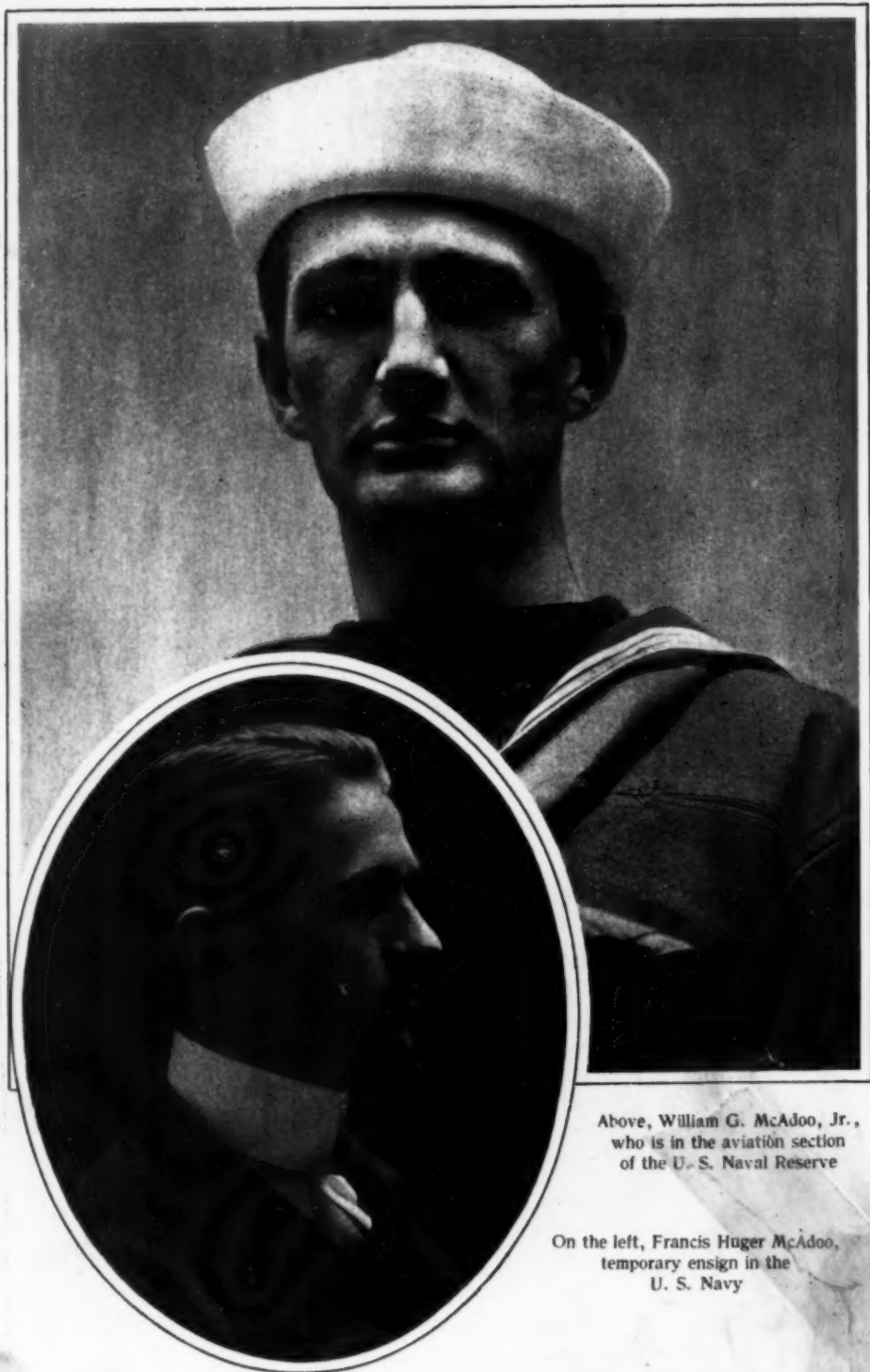
*Irene Castle*

# Ten Sons of Cabinet Officers in War Service



Secretary McAdoo and his son Robert, who is serving in the United States Naval Reserve

From a copyrighted photograph by Clineinst, Washington



Above, William G. McAdoo, Jr.,  
who is in the aviation section  
of the U. S. Naval Reserve

On the left, Francis Huger McAdoo,  
temporary ensign in the  
U. S. Navy



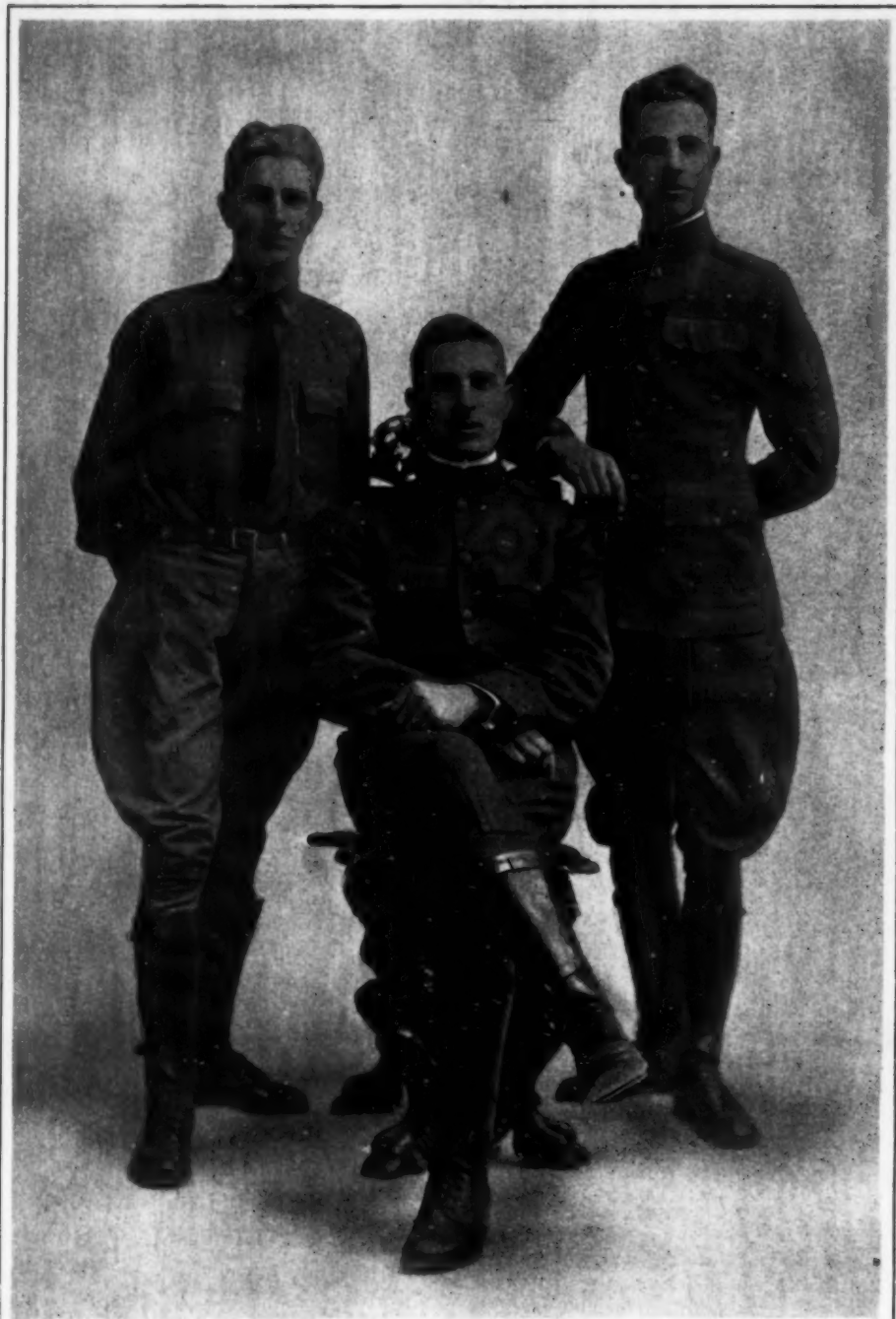
Franklin K. Lane, Jr., son of Secretary Lane, first lieutenant in the aviation section of the Signal Corps



Photo copyright by Underwood & Underwood  
David F. Houston, Jr., son of the Secretary of Agriculture, who is serving in the United States Navy



Humphrey Redfield, son of the Secretary of Commerce, who is serving in the United States Naval Reserve



Secretary Wilson's soldier sons—Corporal James H. Wilson (left), First Lieutenant William B. Wilson, Jr. (seated), and Second Lieutenant Joseph B. Wilson

From a copyrighted photograph by Buck, Washington



Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, and his son Josephus Daniels, Jr., who is serving in the United States Marine Corps

From a copyrighted photograph by Buck, Washington

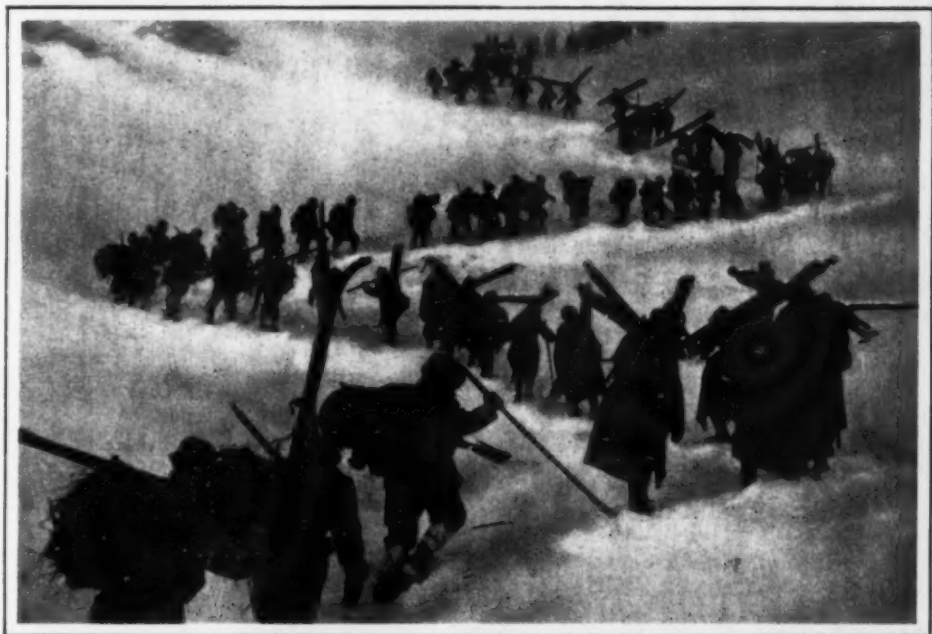
# War Amid the Alpine Snows

PICTURESQUE PHASES OF ITALY'S STRUGGLE TO HOLD THE PEAKS THAT GUARD  
HER NORTHERN PLAINS AGAINST THE TEUTON INVADERS



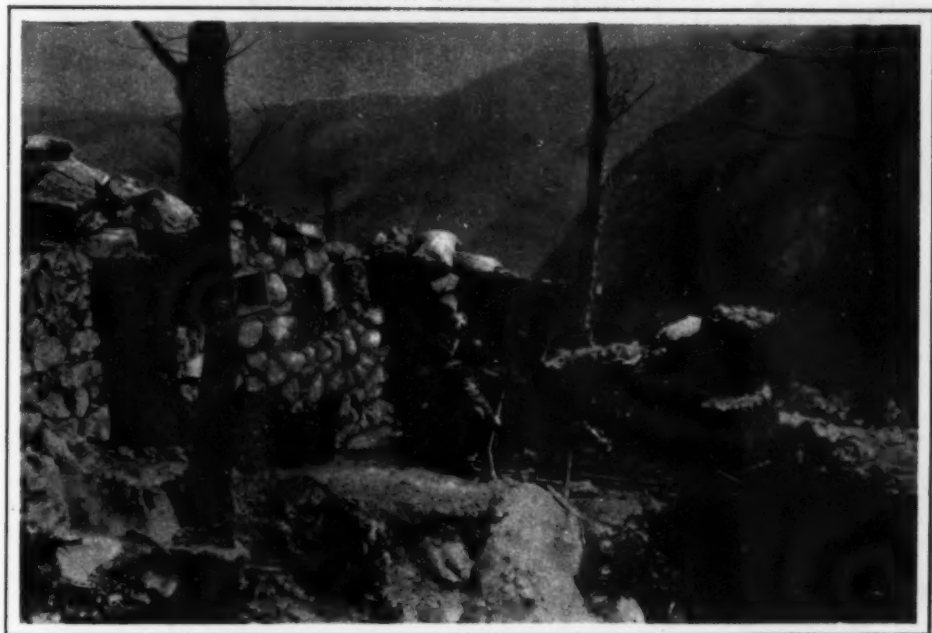
Italian soldiers hoisting a field-gun into position at the top of a cliff among the snow-clad Alps, using an improvised derrick and a rope ladder

From an official Italian photograph



A fatigue party of Italian soldiers carrying material for the construction of breastworks and shelters in the Trentino Alps

From a photograph—Copyrighted by Brown Brothers, New York



An Italian shelter and observation post on a mountain on the Austrian frontier, evacuated during the retreat of last November

From a photograph—Copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York



A company of Italian soldiers, uniformed in white to reduce their visibility, marching in close order over an Alpine snow-field

From a photograph—Copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York



Snow-covered earthworks and trenches on the Alpine plateau of Asiago, where some of the fiercest fighting of the campaign has taken place

From an official Italian photograph



Clara Ellyne Peck

## THE GIFTS OF FANCY

Fancy brings me many things  
Gleaned from far adventurings—

From the tropic tides that swirl  
Round Ceylon, the priceless pearl;

Diamonds from Afric mines;  
Klondike gold that glints and shines;

Sapphires, emeralds, that seem  
Like the treasure-trove of dream.

Generous Fancy, I confer  
All your lovely gifts\* on her  
Who makes each gift lovelier!

Clinton Scollard



# German Pistol-Practise in French Churches



ONLY AN ARM REMAINED OF THE CHRIST ON THIS CRUCIFIX—  
THE BULLET-HOLES IN THE CROSS TELL OF THE  
MARKSMANSHIP THAT SHOT AWAY THE  
SACRED FIGURE

**A**N occasional church in northern France, for a time occupied by the Germans, has escaped complete destruction because of the necessity of a hasty retirement. Many of these structures date back a thousand years, and bring to the world a

that were without price and beyond the power of man to reproduce have been used as targets for pistol-practise or hacked to pieces with knives and axes. In many cases the marks of the tools of destruction are unmistakable.



A CIBORIUM, CONTAINER OF THE  
SACRIFICIAL WAFER, USED  
AS A TARGET

heritage of art and tradition that was the prized possession of all civilization.

When they are retaken, there is usually abundant evidence of the spirit in which the invaders occupied these holy places. They delighted in stabling their horses there, and in defiling the sanctuaries in the grossest possible way. Their wrecking-parties—obviously working under instructions, for the same program is everywhere followed—have deliberately hacked to pieces everything they could reach.

Innumerable pieces of art

In a small church in a village outside of Peronne there were found the remains of a crucifix. The Christ that once hung from its cross is now represented by but a single arm swinging loose. The upright of the cross, directly behind the point where the body formerly rested, is cut nearly in two with the bullets that have entered it from the pistols of the German vandals who used it as a target.

That arm will swing accusingly as the decades of the future roll past, and will remind generations yet unborn of the methods of the despoiler, for it is the plan of France that these mute witnesses shall be permanently preserved.

The marksmanship was less accurate in



BOTH ARMS WERE SHOT OFF THIS STATUE OF ST. SEBASTIAN, AND MANY BULLETS STRUCK THE BODY



THIS FIGURE OF THE VIRGIN SHOWS THE UNMISTAKABLE MARK OF A HEAVY BLOW FROM AN AX-BLADE

a church in the Marne valley, where a marble statue of St. Sebastian served as target; or perhaps the purpose of the despoilers was merely to maim and disfigure. The arms and legs have been shot off, and several bullet-holes pierce the torso, but the head is not disfigured.

The shooting was better when a ciborium, the holy vessel which holds the sacrificial wafer, was the target. Its side gapes with the great hole of a flat-nosed pistol bullet, and its lid and support have been repeatedly pierced. Its contents were no longer in it when the church in which it had served was so quickly recaptured that there was no time to remove it. It will remain as an eternal witness to German sacrilege.

# Art Inspired by the War

WHAT PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS HAVE DONE TO EXPRESS THE SPIRIT OF THE NATIONS FIGHTING THE BATTLE FOR CIVILIZATION

By Clayton Hamilton

THE effect of war upon the human spirit, for better or for worse, depends upon a very simple circumstance—a circumstance so simple that it has escaped the comprehension of many men who think that they can think. The tendency of war is to destroy the souls of men and nations who fight in defiance of the principles of justice; but action and reaction are equal and opposite, and the tendency of war is also to sustain and to inspire the souls of men and nations who fight for

the defense of righteousness. War is hell for those who wage it with a hellish purpose; but war, with all its suffering, brings heaven to those who are willing to accept it in answer to an irresistible appeal to the spirit of self-sacrifice.

In the now forgotten period when this country still pretended to be neutral in the present world-decisive conflict between the troops of treachery and the forces of faith, many theoretic voices told us, in falsetto tones, that war itself was such a crime that



"OFFICERS OF AN ALPINE BATTERY WATCHING AN ATTACK IN THE VOSGES MOUNTAINS"—A PAINTING BY J. F. BOUCHER, ONE OF THE OFFICIAL ARTISTS WITH THE FRENCH ARMY



"THE ISLE OF PEACE"—A STRIKING AND TRAGIC PAINTING, BY J. PAUL VERREES, OF A WAR SCENE IN THE FLOODED DISTRICT OF THE YSER, NEAR THE BELGIAN COAST

to take sides in any war was a breach of ethic etiquette. According to the tenets of these propagandists, the Belgians who died at Liège to support a point of honor were equally blood-guilty with the Prussians who trampled on them to assert the thesis that a treaty was nothing but a scrap of paper. Might was right; and any breaking of the peace should be charged against the weaker party, because of its refusal to surrender to the stronger party, which had chosen to disrupt the *status quo*.

This insidious philosophy is still supported in the United States by Senator La Follette, of Wisconsin, and half a dozen other theorists, whose total weight is not sufficient to impede for a single minute the

momentum of one hundred million citizens; but the ordinary person—who does not pause to think that he can think—does not find it difficult to understand that right is right and wrong is wrong, and never the twain shall meet.

In the past there have been many wars waged for reasons primarily political—wars in which the balance of right and wrong was almost equal and whose outcome, consequently, was not fateful for the future of humanity. Our own Civil War—though it may seem strange to say so, after a recuperative interval of only half a century—was a conflict over a question that did not ultimately matter to mankind. The abolition of slavery was not a cause of the war, but

a result of it; and that consummation was inevitable in due time, whether any war were fought or not.

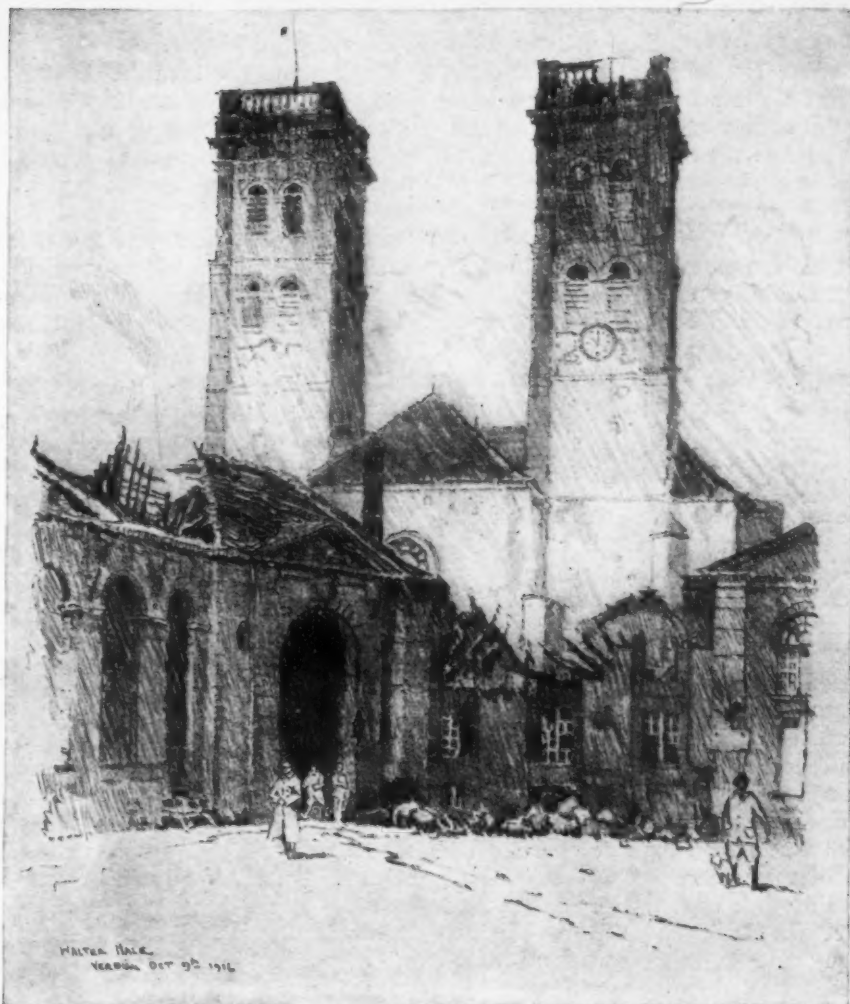
The real reason for our Civil War was the political division between those theorists who believed that the State was more important than the nation and those theorists who believed that the nation was more important than the State. Either of these two contrasted theories might ultimately have prevailed without dishonor to the high ideal of civilization that seems to brood

upon the destiny of humankind with soft, maternal wings. The victory was ultimately won by those who happened to believe that in union there is strength, and that the happiness of men may be achieved most quickly by cooperation in the task of subserving the greatest good of the greatest number.

At Appomattox Court House, Grant accepted in surrender the sword of Lee; but both were gentlemen, and both Americans; and if Lee had won the verdict, the clock



"RHEIMS, 1916"—A FINE CHARCOAL DRAWING BY WALTER HALE, SHOWING THE DEVASTATION WROUGHT BY THE GERMAN BOMBARDMENT OF THE OLD FRENCH CITY AND ITS MATCHLESS CATHEDRAL



"VERDUN, 1916"—THIS AND THE DRAWING OF RHEIMS WERE MADE BY THE LATE WALTER HALE DURING THE AMERICAN ARTIST'S LAST VISIT TO FRANCE IN THE AUTUMN OF 1916

of progress would not have been turned appreciably backward. It may seem silly for any American to say that the final outcome of the Civil War did not really matter to humanity; but it is not silly to assert that this final outcome did not matter very greatly. The political principles for which both sides were prepared to fight and to die were almost equally idealistic; and to bleed for either side meant the adding of a cubit to one's moral stature.

The present world-disturbing war is much more simple in its basic balance. It dichot-

omizes all mankind into those who believe in *Deutschland über Alles* and those who believe in justice over Germany.

Either the leader of the house of Hohenzollern is right in his assumption that he has been decreed by destiny to dominate the world, or he is wrong; and no middle course is tenable in reference to this contention. The human race is cleft into two camps; and those of us who deny the divine vocation of the Prussian king must either be supported or impeded by any man who thinks and acts in any region of the rolling

world. A time has come when the God of our forefathers "is sifting out the souls of men before His judgment-seat"; and not even the Senator from Wisconsin can escape this sifting, or evade the judgment of "that eternal not-ourselves that makes for righteousness."

#### A GERMAN VICTORY FATAL TO ART

Art is the utterance of the human spirit, and the spiritual oscillations of mankind are recorded in the art of the world. If Germany should win this war—I say it very solemnly—if Germany should win this war, there would be no art in Europe for at least a hundred years. The overwhelming spirit of the Prussians is mighty only to destroy and is impotent to create. Their record, in the last two generations, carries in the balance the conception of the hideous and gruesome battle-monument at Leipsic and the deliberate bombardment of the cathedral of Rheims. They have shattered a sacred symbol of all that is most holy to the heart of humankind, and have erected only monstrous gravestones imagined in a mood of materialism and mechanics.

The effect of the present conflict between right and wrong has been destructive to the spiritual sense of the hundred million people herded together on the side of evil. The guilt of these perverted millions was admitted by their open rejoicing at the sinking of the Lusitania; and the spiritual obloquy of their degeneration has been recorded for all time in certain savage but expressive works of art, such as the Lusitania Medal and that "Hymn of Hate" which won a decoration from the German emperor for Ernst Lissauer.

Meanwhile, on the side of justice, the people of the stricken and assaulted nations have been transfigured to a mood of the most exalted poetry. The manifest degeneration of the German people has been accompanied—as if in reassertion of the law of compensation—by a manifest ascension in the spirit of the French. That undefeated great nation which stood at bay along the Marne and rolled back the hordes of the Hun, as Charles Martel had once turned back at Tours the surging of the Saracen, achieved an unpredictable transfiguration

in the solemn hour of supreme endurance and irrevocable victory.

The present war, from the German point of view, has been successfully destructive of many of those monuments of the poetic spirit of the human race which had been regarded for a long time as eternal. The noblest aspirations of the medieval mind had been written visibly in stone, in the buildings of Belgium and northern France. These records have been shattered, systematically and exultantly, by the rampaging rage of the savage and as yet unpunished invader. Whenever the enemy has been annoyed by an indentation of his battle-line, he has flung an extra hundred shells against the helpless but inextinguishable wreck of Rheims.

The accomplished sins of the Prussians against the sense of truth and beauty held by civilized humanity would be destructive of a logical belief in any God, were it not for a compensating feeling that mankind may finally gain something, on the spiritual side, by reason of the vigorous revolt that has been stimulated against the paranoic state of mind developed by the Hun. Whenever men in general have been awakened to a righteous indignation, they have been certain, in the long run, to express their meaning through some medium of art. The shattering of Rheims itself is partly compensated by the composition of a sonnet by Edmond Rostand—"La Cathédrale"—which will be learned by heart a thousand years from now by little children, because of its supreme expression of the mood of One who, hanged and dying, was divine enough to say:

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

If all mankind has not been damned—if we hold fast, and carry on, and win this war—the devastation that our noblest works of art have suffered from the onslaught of primeval savagery may finally be overbalanced by some new expression of the sheer creative impulse, from France itself, or from some other country that is fighting heroically on the side of France. "Remember the Lusitania!" has become too savage a slogan for those of us who believe in any kind of God, and who love mankind; but

"Remember Rheims!" is a cry to rally the inarticulate millions of mankind, who know—without consideration—that the forces of construction are nobler than the forces of destruction.

#### THE PROMPT RESPONSE OF LITERATURE

Such a spirit, harmonizing the contrasted tones of indignation and of exaltation, is

Our poets responded immediately to the unexpected crisis. The British Rupert Brooke and the American Alan Seeger went singing to their deaths with nobler numbers on their lips than they had ever dreamed of in the years of their apprenticeship. Our novelists—like H. G. Wells—quickly rose to the occasion, and painted, like Raphael of old, their pictures of our new Transfig-



"THE TRICK OBSERVATION POST"—A SKETCH BY GUÉRITOT, ONE OF THE FRENCH OFFICIAL ARTISTS, SHOWING A WELL-CONCEALED SENTRY WITH A DUMMY FIGURE BESIDE HIM EXPOSED TO THE ENEMY'S FIRE

*Published by courtesy of the International Studio*

expressed in all the art that has been evoked thus far from the nations fighting in defense of righteousness. This expression came very quickly in literature, and only a little later in the drama; but, for reasons that are easy to define, it has been delayed in painting and in sculpture.

uration. The drama caught the meaning of the war; and Bernstein, in Paris, with his "L'Élévation," and Barrie, in London and New York, with his exquisite and tender one-act plays, "saw eternity in an hour"—to quote a phrase of William Blake's—and turned the sorrow of the assaulted nations



"SPRING IN FLANDERS"—AN ETCHING BY JAMES McBEY, ONE OF THE OFFICIAL ARTISTS WITH THE BRITISH FORCES, EXPRESSIVE OF THE DESOLATION WROUGHT BY WAR

*Published by courtesy of the Knoedler Galleries, New York*

into beauty by a waving of the magic wand of art.

Thus far, no great expression, on the positive side, has come from the painters and the sculptors who stood already in the foremost rank in the years before the war. Even the great Rodin went silently to death without commemorating in eternal marble the emotions evoked by the victory at the Marne. Our few painters of sufficient rank to be deserving of the privilege of tying—so to speak—the shoe-strings of Auguste

Rodin have also been paralyzed into momentary inactivity by the great events that are shaking the world like some supernal earthquake.

The allied arts of painting and of sculpture are taken at a disadvantage when a call comes for the commemoration of immediate events. Because of the conditions of their craft, the painter and the sculptor seek always, in studying an object, for indications of eternity instead of marks of timeliness. Their tendency of mind is to eschew



"THE BEACHING OF THE SUSSEX"—ANOTHER ETCHING BY McBEY, RECALLING THE ATTACK ON THE CHANNEL FERRY-BOAT AND THE MURDER OF ENRIQUE GRANADOS AND OTHER PASSENGERS

*Published by courtesy of the Knoedler Galleries, New York*

all contemplation of the mere ephemeral, and to record their observation only of what is now, and always has been, and evermore shall be.

In consequence of this condition, the best art inspired by the present war has been evoked from minor men who, before the sudden crashing of the cataclysm, had been classed as "illustrators."

ciated, surely, even by those reasonable critics who expect a greater result from the present incentive in the years to come. Consider, for example, that tragic painting, "The Isle of Peace," by J. Paul Verrees.

Before the war, M. Verrees was a very young but exceptionally promising artist in one of the most civilized and most peaceful states of Europe. In the early days of



"THE MADONNA OF ALBERT"—ANOTHER ETCHING BY McBEV, SHOWING THE RUINED CHURCH OF ALBERT, WITH THE MADONNA THAT ONCE CROWNED ITS SPIRE HANGING OVER IN RUIN

*Published by courtesy of the Knoedler Galleries, New York*

The relation of the timely art of illustration to the permanent art of painting is similar to the relation between journalism and literature. The current fighting of this conflict—month by month and year by year—offers a richer mine of material for the journalist than for the man of letters; and, similarly, it affords a more promising series of subjects for the illustrator than it offers to the painter or the sculptor. The mood of those who do their work in studios is the leisurely and undisrupted mood of contemplation. This is very different from the quick and eager mood of observation which informs the work of journalistic artists, who are willing to dash up to the front in order to record impressions quickly under fire.

Yet the impulse toward immediate expression recorded in the pictures which accompany the present article must be appre-

August, 1914, he answered the call to the colors of the University Company of the Fifth Infantry Regiment of the Second Belgian Army Division. He was one of the defenders of Antwerp, and participated in the heart-breaking retreat to Ostend, which was finally halted behind the flooded Yser. He served in the muddy trenches for many tedious months. Ultimately, at a moment of attack, his left arm was shattered by a rifle-bullet.

After several weeks of recuperation in an English hospital, M. Verrees was discharged from the Belgian army with honorable mention for his service. He sailed immediately to this country, and has subsequently earned his living honestly by making things of beauty as a painter and an etcher. This picture of a Belgian sentry, finally at peace on an islet of the Yser, appeals to me par-



"BRINGING IN A BATCH OF PRISONERS"—A SKETCH BY GEORGES VICTOR HUGO, GRANDSON OF THE FAMOUS POET AND NOVELIST, MADE IN MAY, 1916, IN A VILLAGE NEAR THE FRONT

*Published by courtesy of the International Studio*

ticularly because I have been privileged to meet the gallant artist who transcribed it from his own experience of these times of terror.

#### WALTER HALE, LOVER OF FRANCE

Lovely also are the two drawings, reproduced herewith, which were made a year or two ago, by the well-beloved Walter Hale. This American artist—who died, after a long and lingering illness, toward the end of 1917—has left so many friends to celebrate his dauntless spirit that I feel a sense of modesty in numbering myself among the number. Walter Hale was a man; and any of the thousand men who knew and loved him will defend this assertion at any hour of the day or night. He did so many things so beautifully and so happily that he made the rest of us ashamed of our faltering and fumbling efforts to make the world a little more beautiful.

That is the kind of fellow that Walter was. He loved the world, and died before his time.

In the years before the war, Walter Hale had motored over every *arrondissement* of France, and had loved it and drawn pictures of it for publication in America. When the war broke, although already threatened with his fatal illness, he desired dearly to take another look at the second home and foster-mother of his soul. A chance was given him to go up to the front, together with two correspondents—the American novelist, Mr. Owen Johnson, and the British novelist, Mr. Arnold Bennett. In company with these distinguished writers, Mr. Hale was taken to Arras, to Rheims, and to Verdun itself, where he was entertained by General Pétain. In every spare moment of this journey he drew pictures for posterity—standing, as he knew, under sentence of impending death.

The theme of the illustrative art of Walter Hale is the dissidence between the France that he knew and loved before the war and the France that has been shattered by the German onslaught. This dissidence is well expressed in his drawing of the still-

undaunted towers of Verdun. But this artist's vision of an apotheosis of Rheims Cathedral, rising like a lovely dream above a foreground which records with faithfulness the facts of utter desolation, is a thing that seems to me so touching in its tragic beauty that I find myself incapable of translating my impression into words.

#### BRITISH AND FRENCH OFFICIAL ARTISTS

Both the British and the French, during the course of the war, have appointed "official artists" to record the doings of their armies on the western front. This procedure may be explained by a brief account of the experience of Charles Hoffbauer, an American painter whose ancestry was French.

On the 1st of August, 1914, Mr. Hoffbauer was dutifully executing a design for the decoration of a court-room somewhere in

Virginia. On the 2d of August he climbed down from his scaffold and laid aside his brush. He sailed to France on the first available ship, and soon found himself at the front as a private in the army.

For half a year Mr. Hoffbauer dug ditches and stood knee-deep in mud, until a time came when the French, having pinned down their assailants at the Aisne, had leisure to ask the names of the hosts of men who were fighting with their forces. When his identity was disclosed by this investigation, he was ordered back from the trenches, received a commission, and was appointed to record officially, for the benefit of future ages, the fluent facts of the current campaign in northern France.

Much of the work that is being done by the French official artists is necessarily journalistic. J. F. Boucher, for instance, has often made his pictures in the hottest



"THE FLIGHT FROM BELGIUM"—A STRIKING WORK BY W. LEE HANKEY, A BRITISH ETCHER, SUCCESSFULLY COMBINING A POIGNANT REALISM WITH AN IMPRESSIVE SYMBOLISM

*Published by courtesy of S. Schwartz, Sons & Co., New York*



"AMERICA'S GENEROSITY AND BELGIUM'S GRATITUDE" — A MEDAL DESIGNED BY C. DEVREESE COMMEMORATING THE WORK OF THE AMERICAN COMMISSION FOR RELIEF IN BELGIUM

*Published by courtesy of Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson*



of the fighting. Their main interest arises from the summary recording of quick impressions; and the same verdict may be passed on the work of the painter Farre, who is assigned to the department of aviation. But even under these conditions, which are admittedly disadvantageous, art of permanent importance has been produced by men like Guérillot and Georges Victor Hugo—the latter a grandson of the famous poet and novelist.

Accredited in a similar way for service with the British expeditionary forces is James McBey. Mr. McBey is a Scotsman, born in Aberdeenshire in 1883. Before the war his time was divided between the rather incongruous activities of a banker's clerk and a creative painter and etcher. Since the receipt of his appointment as an official artist at the front, he has justified himself by making works of art that deserve to be remembered.

His abiding theme, like that of Walter Hale, is the pathetic difference between the facts of the present and the facts of the recent and memorable past. When Mr. McBey etches the ruins of Albert, he reminds us of all that Albert used to look like, in the days when it was unassailed. When he depicts the beaching of the shattered Sussex, he reminds us of the murder of Enrique Granados. When he publishes an etching entitled "Spring in Flanders," he offers an eloquent picture of utter desolation in a desert that was once a wood, alive with little leaves and the lyric notes of innumerable birds.

Another British etcher, W. Lee Hankey, has made several impressive pictures of the

war, the best of which, "The Flight from Belgium," is reproduced herewith. From many points of view, this etching is a memorable work of art. The monumental grouping of great and simple figures against a background of immeasurable sky, the funereal procession of fugitives along a lonely road, and the far-away look in the face of the Madonna, who has paused for a moment in the course of this new flight into Egypt, are combined in a composition that is irresistibly appealing.

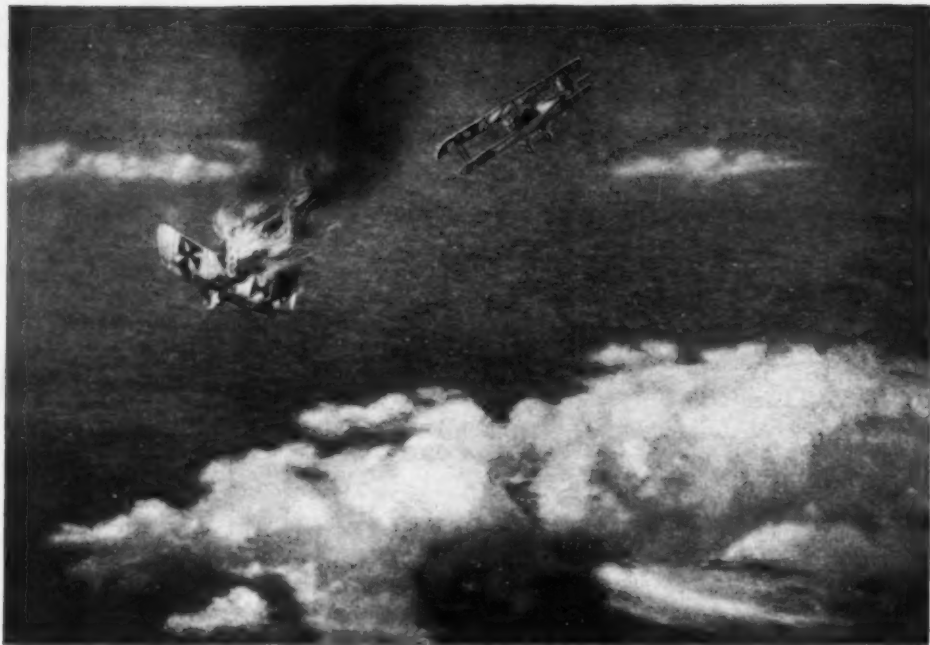
The spirit of the stricken Belgians is admirably indicated by the beautiful gold medal designed by C. Devreese to commemorate the charitable work of the American Commission for Relief in Belgium. This fine composition, of which both obverse and reverse are shown on this page, will inevitably go down to future ages side by side with the hideous and savage medal struck in iron by the Germans to celebrate the sinking of the *Lusitania*.

It is only in respect to such minor works as this Belgian medallion that the war has been stimulative to the art of sculpture—an art removed more widely than the art of painting from the journalistic task of recording current events. The symbolic method most appropriate in sculpture has expressed itself only in a few instances, such as Mastroianni's fine relief depicting Joan of Arc receiving the heavenly incentive of her mission, shown on the opposite page.

The eminent American sculptor, Frederick MacMonnies, is now at work on a heroic figure, entitled "Vive la France!" which is destined, after the war, to be erected on the battle-field of the Marne, as



"JOAN OF ARC, SAVIOR OF FRANCE, RECEIVING HER COMMISSION FROM THE HEAVENLY POWERS"  
—AN ARTISTIC AND SPIRITED RELIEF BY D. MASTROIANNI



"A DUEL ABOVE THE CLOUDS"—A PAINTING BY FARRE, ONE OF THE FRENCH OFFICIAL ARTISTS, SHOWING A GERMAN AEROPLANE FALLING IN FLAMES AFTER A FIGHT WITH A FRENCH AVION

a tribute from the citizens of this country to the sister republic overseas. The preliminary sketch for this winged figure, typifying France rising victorious against agonizing odds, gives promise of an ultimate achievement that shall be worthy of the great occasion.

Thus far, the art inspired by the present war has amounted to little more than a sketch-book containing journalistic illustrations executed in some quick and easy medium of black-and-white. But bigger and better times are coming, in consequence of this historic conflict between right and wrong. Unless the world is to be overwhelmed and sent back to a prehistoric state of savagery, the indignation and exaltation that have been inspired in the souls

of civilized mankind will ultimately surge to articulate expression through the media of all the arts.

A new creative impulse will be launched to fructify the stricken world. The human race will not be willing, in the long run, to accept the loss of a thousand noble monuments—like the unforgettable Cloth Hall of Ypres—without making a most strenuous effort to rebalance the account. Action and reaction are opposite and equal; and whatever the wild beast, in his rage, may succeed in tearing down shall certainly be builded up again.

"Out of our sorrow," Stephen Phillips said, "have we made this world so beautiful"; and, despite the Hohenzollern jackal, we shall make it beautiful again.

#### THE KEY

THE man who works with loving heart  
Has found the secret key  
That opens all the doors of joy  
Unto eternity.

*Grace G. Bostwick*

# The Enlarging Vision of the American Democracy

HOW THE GREAT AWAKENING OF WAR ENDED A PERIOD OF CARELESS SELF-CONFIDENCE AND AROUSED THE BEST SPIRIT OF OUR NATION

By Frederick M. Davenport

Professor of Law and Politics in Hamilton College

NOT long ago I looked up an Independence Day address I once made, while still a callow youth. How bumptious and care-free it was! Our country? Safe from all danger and war's alarms, between two vast barriers of sea! Limitless resources, and for every boy and girl a chance to reach the topmost round of the ladder of prosperity and power! A simple, vigorous, peaceful people without entangling alliances, who had turned from their ordinary occupations to whip George III, and who could do it again to his successor or any other potentate who wished to put the issue to the test. Simple, safe, secure, self-satisfied America!

There had been one vast and rude awakening to peril—the Civil War about union and freedom and property right in slaves. The might of men who loved human liberty and human right better than they loved property or life had prevailed, and liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable, had been established across the continent from ocean to ocean.

And then for forty years in America we plunged into competition with one another, to exploit the enormous resources of this broad continent. Never in the world such an exhibition of practical power applied to the production of goods and the creation of wealth!

For forty years we did nothing else so well. In the efficiency of our governmental administration we fell far behind Germany

and some other countries of the world. Our cities passed through a period of degradation and ruling incompetence from which many of them have not yet fully rallied. The political institutions of American society came to be widely used, not for the welfare of the people, but for the well-being of some intriguing influence which sought personal or corporate profit through political control. Under an unperfected educational system, two-thirds of our boys and girls passed out into the practical, workaday world at fourteen years of age, to an alarming degree unfitted for livelihood and free citizenship.

## A TIME WHEN THE VISION PERISHED

We developed great individual financiers and judges, but in cooperating to govern and defend and organize the growing millions of our people we did not show ourselves extraordinarily strong or wise. We spent gigantic sums for coast-defense and manned the defenses, in some instances, with caretakers instead of expert engineers.

We allowed the military arm to wither. In an age when our individualists could invent the submarine, which was growing into an instrument of increasing portent and destruction, we did not plan how in time of emergency we could so much as get glass for periscopes. All the good glass was made in Germany.

We got our nitrates for explosives from Chile, without a thought as to what we

might do if the supply were cut off by war. We had the greatest individual railway experts in the world, and the largest number of railway accidents in proportion to population. We had the finest fire-fighters on the planet, and burned up more millions of wealth than any other people. Waste, extravagance, lack of economic and social foresight, came to be more characteristic of America than of any other great nation in the world.

Politically, we acted as if we were living in a great apartment-house, and we let the janitor attend to all irksome and practical duties. We had a Monroe Doctrine which impelled us for our own safety to be responsible for the conduct of a great part of Central America, and to wave off interfering control from Europe. And for a long period we got away with the dangers incident to our want of national preparation to back up such a policy—in the case of England, with the aid of the hearty native bluff of President Cleveland, and in the case of the other European powers with the help of the potential friendship of the British fleet. England happened to be in a position to prefer that the United States should control the destiny of Central America rather than to entrust the job to any Continental power.

And so we drifted on toward the great awakening, under a more or less unconscious feeling of certainty that the Lord would always continue to protect fools and the United States.

#### THE GREAT AWAKENING OF WAR

And then the great awakening came. By far the most devastating and extraordinary war in the history of the world aroused America from her lethargy, and stirred her to self-scrutiny and reflection. She found herself seemingly rich and flabby, physically and financially a natural prey to any better organized and more vigorous nation which might wish to come and separate her from her possessions and her pride of eminence and independence.

The war found America an imperfect unity. It found her with capital and labor frequently facing each other in internecine strife. It found her coasts and her policies

imperfectly defended. It found her a thoughtless, care-free, and politically indolent democracy, without a deep sense of responsibility to her own people, or to the struggling interests and needs of human brotherhood in the world outside.

But slowly the great spirit of unity, the moral enthusiasm, the practical national power, and the earlier vision of America are returning. Among the quiet wonders of our entrance into the war is the sudden hushing of discordant voices, the slipping away of hundreds of thousands of young men into the active service of the army and of the navy, the acceptance with a protest so slight as to be negligible of the conscription of ten millions to fight, if they shall be needed, in the grim trenches of Europe. There is no bitterness, no overwrought emotion, no hate, no brutality, no pride of conquest. In a remarkably brief time a lane three thousand miles long is made safe for transports, for munitions, for provisions, and an American army is in France. It is the returning vision, the ancient practical idealism of America.

God, Who gavest men eyes to see a dream;  
 God, Who gavest men hearts to follow the gleam;  
 God, Who gavest men stars to find heaven by;  
 God, Who madest men glad at need to die;  
 Lord, from the hills again we hear Thy drum!  
     God, Who lovest free men,  
     Lead on—we come!

It is the ancient American vision of freedom for all who are oppressed. It was in the souls of the men and women of the Mayflower who desired a country without king or noble, without prince or pauper, a democratic commonwealth in which, in the simple phrase of the Great Compact, they were straitly tied to all care of each other's good, and of the whole by every one.

It was in the souls of the men of the Revolution, who fought the first of the great modern wars for democracy—an example immediately followed by France, and now by most of the civilized world. It was the same vision in the soul of the men of 1861, who poured to the front, moved by an unquenchable and instinctive love for national unity and for a great commonwealth of liberty and happiness for black men as well as white men.

It is a vision of national sovereignty exercised for the welfare of other nations as well as our own. There is no ruthlessness, no arrogance, no cruelty, no provincialism about the sovereignty of America. We hold ourselves to be the trustees of freedom and hope, not only for ourselves, but for mankind. The children of the Philippines and of Cuba are our children. We could no more exploit them or ravage them or treat them ill than if they were flesh and blood of America. We hold the doctrine, and are willing to stake our all upon it, that from henceforth no nation can live unto itself alone; that if men have the true spirit of freedom and democracy, they have it for all mankind as well as themselves.

It is the vision of efficiency and of the material improvement of human life, not imposed from above, but worked into the warp and woof of the people, as all great qualities are, in the agony of their own struggles, in the midst of their own mistakes and shortcomings. Thus there appears in the soul of a people not a coercion of intellect and will and conscience, but the development of the priceless qualities of cooperation and justice and morality and liberty. Thus have freedom and every other great quality come into the world, and there is no other way.

It is the true vision of democracy that that form of society is best in which the great

mass of the adult population has a direct or indirect share in government, in industry, in education, in every field of power, profit, and progress—the stumbling, slow development of the mass of mankind by its own growth in self-government, self-control, will, conscience, character.

It is the vision of America that it is only democracy which can usher in the time when war shall be no more. The mass of the people do not wish war. Powerful dynasties and overweening policies of expansion and conquest make war. The mass of the people in every land are for peace and freedom and happiness, for themselves and their children.

The vision of America sees the end of war, and the impending sacrifice of America in this great struggle is to be made to bring to an early fulfilment that marvelous prophecy of Tennyson in the first half of the nineteenth century:

For I dipped into the future, far as human eye  
could see—

Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder  
that would be.

Heard the heavens filled with shouting, and there  
rained a ghastly dew

From the nations' airy navies grappling in the  
central blue.

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the  
battle-flags were furled

In the parliament of man, the federation of the  
world.

#### SPRING IN THE SOUTH

WHEN the clutch of winter's hand uncloses,  
Revealing spring over land and sea,  
Behold the blush of the budding roses,  
And hear the minstrels in bush and tree!  
From tangled cane-brakes and forest reaches,  
From topmost peaks of the mountain chain,  
To the wind-kissed sands of the ocean beaches,  
The gray-bearded earth is young again.

The birds and the poets are gaily singing  
Their valiant lyrics of faith and love,  
New hope to the souls of the hopeless bringing,  
Like the blue of the cloudless sky above.  
The heart of a man, like a girl, rejoices,  
Forgetful of sorrow and ancient wrong,  
Uplifted and lulled by tuneful voices,  
As shackles fall from the wings of song.

*William H. Hayne*

# THE STORY OF The Sun.

A NEWSPAPER IS THE MOST NEARLY HUMAN OF ALL INANIMATE THINGS—  
"THE STORY OF THE SUN" IS A ROMANCE FASCINATING,  
ILLUMINATING, DELIGHTFUL

By Frank M. O'Brien

**EDITORIAL NOTE**—This is the eleventh of a series of articles narrating the history of the famous New York paper, and giving a vital, intimate view of metropolitan life and journalism during more than eighty eventful years. The first article, printed in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* for May, 1917, told of the founding of the paper by Benjamin H. Day, in September, 1833, and of its rapid rise to success. The second (June), gave a full account of the memorable moon hoax, which made the *Sun* famous all over the world. The third, fourth, and fifth (July, August, and September) continued the paper's record under its later proprietors, down to the time of its sale, in 1868, to a company whose guiding spirit was the great Charles A. Dana. The next five articles (October, 1917, to February, 1918), told of Mr. Dana's career, personality, and journalistic methods, and of the remarkable group of able men—some of them still with the *Sun*—who under his leadership made it the best newspaper in America.

**F**OR forty-seven years the city or news room of the *Sun* was on the third floor of the brick building at the south corner of Nassau and Frankfort Streets, a five-story house built for Tammany Hall in 1811, when that organization found its quarters in Martling's Tavern—a few doors south, on part of the site of the present Tribune Building—too small for its robust membership.

In the days of Grand Sachems William Mooney, Matthew L. Davis, Lorenzo B. Shepard, Elijah F. Purdy, Isaac V. Fowler, Nelson J. Waterbury, and William D. Kennedy, and the big and little bosses, including Tweed, this third-floor room had been used as a general meeting-hall. It was here, in 1835, that the Locofoco—later the Equal Rights—party was born after a conflict in which the regular Tam-

many men, finding themselves in the minority, turned off the gas and left the reformers to meet by the light of locofoco matches. It was a room from which many a Democrat was hurled because he preferred De Witt Clinton to Tammany's favorite, Martin Van Buren. Two flights of long, straight stairs led to the ground floor. They were hard to go up; they must have been extremely painful to go down bouncing.

It was a long, wide, barnlike room, lighted by five windows that looked upon Park Row and the City Hall. The stout old timbers were bare in the ceiling and in them were embedded various hooks and ring-bolts to which, once upon a time, was attached gymnasium apparatus used by a *turn verein*, which hired the room when the Tammanyites did not need it.

It was not a beautiful room. Mr. Dana never did anything to improve it except in a utilitarian way, and from the time when he bought the building from the Tammany Society, in 1867, until it was torn down in 1915, the old place looked very much the same. Of course, new gas-jets were added, these to be followed by electric-light wires, until the upper air had a junglelike appearance, and there were rude, inexpensive desks and telephone-booths.

The floor was efficient, for it was covered with rubber matting that deadened alike the quick footstep of Dana and the thundering stride of pugilistic champions who came in to see the sporting editor. But the city room's only ornaments were men and their genius. Here wrote Ralph and Chamberlin, Spears and Irwin, and all the rest of the fine reporters of the old building's years.

Near the windows of this shabby room were the desks of the men who planned news-hunts, chose the hunters, and mounted their trophies. Six desks handled all the news-matter in the old city room of the *Sun*. The managing editor sat at a roll-top in the northwest corner, near a door that led to Mr. Dana's room. A little distance to the east was the night editor's desk. At the large flat-top desk near the managing editor three men sat—the cable editor, who handled all foreign news; the "Albany man," who edited articles from the State and national capitals and all of New York State; and the telegraph editor, who took care of all other wire matter.

In the southwest corner of the room was a double desk at which the city editor sat from 10 A.M. until 5 P.M., when the night city editor came in. Next to the city editor's desk was the roll-top of the assistant city editor, also used by the assistant night city editor. Beyond that was the desk of the suburban or "Jersey" editor. Nearest the door, so that the noise of ten-thousand-dollar challenges to twenty-round combat would not disturb the whole room, was the desk of the sporting editor.

#### THE HEADS OF THE NEWS DEPARTMENTS

In the fifty years that have passed since Dana bought the *Sun*, the changes

in the heads of the news departments have been comparatively few. True, the news office has not been as fortunate as the editorial rooms, where only three men, Charles A. Dana, Paul Dana, and Edward P. Mitchell, have been actual editors-in-chief; but the list of managing editors, city editors, and night city editors is not long. Before the day of Chester S. Lord, the managing editors were, in order: Isaac W. England, Amos J. Cummings, William Young, and Ballard Smith. Since Lord's retirement the managing editors have been James Luby, William A. Harris, and Keats Speed.

The city editors have been Larry Kane, William Young, John B. Bogart (1873-1890), Daniel F. Kellogg (1890-1902), George B. Mallon (1902-1914), and Kenneth Lord, the present city editor, a son of Chester S. Lord.

The night city editors before the long reign of Selah Merrill Clarke—of whom more will be said presently—were Henry W. Odion, Elijah M. Rewey, and Ambrose W. Lyman, all of whom had previously been *Sun* reporters, and all of whom remained with the *Sun*, in various capacities, for many years. Rewey was the exchange editor from 1887 to 1903, and was variously employed at other important desk posts until his death in 1916. Since Mr. Clarke's retirement, in 1912, the night city editors have been Joseph W. Bishop, J. W. Phoebus, Eugene Doane, Marion G. Scheitlin, and M. A. Rose.

The night editors of the *Sun*, whose function it is to make up the paper and to "sit in" when the managing editors are absent, have been Dr. John B. Wood, the "great American condenser"; Garret P. Serviss, now with the *Evening Journal*; Carr V. Van Anda (1893-1904), now managing editor of the *New York Times*; George M. Smith (1904-1912), the present managing editor of the *Evening Sun*; and Joseph W. Bishop.

In the eighties, the nineties, and the first decade of the present century the front corners of the city room were occupied, six nights a week, by two men closely identified with the *Sun's* progress in getting and preparing news. These, Chester S. Lord

and S. M. Clarke, were looked up to by *Sun* men, and by Park Row generally, as integral parts of the *Sun*.

Lord, through his city editors, reporters, and correspondents, got the news. If it was metropolitan news—and until the latter days of July, 1914, New York was the news-center of the world, so far as American papers were concerned—Clarke helped to get it and then to present it after the unapproachably artistic manner of the *Sun*. In the years of Lord and Clarke more than a billion copies of the *Sun* went out containing news stories written by men whom Lord had hired and whose work had passed beneath the hand of Clarke.

#### A FAMOUS MANAGING EDITOR

Chester Sanders Lord, who was managing editor of the *Sun* from 1880 until 1913, was born in Romulus, New York, in 1850, the son of the Rev. Edward Lord, a Presbyterian clergyman who was chaplain of the One Hundred and Tenth Regiment of New York Volunteer Infantry in the Civil War. Chester Lord studied at Hamilton College in 1869 and 1870, and went from college to be associate editor of the *Oswego Advertiser*. In 1872 he came to the *Sun* as a reporter, and covered part of Horace Greeley's campaign for the Presidency in that year. After nine months as a reporter he was assigned by the managing editor, Cummings, to the suburban-news desk, where he remained for four years.

In the fall of 1877 he bought the *Syracuse Standard*, but in six weeks he returned to the *Sun* and became assistant night city editor under Ambrose W. Lyman, the predecessor of S. M. Clarke. Ballard Smith, who succeeded William Young as managing editor in 1878, named Lord as his assistant, and Lord succeeded Ballard Smith as managing editor on December 3, 1880.

For thirty-three years Lord inspected applicants for places in the news departments of the *Sun*, and decided whether they would fit into the human structure that Dana had built. Edward G. Riggs, who knew him as well as any one, has written thus of him:

Like Dana, he has been a great judge of men. His discernment has been little short of miraculous. Calm, dispassionate, without the slightest atom of impulse, as wise as a serpent and as gentle as a dove, Lord got about him a staff that has been regarded by newspapermen as the most brilliant in the country. Independent of thought, with a placid idea of the dignity of his place, ever ready to concede the other fellow's point of view even though maintaining his own, Lord was never known in all the years of his managing editorship of the *Sun* to utter an unkind word to any man on the paper, no matter how humble his station.

One of Lord's notable performances as managing editor was the perfecting of the *Sun's* system of collecting election returns. Before 1880 the correspondents had sent in the election figures in a conscientious but rather inefficient manner—by towns, or cities. Lord picked out a reliable correspondent in each county of New York State and gave to the chosen man the responsibility of sending to the *Sun*, at nine o'clock on election night, an estimate of the result in his particular county. This was to be followed at eleven o'clock, if necessary, with the corrected figures.

"Don't tell us how your city, or township, or village went," he said to the correspondents. "Let us have your best estimate on the county. Don't spare the telephone or the telegraph, either to collect the returns or to get them into the *Sun* office."

The telephone was just coming into general use for the transmission of news, and Lord saw its possibilities on an election night.

As a result of the new system, improved from year to year, the *Sun* became what it is—the election-night authority on what has happened. So confident was the *Sun* of its figures on the night of the Presidential election of 1884 that it alone of all the New York papers, declared the next morning that Mr. Cleveland had defeated Mr. Blaine, although the *Sun* had been one of the most strenuous opponents of the Democratic candidate. Blaine, who had wired to the *Sun* for its estimates, got the first news of his defeat from Lord. Eight years later, when Mr. Cleveland defeated President Harrison, the winner's political chief of staff, Daniel S. Lamont, received the first tidings of the great and unexpected

victory from the managing editor of the *Sun*.

In the late eighties the *Sun* was supplementing its Associated Press news service with a valuable corps of special correspondents scattered all over America and Europe. The news received from these *Sun* men led to the establishment, by William M. Laffan, then publisher of the *Sun*, of a *Sun* news agency which was called the Laffan Bureau. This service, originated for the purpose of covering special events in the live way of the *Sun*, was suddenly called upon to cover the whole news field of the world in a more comprehensive way.

Lord's part in this work, when Dana decided to break with the Associated Press, has been graphically described by Mr. Riggs:

"Chester," said Mr. Dana one afternoon early in the nineties, leaning over Lord's desk, "I have just torn up my Associated Press franchise. We've got to have the news of the world to-morrow morning, and we've got to get it ourselves."

"Don't let that fret you, Mr. Dana," replied Lord. "You've got a Dante class on hand to-night. You just go home and enjoy yourself. I'll have the news for you all right."

Dana always said that he didn't enjoy his Dante class a single bit that night; but he didn't go near the *Sun* office, neither did he communicate with the office. He banked on Lord, and the next morning and ever afterward Lord made good on the independent service. He built up the Laffan Bureau, which more recently has become the *Sun* News Service, and the special correspondents of the paper in all parts of the world see to it that the *Sun* gets the news.

A task like that which Dana thrust on Lord might have paralyzed the average managing editor of a great metropolitan newspaper confronted by keen and powerful competitors. It was unheard of in journalism. It had never been attempted before. Lord, with calm courage and confidence, sent off thousands of telegrams and cable despatches that night. Many were shots in the air, but the majority were bull's-eyes, as the next morning's issue of the *Sun* proved.

Was Dana delighted? If you had seen him hop, skip, and jump into the office that morning, you'd have received your answer. When Lord turned up at his desk in the afternoon, Dana rushed out from his chief editor's office, grasped him about the shoulders, and chuckled:

"Chester, you're a brick, you're a trump. You're the John L. Sullivan of newspaperdom!"

The Laffan Bureau, which assimilated the old United Press, became a news syn-

dicate the service of which was sought by dozens of American papers whose editors admired the *Sun's* manner of handling news. The Laffan Bureau lasted until 1916, when the *Sun*, through its purchase by Frank A. Munsey, absorbed Mr. Munsey's New York *Press*, which had an Associated Press franchise.

Among Mr. Lord's fortunate traits as managing editor were his ability to choose good correspondents all over the world and his entire confidence in them after they were selected. No matter what other correspondents wrote, the *Sun* stood by its own men. They were on the spot; they should know the truth as well as any one else could.

"IF YOU SEE IT IN THE SUN, IT'S SO"

Months before Aguinaldo's insurrection the *Sun* man at Manila, Percy McDonald, kept insisting that the Filipino chieftain would revolt. The other New York newspapers laughed at the *Sun* for seeing ghosts, but McDonald was right.

Newspaper readers will remember that in 1904 the fall of Port Arthur was announced three or four times in about as many months, and each time the *Sun* appeared to be beaten on the news until the next day, when it was discovered that the Russians were still holding out. All the *Sun* did about the matter was to notify its Tokyo correspondent, John T. Swift, that when Port Arthur really fell it would expect to hear from him by cable at "double urgent" rates. At midnight of January 1, 1905, four months after these instructions were given to Swift, the *Sun* got a "double urgent" message:

Port Arthur fallen—SWIFT.

No other paper in New York had the news. The *Sun* rubbed it in editorially on January 3:

Deeply conscious as we are of the deplorable lack of modern enterprise which has hitherto deprived the *Sun* of the distinction of repeatedly announcing the fall of Port Arthur, we have to content ourselves with the reflection that when finally the *Sun* did print the fall of Port Arthur, it was so.

Soon after the election of Woodrow Wil-

son, in 1912, the head of the *Sun* bureau in Washington, the late Elting A. Fowler, made the prediction that William Jennings Bryan would be named as Secretary of State. Nearly every other metropolitan newspaper either ignored the story, or ridiculed it as absurd and impossible. The *Sun* never made inquiry of Fowler as to the source of his information. He had been a *Sun* man for ten years, and that was enough. Fowler repeated and reiterated that Bryan would be the head of the new Cabinet, and sure enough, he was.

The *Sun* correspondent in a city five hundred miles from New York was covering a great murder mystery. Every other New York newspaper of importance had sent from two to five men to handle the story; the *Sun* sent none. The correspondent saw that the New York men were getting sheaves of telegrams from their newspapers, directing them in detail how to tell the story, and at what length; so he sent a message to the *Sun* advising it of the large numbers of New York reporters engaged on the mystery, and of the amount of matter they were preparing to send. Had the *Sun* any instructions for him? Yes, it had. The reply came swiftly:

Use your own judgment—CHESTER S. LORD.

That was the *Sun* way, and the *Sun* printed the correspondent's stories, whether they were one column long, or six. The *Sun* could not see how an editor in New York could know more about a distant murder than a correspondent on the spot.

#### HOW DANA AND LORD HANDLED THEIR MEN

It was the *Sun's* way, once a man was taken on, to keep him as long as it could. One day Mr. Lord sent for Samuel Hopkins Adams, then a reporter, and asked him whether he would like to go away fishing.

"A Sunday story?" inquired Adams.

"No, not exactly," said Mr. Lord. "A vacation, rather. You've been fired. Go away, but come back, say, next Tuesday, and go to work, and it'll be all right. Don't worry!"

Adams learned that a suit for libel had been brought against the paper by an individual who had been made an unpleasant

figure in a police story which Adams had written.

A few days after Adams returned to his duties Mr. Dana came out of his room and asked the city editor, Mr. Kellogg, the name of the reporter who had written an article to which he pointed. Kellogg told Dana that Adams was the author, and Dana strode across the room and bestowed upon the reporter one of his brief and much prized commentaries of approval. Then he looked at Adams more closely, and, with raised eyebrows, walked to the managing editor's desk.

"Who is that young man?" he asked Mr. Lord, indicating Adams with a movement of the head.

Mr. Lord murmured something.

"Didn't I order him discharged a few days ago?" said Mr. Dana.

Another but more prolonged murmur from Mr. Lord. Adams got up from his desk to efface himself, but as he left the room he caught the voice of Mr. Dana, a trifle higher and a bit plaintive:

"Why is it, Mr. Lord, that I never succeed in discharging any of your bright young men?"

Adams did not wait for the answer.

This story, while typical of Lord, is not typical of Dana. For every word of censure he had a hundred words of praise. He read the paper—every line of it—for virtues to be commended rather than for faults to be condemned.

"Who wrote the two sticks about the lame girl? A good touch; that's the *Sun* idea!"

If a new man had written something he liked—even a ten-line paragraph—the editor of the *Sun* would cross the room to shake the man's hand and say:

"Good work!"

The spirit he radiated was contagious. The men, encouraged by Dana, spread faith to one another. The "*Sun* spirit"—the envious of other newspapers were wont to refer to those who had it as "the *Sun's* Mutual Admiration Society"—did and does much to make the *Sun*. The men lived the socialism of art. If a new reporter received a difficult assignment, ten older men were ready to tell him, in a

kindly and not at all didactic way, how to find the short cut.

Perhaps some part of the democracy of the *Sun* office has come from the fact that men have rarely been taken in at the top. It was Dana's plan to catch young men with unformed ideas of journalism and make *Sun* men of them. They went on the paper as cubs at fifteen dollars a week—or even as office-boys—and worked their way to be “space men,” if they had it in their noddles.

All space men were free and equal in the Jeffersonian sense. Their pay was eight dollars a column. That one man made one hundred and fifty dollars in a week when his neighbor made only fifty was usually the result, not of the system, but of the difference between the men. Some were harder workers than others, or better fitted by experience for more important stories; and some were born money-makers. If a diligent reporter, through no fault of his own, was making small “bills,” the city editor would see to it that something profitable fell to him—perhaps a long and easily written Sunday article.

Through changed conditions in newspaper make-up and policies, the space system in the payment of reporters is now practically extinct. It had good points and bad ones. Undoubtedly it developed a large number of men to whom a salary would not have been attractive. Some, to whose style and activities the space system lent itself, remained in the profession longer than they would otherwise have stayed. On the other hand, it was not always fair to reporters with whom a condensed style was natural. The dynamics of a two-inch article, the very value of which lies in its brevity, cannot be measured with a space-rule.

#### THE SUN'S TRADITION OF FAIRNESS

The *Sun's* ideas of fairness do not end with itself and its men. It has always had a proper consideration for the feelings of the innocent bystander. It never harms the weak, or stoops to get news in a dishonorable or unbecoming way. It would be hard to devise a set of rules of newspaper ethics, but a few examples of things that the *Sun* doesn't do may illuminate.

Soon after one of the *Sun's* most brilliant reporters had come on the paper, he was sent to report the wedding of a noted sporting man and a famous stage beauty, the marriage ceremony being performed by a picturesque Tammany alderman. The reporter returned to the office with a lot of amusing detail, which he recited in brief to the night city editor.

“Just the facts of the marriage, please,” said Mr. Clarke. “The two most important events in the life of a woman are her marriage and her death. Neither should be treated flippantly.”

Another reporter wrote an amusing story about a fat policeman posted at the Battery, who chased a tramp through a pool of rain-water. The policeman fell into the water, and the tramp got away. No report of the occurrence was made at police headquarters, but a *Sun* man saw the incident and wrote it.

“It's an amusing story,” said Clarke to the reporter, “but they read the papers at police headquarters, and this policeman may be put on trial for not reporting the escape of the hobo. Suppose we drop this classic on the floor?”

A telegraph messenger-boy once wrote a letter to the police commissioner, telling him how to break up the cadets (panders) of the East Side. A *Sun* man found the lad and got an interesting interview with him.

“Leave my name out, won't you?” the messenger said to the reporter. “If you print it, I may lose my job.”

He was told that his name was known in the *Sun* office, but that the reporter would present his appeal.

“Did you find the messenger?” Clarke asked the reporter on his arrival.

The *Sun* man replied that he had found him, and that the interview was interesting and exclusive. Before he had an opportunity to repeat the boy's plea for anonymity, Clarke said:

“Is it going to hurt the boy if we print his name? If it is, leave it out, and refer to him by a fictitious number.”

Two reporters, one from the *Sun* and one from another big daily, went one night to interview a famous man on an important subject. The *Sun* man returned and wrote

a brief story containing none of the big news which it had been hoped he might get. The other newspaper came out with some startling revelations, gleaned from the same interview. Mr. Lord showed the rival paper's article to the *Sun* reporter, with a mild inquiry as to the reason for the *Sun's* failure to get the news.

"We both gave our word," said the reporter, "that we would keep back that piece of news for three days, even from our offices."

"Son," said Mr. Lord, "you are a great man!"

That was the Lord phrase of acquittal.

One of the big occurrences in the investigation of the life-insurance companies in 1905 was a report which was read to the investigating committee in executive session. Every newspaper yearned for the contents of the document. After the committee adjourned, a member of it whispered to a *Sun* reporter:

"There is a bundle of those reports just inside the door of the committee-room. I should think that five dollars given to a scrub-woman would probably get a copy for you."

The *Sun* man, knowing the value of the report, and not content to act on his own estimate of *Sun* ethics, telephoned the temptation to the city editor, Mr. Mallon.

"A *Sun* man who would do that would lose his job," was the instant decision.

A couple of days after Stephen Tyng Mather, recently First Assistant Secretary of the Interior, went on the *Sun* as a reporter, the city editor, Mr. Bogart, called him to his desk.

"Mr. Mather," said Bogart, "an admirer of the *Sun* has sent me a turkey. Of course, I cannot accept it. Please take it to his house in Harlem and explain why; but don't hurt his feelings."

Mather had just come from college, where he had never learned that the ethics of journalism might require a reporter to become a deliverer of poultry, but he took the turkey. It does not detract from the moral of the story to say that Mather and another young reporter, neither quite understanding the *Sun's* stern code, took the bird to the Fellowcraft Club and had it

roasted—a fact of which Mr. Bogart may have been unaware until now.

#### A VETERAN OF THE *SUN'S* NEWS ROOM

The best news-handler that journalism has seen, Selah Merrill Clarke, was night city editor of the *Sun* for thirty-one years. He came to the paper in 1881 from the *New York World*, where he had been employed as a reporter, and later as a desk man. In the early seventies he wrote for the *World* a story of a suicide, and one of the newspapers of that day said of it that neither Dickens nor Wilkie Collins, with all the time they could ask, could have surpassed it. His story of the milkman's ride down the valley of the Mill River, warning the inhabitants that the dam had broken at the Ashfield reservoir, near Northampton, Massachusetts (May 16, 1874), was another classic that attracted the attention of editors, including Dana.

Clarke never thought well of himself as a reporter, and often said that in that capacity he was a failure. As a judge of news values, or news presentation, or as a giver of the fine literary touch which lent to the *Sun's* news articles that indescribable tone not found in other papers, Clarke stood almost alone.

The city editor of a New York newspaper sows seeds; the night city editor re-seeds barren spots, waters wilting items, and cuts and bags the harvest. The city editor sends men out all day for news; the night city editor judges what they bring in, and decides what space it shall have. In the handling of a big story, on which five or fifteen reporters may be engaged, the night city editor has to put together as many different writings in such a way that the reader may go smoothly from beginning to end. Chance may decree that the poorest writer has brought in the biggest news, and the man on the desk must supply quality as well as judgment.

At such work Clarke was a master. It has been said of him that by the eliding stroke of his pencil and the insertion of perhaps a single word he could change the commonplace to literature. No reporter ever worked on the *Sun* but wished, at one time or another, to thank Clarke for saving

him from himself. Clarke had the faculty of seeing instantly the opportunity for improvement that the reporter might have seen an hour or a day later.

Clarke got about New York very little, but he knew the city from Arthur Kill to Pelham Bay; knew it just as a general at headquarters knows the terrain on which his troops are fighting, but which he himself has never seen. He had the map of New York in his brain. When an alarm of fire came in from an obscure corner, he knew what lumber-yards or oil-refineries were near the blaze, and whether that was a point where the water pressure was likely to fail.

Clarke's memory was uncanny; it seemed to have photographed every issue of the *Sun* for years. It was a saying that while Clarke stayed the *Sun* needed neither an index nor a "morgue"—that biographical cabinet in which newspapers keep records of men and affairs.

#### FEATS OF A MARVELOUS MEMORY

Twenty-five years after the Beecher-Tilton trial a three-line death-notice came to Clarke's desk. He read the dead man's name and summoned a reporter.

"This man was a juror in the Beecher case," said Clarke. "Look in the file of February 6 or 7, 1875, and I think you'll find that this man stood up and made an interruption. Write a little piece about it."

A *Sun* man who reported the funeral of Russell Sage at Lawrence, Long Island, in July, 1906, returned to the office and told Mr. Clarke that an acquaintance of the Sage family had told him, on the train coming back, the contents of the old man's will—a document for which the reading public eagerly waited. The reporter laid his informant's card before the night city editor. Clarke studied the name on it for a minute, and then said:

"We won't print the story. Dig out the file for June, 1899, and somewhere on the front page—I think it will be in the third or fourth column—on the 1st or 2nd of June you'll find a story telling that this man was sent to Sing Sing for forgery."

Clarke's memory was right. Although it is anticlimactic to relate it, the ex-convict's

description of what the will contained was also correct.

Will Irwin, while reporting a small war between two Chinese societies, wrote an article one night about the arrest of two Hip Sing tong men who were wearing chain armor under their blouses. Clarke, much interested, asked Irwin all about the armor.

"It reminds me of 'King Solomon's Mines,'" remarked Irwin, "and the chain armor that the heroes had made in Sheffield to wear in Africa."

"Yes," replied Clarke, who had not read the Haggard novel in fifteen years; "but it wasn't Sheffield—it was Birmingham."

Clarke had a sense of responsibility that showed itself in nervousness. On a night when news was breaking, that nervousness was exhibited in his trips, every ten minutes, to the ice-water tank; in the constant lighting and relighting of his pipe; in the quick turn of his head at the approach of a reporter. Yet his nervousness was not contagious. So long as Clarke was nervous, the men under him felt that they need not be. He did all the worrying, and, unlike most worriers, got results from it.

Let him know that something had happened in the city, and his drag-net system was started. No matter how remote the happening, how apparently hopeless the clue, he let neither man nor telephone rest until every possible corner had been searched for the guilty news item. Once the situation was in hand he would return to the adornment of a head-line or the working out of some abstruse problem in mathematics—perhaps the angles of a sundial, for Clarke's hobby was gnomonics, and he knew dials from Ptolemy's time down. As a rest from mathematics he might write a limerick in Greek, and then carefully tear it up.

Almost every newspaper in New York tried, at one time or another, to take Clarke from the *Sun*. One night an emissary from one of the apostles of the then new journalism entered the *Sun* office and sent his card to Mr. Clarke. When the night city editor appeared, he whispered:

"Mr. — says that if you'll ascertain the highest salary the *Sun* will pay you to stay, he'll double it."

Clarke uttered the strange sound that was his indulgence when disagreeably disturbed—a cross between a growl and a grunt—and turned back toward his desk.

"He'll triple it!" cried the tempter.

Although Clarke heard the words, he kept on to his desk, and not only never mentioned the matter, but probably never thought of it again.

On another occasion he made a notable trip to the gate at the entrance to the big room. A drunken visitor was making the place ring with yells, and the office-boys could not stop him. Clarke bore the noise for ten minutes, and then, remarking, "This is too much!" went and threw the man down the stairs.

Clarke was the hero of a dozen newspaper stories, which he scorned to read.

"Do you know, Mr. Clarke," said a reporter who did not know how shy "the boss" was, "that Blank has put you into a short story in *Space's Magazine*?"

"Who is Blank?" said Clarke shortly.

"Why," said his informant, "he worked here for several weeks."

"Oh, Lord!" said Clarke. "I can't be expected, can I, to remember all the geniuses that come and go?"

There was a mild ferocity about him that caused more than one cub to think that the night boss was unfriendly, but this attitude had a good effect. No young reporter ever made the same mistake twice.

"If you mean 'child,' write it so," he would say. "Don't write it 'tot.' And please have more variety in your motor-cars. I have seen several that were not large and red and high-powered."

#### A WRITER OF UNIQUE HEAD-LINES

The head-lines of the *Sun* have been well written since the first days of Dana, and Clarke, for thirty years, was the best of the head-line writers. He wrote riming heads for Sam Wood's prose verse, satirical heads for satires, humorous heads for the funny men's articles. A *Sun* reader could gage almost exactly the worth of an article by the quality of the heading. A *Sun* reporter could tell just what Clarke thought of his story by the cleverness of the lines that the night city editor wrote above it.

Clarke would put the obvious heading on a long, matter-of-fact yarn in two minutes, but he might spend half an hour—if he had it to spare—polishing a head for a short and sparkling piece of work. Two architects who did city work pleaded poverty, but admitted having turned over property to their wives. Clarke headed the story:

"We're broke," Says Horgan.—"Sure," Says Slattery, "But Our Wives Are Doing Fine."

A brief item about the arrest of some boys for stealing five copies of "The Simple Life" he headed "Tempted Beyond Their Strength." Over a paragraph telling of the killing of a Park Row newsboy by a truck he wrote: "A Sparrow Falls."

Clarke had a besetting fear that Russell Sage would die suddenly late at night, and that the *Sun* would not learn of it in time. Again and again false "hunches" caused him to send men to the Sage home on Fifth Avenue to discover the state of the old millionaire's health. When Mr. Sage became seriously ill, reporters were sent in relays to watch the house. One man who had such an assignment turned up at the *Sun* office at one o'clock in the morning.

"I left Mr. Sage's house," he explained to Clarke, "because Dr. Blank just came out and I had a little talk with him. He asked me if S. M. Clarke was still night city editor of the *Sun*; and when I told him that you were, he said:

"Tell Selah for me that I will call him personally on the phone if there is the least change in Mr. Sage's condition. Selah and I are old friends; we used to be room-mates in college."

"Blank always was a darn liar!" said Mr. Clarke. "Go back to the house and sit on the door-step."

On February 28, 1917, five years after Clarke retired, the *Sun* Alumni Association gave a dinner in his honor, with Mr. Lord presiding. Men came five hundred miles for the event, and the speeches were entirely about Clarke and his work. Mr. Clarke himself, who was only five miles away, sent a kindly letter to say that he was pleased, but that he could not imagine anything more absurd than a man's attending a dinner given in his own honor.

Clarke was a factor in that nebulous institution so frequently referred to as the "Sun school of journalism," a college in which the teaching was by example rather than precept. Clarke occasionally told the young reporters how not to do it, but his real lessons were given in the columns of the *Sun*. There, in cold type, the man could see that Clarke had thrown his beautiful introduction on the floor, had lifted a word or a phrase from the middle of the article and put it to the fore, or had, by one of the touches which marked the great copy-reader's genius, breathed life into the narrative. Clarke had no rules for improving a story, but he had a faculty, not uncommon among the finest copy-readers, of seeing an event more clearly than it had appeared to the reporter who described it, even when the desk man's information came entirely from the reporter's screed.

If a reporter found his story in the paper almost untouched by Clarke's pencil and adorned with a typical Clarkean head, it was a signal to him that he had done well. He was sure not to get verbal approbation from Clarke. There is a legend that Clarke once cried "Fine!" after skimming over a sheet of well-written copy, but it is only a legend. With a reporter who never wrote introductions and never padded his articles Clarke would sometimes crack a joke. *Sun* traditions have it that once, after a reporter had turned New York inside out to dig out a particularly difficult piece of news, the night city editor remarked to his assistant that that reporter "was a handy man to have around the office." Although Clarke has been referred to by an excellent judge, Will Irwin, as "the greatest living schoolmaster of newspapermen," his methods could never be adapted to the professorial academies of journalism which now abound.

#### FRANCIS T. PATTON AT THE SUBURBAN DESK

As a schoolmaster of a more positive type, *Sun* men will remember the late Francis T. Patton, who edited suburban news for twenty years. Staff men on assignments in New Jersey, Westchester, Long Island, and other places just beyond the city turned in their copy to "Boss" Patton, a cultured man who spent his spare hours reading

old Latin works in the original or working out chess problems. It was to him that the bewildered cub turned in his hour of torment, and Patton would tell him how long his story ought to run, how he might begin it, how end it.

"I know it isn't right to fake, Mr. Patton," said a new reporter; "but is exaggeration never permissible?"

"It is," said Patton. "You may use exaggeration whenever it is needed to convey to the reader an adequate but not exaggerated picture of the event you are describing. For instance, if you are reporting a storm at Seabright, and the waves are eight and one-half feet high by the tape which you surely carry in your hip-pocket for such emergencies, it will hardly do to inform the reader that the waves are eight and one-half feet high; his visualization of the scene would not be perfect. Yet, if you write that the waves ran mountain-high, I shall change your copy if it comes to me. The expression would be too stale. Hyperbole is one of the gifts."

Patton's droll humor was one of the delights of the *Sun* office. One night Charles M. Fairbanks was writing, for the *Herald*, a story about "The Men Who Make the *Sun* Shine." He asked Patton for something about himself.

"You may say," replied the boss of the suburban desk, "that my characteristics are brilliancy, trustworthiness, accuracy, and poetic fervor."

"Boss," said a young reporter to Mr. Patton, "I often think you and I could run this paper better than the men who are running it."

"How strange!" said Mr. Patton, looking surprised. "I know that I could, but it has never occurred to me that you would not do worse than they do."

#### STARS OF THE SPORTS DEPARTMENT

The sports department has been one of the *Sun*'s strongholds since Mr. Dana's first years. Dana would let Amos Cummings give half a page to a race at Saratoga or Monmouth Park, and would encourage Amos to neglect his executive duties so that the paper might have a good report of a boxing-match. When William I lay

dead in Berlin, the *Sun's* principal European correspondent, Arthur Brisbane, was concerned, not with the future of the continent, but with the aftermath of the Sullivan-Mitchell fight at Chantilly.

The stories of the international yacht-races have always been told best in the *Sun*, whether the reporter was John R. Spears or William J. Henderson. Mr. Henderson, who is the ablest music critic in America, is probably the best yachting reporter, too. While the world of music knows him through his distinguished critiques, particularly of opera, the *Sun* knows him as a great reporter—one who would rank high among the best it has ever had. Another *Sun* man who wrote yachting well is Duncan Curry, now of the *American*.

In turf matters the *Sun* has long been looked upon as an authority. In the hey-day of racing the paper enjoyed the services of Christopher J. Fitzgerald, since then familiar as a starter on many race-tracks, and of Joseph Vila, now sporting editor of the *Evening Sun*. Fitzgerald, although a specialist in sports, was also a first-class general reporter. He is the hero of a story of the proverbial "*Sun* luck," which in this case might better be called *Sun* persistence and activity.

In the latter part of December, 1892, the steamship *Umbria*, the fastest transatlantic boat of her day, was two weeks overdue at New York. Every newspaper had tugs out to watch for her first appearance. On the night of December 28 Fitzgerald was assigned to tug duty. The first tug he took down the moonlit bay broke her propeller in the ice; with the second tug he ran twenty miles beyond Sandy Hook. Presently an inward-bound liner appeared in the dark, and the other newspaper boats followed her; but this was not the *Umbria*, but the *Britannic*. An hour later a tank steamer came along, and Fitzgerald hailed her on the chance that she knew something about the missing ship.

"The *Umbria*," came back the answer, "is about five miles astern, coming in slowly."

The *Sun's* tug raced to sea and soon came alongside the overdue steamer. On board was Frank Marshall White, the *Sun's* Lon-

don correspondent, and he had, all ready written, a story telling how the *Umbria* broke her machinery, and how the chief engineer lay on his back for five days trying to mend the break. Fitzgerald took White's story and raced to Quarantine, where there was a telegraph-station, but, at that hour no operator. Fitzgerald, himself an expert telegrapher, pounded the *Sun's* call, "SX" for ten minutes, but the *Sun* operator had gone home.

Fitzgerald returned to the tug and went under full speed to the Battery, landing at 3.35 A.M. Running to Park Row, he found an assistant foreman of the *Sun* composing-room enjoying his lemonade in Andy Horn's restaurant. This man rounded up four or five printers, and they began setting up the story at 4 A.M. The *Sun* had a complete and exclusive story, and twenty thousand copies were sold of Fitzgerald's extra.

Vila, like Fitzgerald a man of large physique and a former athlete, wrote the descriptions of a dozen Suburban Handicaps and Futurities, of a score of great college rowing-matches, of a thousand baseball and football games. Damon Runyon, the poet and sporting editor, once remarked that "Vila is the only sporting writer I have ever seen who knows exactly, at the end of a sporting event, just what he is going to write, when he is going to write it, and how much he is going to write."

When John W. Gates and John A. Drake came to the New York race-tracks and made bets of sensational magnitude, Vila was the only turf reporter able to give the exact figures of the amounts bet by the Western plungers. The printing of these in the *Sun* so aroused the Jockey Club that a curb was put on big betting.

The present sports staff includes some of the writers, like Nat Fleischer, "Daniel," Frederick G. Lieb, and George B. Underwood, who were on the big sports staff of the New York *Press* when that paper was amalgamated with the *Sun*.

#### AN EVENING IN THE OLD SUN OFFICE

Returning to the big, bare room in the old Sun Building, cast the eye of memory through the thin forest of chandeliers, entwined with lianas of electric wiring and

across the dull desks. Boss Lord has come in from dinner and is reading telegraphic bulletins from out-of-town correspondents or glancing at a growing pile of proofs. At the Albany desk Deacon Stillman is editing a batch of Congress news from Walter Clarke or Richard V. Oulahan in Washington, or of legislative news from Joseph McEntee in Albany, or is trying to think out an apt head for a double murder in Herkimer County. At the cable desk Cyrus C. Adams, long secretary of the American Geographical Society, is looking in a guide-book to discover whether the names of a street in Naples has not been distorted by the operators while in transit between the Rome correspondent and New York. The telegraph editor is telling the night editor, Van Anda or Smith, that he has "nothing much but yellow fever," and the night editor is replying that "three-quarters of a column of yellow fever will be plenty."

At the city desk Clarke, who has half finished the heading on a bit about a green heron seen in Bronx Park, picks up the telephone to tell an East Side police-station reporter to investigate the report of an excursion boat going aground on Hart's Island, and then turns away to tell Ralph, or Chamberlin, or Joseph Fox, or Irwin, or Hill, or O'Malley, that a column and a half lead will do for the police investigation, or the great public dinner, or whatever their task may have been. As he finishes, a reporter lays on his desk a long story, and Clarke, reading the substance of the first page of it in an instant, hands it over to his assistant to edit.

At the Jersey desk Boss Patton has polished the disquisitions of a suburban correspondent on the antics of a shark in Barnegat Bay, and is explaining to a space man, almost with tears, why it was necessary to cut down his article about the picnic of the Smith family at Peapack.

The sporting editor, John Mandigo, has just bade good night to some distinguished visitor—say Mr. Fitzsimmons—and is bending over some copy from Fitzgerald or Vila. Perhaps Henry of Navarre and Domino are nose-and-nose in the stretch at Gravesend, or Amos Rusie has struck out seventeen opposing batters, or Kid Lavigne

has lambasted Joe Walcott quite properly at Maspeth.

At a side desk a copy-reader on local news is struggling with a mess of writing from various youthful reporters. "At seven ten o'clock last evening, as Policeman McGuffin was patrolling his beat, his attention was attracted by a cry of fire," etc. The copy-reader knows that smoke will presently issue from the upper windows; knows, too, that he presently will boil the seven pages down to three lines and gently tell the reporter why he did it.

The chess expert is turning a cabalistic cablegram from St. Petersburg into a detailed story of the contest between a couple of the masters of the game. The bowling man is writing a description, which may never see the light, of a desperate struggle between the Harlem Pin Kings and the Bensonhurst Alley Scorchers. H. L. Fitzpatrick is writing a golf story with such magnificent technique that Mandigo will not dare to cut a line out of it.

A dozen reporters, great and small, are at the desks in the middle of the room, busy with pencils. In a side room three or four others, converts to the typewriter, are pounding out copy. In another room Riggs is dictating to a stenographer the day's doings in political life.

Four or five "rewrite men," the "long wait" and his helpers, the "short waits," are slipping in and out of the telephone-booths, taking and writing news articles from twenty points in the city where the Mulberry Street reporter, the police-station reporters, the Tenderloin man—who covers the West Thirtieth Street police-station, the Broadway hotels, and the theatrical district—and the Harlem man are still busy gathering news.

From a room wisely distant comes the rattle of the telegraph. Half a dozen wires are bringing in the continent's news. Half a dozen boys, spurred by their chief, Dan O'Leary, carry the typed sheets to the proper desks.

The dramatic critic comes in and sits down at his desk to write two-thirds of a column about a first performance. The music critic has sent down a brief notice of the night's opera.

Most of the reporters finish their work and go out. One or two remain to write special articles for the Sunday papers. A sporting reporter is spinning a semifictional yarn of life in Chinatown. A police reporter is composing little classics of life in Dolan's Park Row restaurant.

At one o'clock there is a rumbling of the presses in the basement, and soon copies of the first edition come to the desks of the news-masters. Lord suggests to the night editor a shift of front-page articles. Clarke, his pencil flashing, marks in additions to the story of a late accident. A cub waits patiently for a discarded paper, to see whether his piece has got in. An older reporter, who wrote the story in the first column of the first page, does not look at his own work, but turns to the sporting page to read the racing entries for the next day—his day off.

At 1.27 A.M. Clarke rises and goes home. At two o'clock Lord closes his desk. Most of the desk men disappear; the work is done. The night editor—Van Anda or the imperturbable Smith—remains at his desk, with the "long wait" reporter to bear him company. At half past three they also go, and the watchman begins to turn out the lights. Down below, the presses are tossing forth the product of a night's work in the big, bare, old room.

#### THE EVENING SUN, BORN MARCH 17, 1887

A story of the *Sun* would be incomplete without a sketch of its little sister. The *Evening Sun* was established by Mr. Dana nearly twenty years after he bought the *Sun*. He saw a place for a one-cent evening newspaper, for the only journal of that description then published in New York was the *Daily News*, which was largely a class publication. The leading evening newspapers were the *Evening Post*, the *Commercial Advertiser*, and the *Mail and Express*, selling for three cents and catering to a highbrow or partizan clientele.

The first *Evening Sun* was issued on March 17, 1887, at an hour when the St. Patrick's Day parade was being reviewed by Mayor Hewitt. With its four pages of six columns each, its brief, lively presentation of general news, and its low price, the

paper was an immediate success—though not the success that it is to-day, with its sixteen pages, its wealth of special articles, and the many features that make it one of America's best evening newspapers.

The new paper had no titular editor-in-chief. Mr. Dana was the editor of the *Sun* and had the general guidance of the evening paper. Dana's associate, the publisher of the *Sun*, William M. Laffan, took a deep interest in the welfare of the new venture, and the *Evening Sun* was often referred to as his "baby."

The first managing editor of the paper was Amos J. Cummings, with Allan Kelly as city editor and John McCormick as sporting editor. When Cummings went to Congress, E. J. Edwards took his place and remained as managing editor until August, 1889, when Arthur Brisbane returned from the post of London correspondent of the *Sun* to manage the evening paper.

It was Brisbane who induced Richard Harding Davis, then a young reporter in Philadelphia, to come to New York. As Davis was walking up from the ferry one morning in October, 1889, on his way to take up his new duties, he was taken in hand, in City Hall Park, by a bunco-steerer. Davis listened to the man's wiles, turned him over to the police of the City Hall station, and then hurried to the *Evening Sun* office to write a story about it for the paper. Davis's *Van Bibber* stories, the first of his fiction to attract wide attention, were originally printed in the *Evening Sun*, in 1890. As a reporter under Brisbane, Davis picked up much of the information and experiences that colored his fiction.

When Brisbane went to the Pulitzer forces, he was succeeded as managing editor by W. C. McCloy, who had been city editor, and who remained at the head of the news department for more than twenty years.

Jacob A. Riis, who had been the police-headquarters reporter of the *Tribune* since 1877, went to the *Evening Sun* in 1890, coincident with the publication of his first popular work, "How the Other Half Lives." Others of his works, including "The Children of the Poor" and "Out of Mulberry Street," were written while he

was the chief police reporter of the *Evening Sun*. Riis's work was valuable, not only to the paper, but to the city itself. His writings attracted the attention of Theodore Roosevelt when the future President was head of the police board of New York (1895-1897), and the men became close friends. Together they worked to improve conditions in the tenement districts, and Roosevelt called Riis "New York's most useful citizen."

Thomas M. Dieuaide, whose work for the *Sun* in the Spanish War has been referred to in these articles, and who is now city editor of the *Evening Sun*, was one of Riis's colleagues. Dieuaide was the author of the *Evening Sun's* broadside against the black vice of the East Side. Printed in 1901, shortly before the beginning of a mayoralty campaign, it was a prime factor in the election of a reforming administration.

#### FAMOUS GRADUATES OF THE EVENING SUN

Richard Harding Davis was not the only fiction-writer to graduate from the *Evening Sun's* school. Irvin S. Cobb got his start in the North as an *Evening Sun* reporter. He came to New York from Paducah, Kentucky, rented a hall room, and sat down and wrote to the managing editor of the *Evening Sun* a letter of application so humorous that he was employed immediately. His report of the peace conference at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, following the Russo-Japanese War, attracted wide attention. Stephen French Whitman and Algernon Blackwood, the novelists, were also *Evening Sun* men.

The *Evening Sun's* list of former dramatic critics includes Acton Davies and Edward Fales Coward, both playwrights, and Charles B. Dillingham, the theatrical manager. Arthur Woods, recently police commissioner of New York, and Robert Adamson, recently fire commissioner, were old *Evening Sun* men. Frederick Palmer, Associated Press correspondent with the British forces in the great war, and Arthur Ruhl, a special correspondent at the front, are *Evening Sun* alumni.

In the early years of the *Evening Sun* the chief editorial writer was James T.

Watkins, whom Mr. Laffan had known in California as a man of wide scholarship and an economic expert. He was so prolific that it was a common saying in the office that, with Watkins at his desk, the *Evening Sun* needed no other writers of editorial articles. Frank H. Simonds, who had been an editorial writer for the *Sun* since 1908, became chief editorial writer for the *Evening Sun* in 1913. In 1914 his war articles attracted wide attention. He was afterward editor of the *Tribune*.

Other writers for the editorial page were Edward H. Mullin, an Irishman from Dublin, and Frederic J. Gregg. The chief editorial writer is now James Luby, who is assisted by an *Evening Sun* veteran, Winfield S. Moody.

The managing editors since W. C. McCloy have been Charles P. Cooper, James Luby, and the present incumbent, George M. Smith, for many years night editor of the *Sun*, and its managing editor in the absence of Mr. Lord.

After Allan Kelly, the city editors were W. C. McCloy, Charles P. Cooper, Ervin Hawkins, Nelson Lloyd, and T. M. Dieuaide. Mr. Lloyd, who left the paper to write fiction, had served as city editor from 1897 to 1904.

The *Evening Sun* has always had a particular appeal to the woman reader. Its first woman reporter, Miss Helen Watterson, of Cleveland, Ohio, was induced to come East in Brisbane's régime to write a column called "The Woman About Town," and ever since 1890 the staff of women writers on the paper has been increasing. The *Evening Sun* has a page or two a day of feature articles written for women, by women, about women.

The financial and sports departments of the *Evening Sun* make it a man's paper, too. No home-going broker would dare to board the subway without a copy of the Wall Street edition of the *Evening Sun*. A large staff of sporting writers, captained by Joseph Vila, provides each day a page or two of authoritative athletic news.

The *Sun* and the *Evening Sun* are run as separate publications, each with a complete staff, but their presses and purposes are one.

(To be concluded in the April number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)

# How the United States Takes Care of Interned Germans

IT IS TO BE HOPED THAT AMERICANS INTERNED OR IMPRISONED IN GERMANY  
• ARE MADE EQUALLY COMFORTABLE

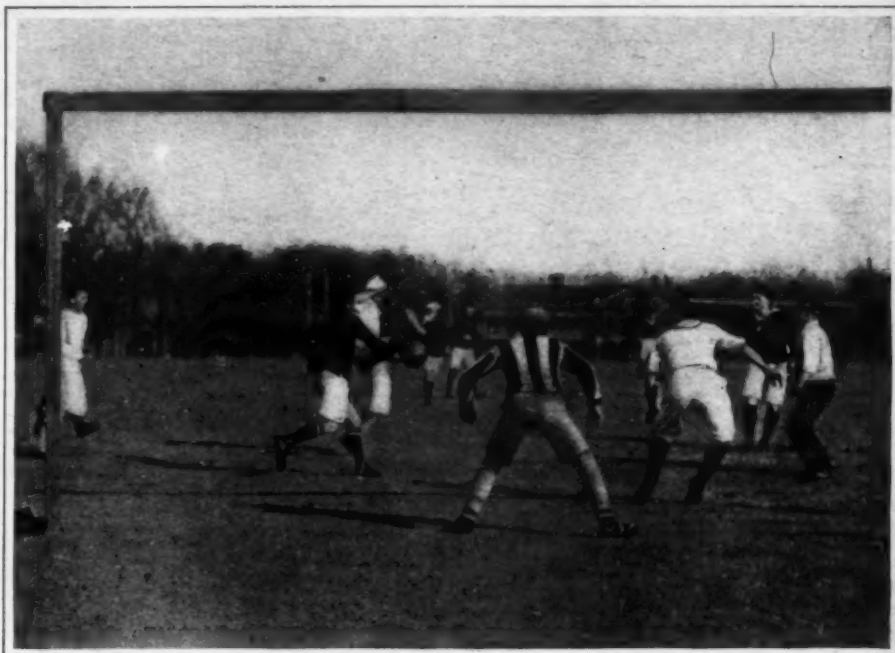


BANDSMEN FROM THE GERMAN LINERS ENTERTAINING THEIR COMRADES AT THE INTERNMENT CAMP AT HOT SPRINGS, NORTH CAROLINA

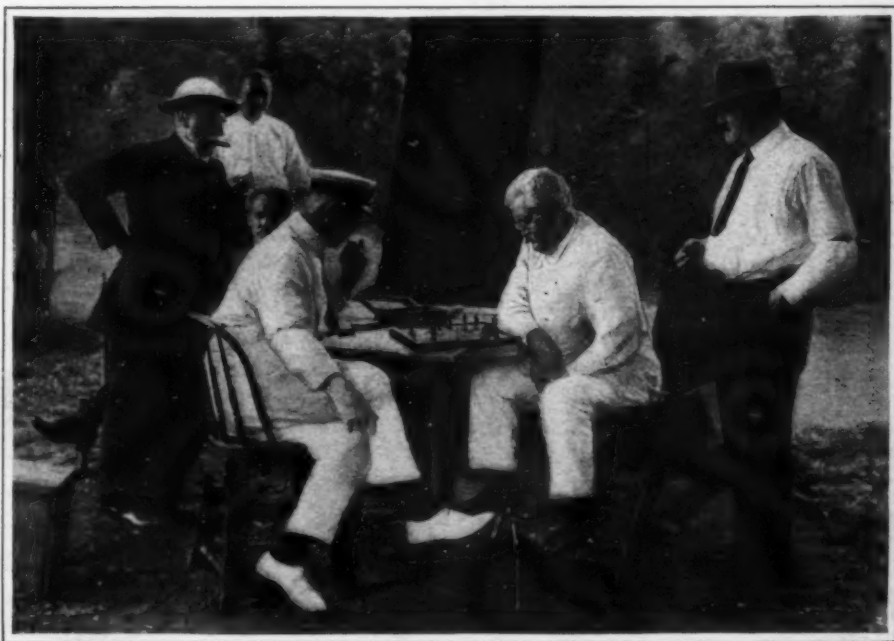


INTERNED OFFICERS FROM THE GERMAN LINERS PLAYING CROQUET ON THE GROUNDS OF THE HOT SPRINGS HOTEL, IN WHICH THEY ARE QUARTERED

*From copyrighted photographs by the International Film Service, New York*

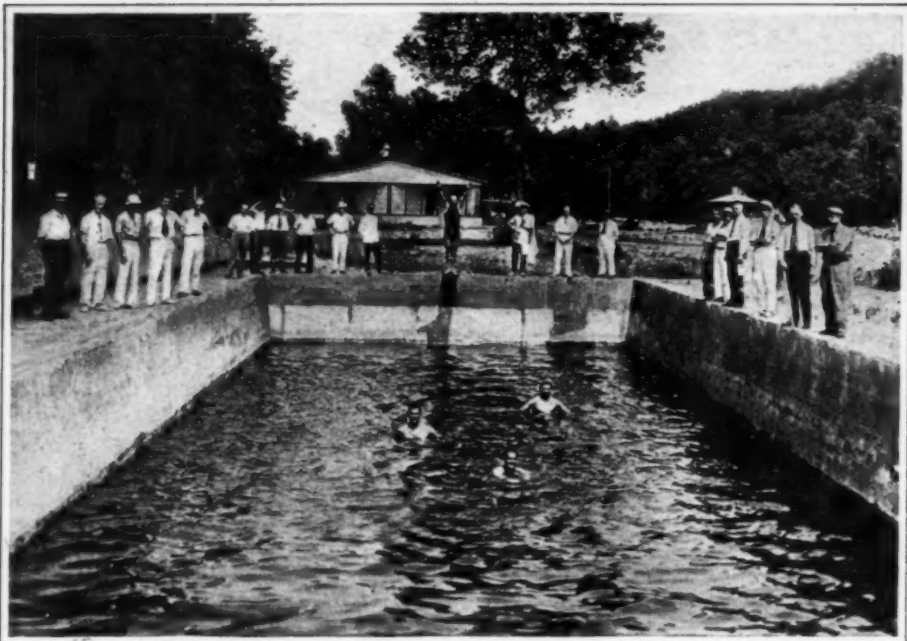


PRISONERS OF WAR PLAYING FOOTBALL AT FORT MCPHERSON, GEORGIA—THESE MEN WERE SAILORS ON THE GERMAN CRUISERS KRONPRINZ WILHELM AND PRINZ EITEL FRIEDRICH



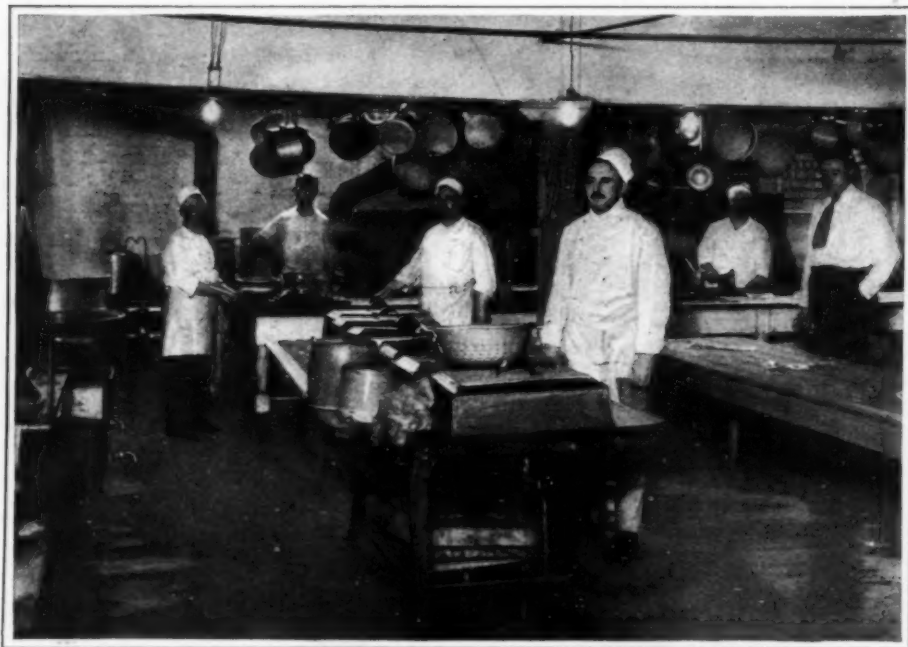
AT THE HOT SPRINGS INTERNMENT CAMP, NORTH CAROLINA—THE CHESS-PLAYERS WERE CAPTAIN AND CHIEF ENGINEER OF ONE OF THE GERMAN LINERS

*From photographs by the International Film Service, New York*



AN OPEN-AIR SWIMMING-TANK USED IN WARM WEATHER BY THE GERMANS AT THE HOT SPRINGS INTERNMENT CAMP

*From a copyrighted photograph by the International Film Service, New York*



COOKS FROM THE GERMAN LINER VATERLAND SEEM QUITE AT HOME IN THIS FINE KITCHEN AT THE HOT SPRINGS CAMP

*From a copyrighted photograph by the Press Illustrating Service, New York*



THE GROUNDS OF THE HOT SPRINGS CAMP ARE SPACIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL, AND THE INMATES HAVE PLENTY OF LEISURE TO ENJOY THEM

*From a photograph by the International Film Service, New York*



ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME AT THE HOT SPRINGS CAMP—A ROOM FOR WRITING, READING, AND INDOOR AMUSEMENTS

*From a copyrighted photograph by the Press Illustrating Service, New York*

# THE STAGE

By Matthew White, Jr.



ALLEN CRATER (CENTER) AND THE REED SISTERS WIGWAGGING "U. S. A." IN THE SIGNAL-CORPS MARCH OF "JACK O' LANTERN," FRED STONE'S LATEST AND GREATEST HIT—THE ONLY PLAY IN NEW YORK THAT IS GETTING THREE DOLLARS A SEAT

*From a photograph by White, New York*

AS if the god Mars hadn't already sufficient to look after, the war between K. & E. and the Shuberts must needs break out afresh; and at this writing it bids fair to be a merry one. Just as a truce now with Germany would enable the Kaiser to gird up his loins and resharpen his sword for another onslaught, so the three or four years of peace between the opposing theatrical cohorts has given opportunity to erect many new playhouses throughout the country. In fact, as I have several times pointed out in this place, it was a policy of multiplying stages in order to offset the number controlled by the opposition that dictated the building activity in the amusement line.

Possibly you are wondering why, in the present deplorable state of box-office receipts, anybody should take the trouble to quarrel over them. But imagine a gathering of stray dogs fed by bones tossed out of hotel windows into a vacant lot. Most of the bones are bare of meat, but a few are quite toothsome and attractive. Naturally there will be a violent rush for the meaty morsels. So in a season with only half a dozen real hits, each theater wants to get a drawing card for itself when the tour starts.

One of the Shuberts is reported to have referred to Klaw & Erlanger as "two old and antiquated men." I have just taken the trouble to glance into "Who's Who," where I find

that Abraham Lincoln Erlanger was born in Buffalo in 1860; Marc Klaw at Paducah, Kentucky, in 1858, and Lee Shubert, the older of the two brothers now managing the business, at Syracuse, New York, in 1875.

Manhattan, where both sides now control a large number of playhouses, will probably not see much of the fighting, but other good show towns, where there are fewer theaters, will witness keen competition, and possibly more building will take place in spite of the almost prohibitive cost of labor and materials at the present time.

But the public will not be the ones to suffer. Nay, the theatergoer may possibly gain, and certain lines of producing managers will have distinct cause for rejoicing. Hard indeed has been their lot while each of the big booking firms grew bigger and the two became more closely allied. These smaller men were encouraged to put forth plays, and were even allowed to name theaters after themselves. If the plays failed—well, they were the choice of the catspaw, who must perforce share the loss with the angels who had financed them. If they won out, the largest slice of the profits went to one or the other of the mighty booking offices by whose grace they were enabled to reach the public. It was big business crushing out the small dealers over again.

There was no use in threatening to leave one camp, only to be served in the same fash-

ion in the other. But now, with war on, these producing men will be bid for by each side, and up to a certain point they can dictate their terms.

Meanwhile the people are crowding to the pronounced hits and turning the cold shoulder on the others. New York theaters are still coming down in their prices. The Comedy, housing the Washington Square Players, has made a dollar and fifty cents the flat rate for the house, including the war tax; but even this is high, when one considers what one can get at the movies for twenty-two cents. In the week before Christmas I went to an uptown picture house and for the sum named saw Julian Eltinge in "The Clever Mrs. Carfax," Julia Sanderson and Norman Trevor in

"The Runaway," accompanied by full orchestral music selected from Miss Sanderson's musical-comedy hits; Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in one of their laughable comedies, and a well-selected "Universal Animated Weekly," giving the news of the day.

It is competition of this sort in the theaters of the residential district that the regular playhouses must fight. Just now, in addition to the handicaps I mentioned last month, are to be set down the scarcity of coal, the limitation of electric illumination, and the discouragement of passenger travel by the railroads. The latter is perhaps the most serious of all, for it tends to keep away from New York the very class of patrons on whom the theaters most depend.



BEATRICE BECKLEY, WHO HAS AN IMPORTANT PART IN "WHY MARRY?" THE NEW COMEDY BY JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS THAT ALMOST GOES BERNARD SHAW ONE BETTER

*From a photograph by Lewis-Smith, Chicago*



OLIVE TELL, "THE HEROINE IN "GENERAL POST,"  
AN ENGLISH COMEDY OF THE WAR

*From a photograph by Sarony, New York*

Undismayed, however, by all these impediments, the managers spread a Christmas feast of new plays that in size, at any rate, outranked anything of the sort they have hitherto offered. So great was the pressure that four of the first nights were thrown back into the week preceding Christmas—a period that shares with Holy Week the tradition of giving the box-office the least to do.

There was "Flo-Flo," another of those "intimate *revue*" things of which I had something to tell you in the February issue. I did not see it myself, but one comment called it burlesque undiluted. That it was offered in the ultraselect Cort Theater suggests the desperate lengths to which managers are now willing to go in an effort to attract custom.

For instance, the Selwyns have changed the name of Fred Jackson's farce from "Losing Eloise," under which it was favorably received, to "The Naughty Wife," which gives an utterly mistaken impression of its purport. The result is inevitable—those who go thinking to see a play of the so-called "snappy" type implied by the new title will be so disappointed that they will not recommend the piece to their friends, while playgoers who would enjoy the keen fun to be found in the thing will be kept away.

A very poor title, although not for the same reason, was attached to the second of the Christmas ventures—"Yes or

No," written by a new man, Arthur Goodrich, and presented by Anderson and Weber, whose farce, "The Very Idea," was the first of the 1917-1918 hits. "Yes or No" is deadly serious, being distinguished mostly by the oddity of its presentation, which is referred to as the "double-barreled manner."

Ever since the hit of "On Trial," the piece that moved backward, authors have been cudgeling their brains for fresh novelties. A row of lamps projecting from the front of the first balcony, coupled with a line on the house-bill mentioning "special mechanical and lighting effects created and directed by Jesse J. Robbins," furnished the first inkling at the *première* that "Yes or No" was to be anything other than the usual thing in plays—most of which had gone the wrong way of late.

The unusual in Mr. Goodrich's piece is a split stage without the usual partition separating the two halves. One is a home of wealth, the other of poverty, the connecting link being the fact that the lady's-maid in the former is a sister to the drudging housewife in the latter. The same temptation assails each wife—that of going away with another man than her husband. Of course it is the rich woman who says "Yes"—why do playwrights and novelists almost invariably associate wealth with wickedness?—and the poor one who answers "No." The action shows what happens in consequence, and by rather an ingenious twist the two skeins intertwine at the end, and also in the epilogue, which, in the preponderance of dress-suits at a birthday party, suggests the finish to "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford."

The play is of most uneven workmanship, the high-life episodes being written with a crudity that suggests the heyday of Third Ave-



WILLETTE KERSHAW, WHO PLAYS BOTH AN OLD WOMAN, AND A YOUNG ONE IN "YES OR NO"

*From a photograph by White, New York*

nue melodrama. The down-town tenement scenes, on the other hand, are well conceived and carried out with considerable originality. But Broadway never did take kindly to this sort of thing, and I doubt whether the play will have much draft power.

Willette Kershaw gets a chance to show what she can do both as a young woman and an old one, but the big opportunities fall to Emilie Polini as the wife of a laboring man with aspirations. In spite of her Italian name,



GRANT MITCHELL AND MONA KINGSLEY IN A SCENE FROM THE CLEVER COMEDY HIT, "A TAILOR-MADE MAN"

Miss Polini was born in London, came to this country to appear in "Hindle Wakes," and remained as leading woman for two seasons at the Princess in its thriller period. Miss Kershaw was also at that tiny house before it abjured its Grand Guignol propensities for musical comedy of the miniature type.

Marjorie Wood, who wins many laughs as the maid, followed Ruth Shepley in "It Pays to Advertise," and a year ago was in the short-lived "Object—Matrimony." A brand newcomer, John Adair, Jr., wins many laughs as *Tom*, brother to the maid and the poorer wife. He indicates with no little art the change in temperament caused by marrying the wrong girl.

Although John Drew and Margaret Illington got little more than a month on Broadway out of their star revival of "The Gay Lord Quex," this did not deter William Faversham from digging into the past for "Lord and Lady Algy," in which he scored heavily years ago, when he was leading man in the stock forces at the Empire. And at this writing, although he has not the aid of novelty which might be

supposed to advantage Mr. Drew in a character that he had never played before, the betting as to the relative popularity of the two revivals would seem to favor the Carton piece.

"Lord and Lady Algy," was first produced in this country in February, 1899. Besides Mr. Faversham himself there is one other member of the old Empire cast in the production now at the Broadhurst—George Howard, as *Captain Standige*. Jessie Millward—step-mother of Ernest Glendinning—was the *Lady Algy*, now done so brilliantly and in such stunning gowns by Maxine Elliott. When I met Miss Elliott one Sunday afternoon last June at Billie Burke's beautiful place at Hastings, on the Hudson River, I had little hope of ever seeing her on the boards again. She had left her war work in Belgium to pose for the Goldwyns, turning over the wage to the Red Cross. Whatever may be thought of her abilities as an exponent of emotional rôles, there is no denying that in such parts as the heroine of the Carton racing comedy she shines as few others could.

Eighteen years ago E. Y. Backus played the bone-boiling *Brabazon Tudway*, now done by Maclyn Arbuckle. Blanche Burton was *Mrs. Tudway*—put over very neatly in the present production by Irene Fenwick. Miss Fenwick

lias," with Ethel Barrymore as the consumptive heroine, Conway Tearle for *Armand*, Holbrook Blinn as his father, and Rose Coghlan for *Prudence*—practically, you see, an all-star support. In the rush of holiday offerings I



LAURETTE TAYLOR, STARRING IN HER HUSBAND'S LATEST PLAY, "HAPPINESS"

*From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York*

brings to the part a high-comedy ability which few who saw her in "The Song of Songs" and "Mâry's Ankle" would have suspected her to possess. It appears to be forgotten that Mr. Faversham resurrected "Lord and Lady Algy" at the Criterion in 1903 with Hilda Spong playing opposite.

Another Christmas-time revival to make good was that of our old friend "Camille," under her original name of "The Lady of the Camel-

have not yet had an opportunity to see the revival myself, but the reviews seem to stress the changes Edward Sheldon has made in the time-worn drama more than Miss Barrymore's acting as the star of it.

While on the theme of revivals, I may mention here that in London the hundredth representation of Pinero's early comedy of stage life, "Trelawny of the Wells," was recently reached at the New Theater.



MARJORIE RAMBEAU, STARRING IN "EYES OF YOUTH," A PLAY THAT GIVES A LOT FOR THE MONEY

London was represented in New York's Christmas fare by two importations—"General Post," which has been going at the Haymarket over there since the middle of March, and "Billeted," in the bill at the Royalty since August 21. The latter—which has to do with officers quartered in England at the home of a woman who turns out to be the wife of one of them, from whom she has been separated—serves Margaret Anglin as a starring vehicle here.

"General Post" I like greatly, showing as it does the influence of the war on the people at home. Written by Harold Terry, its three acts are laid respectively in 1911, in 1915, and in some future year after the end of the war, when *Edward Smith*, the tailor of act one, is

back in the English provincial town, a much-fêted brigadier-general who has won the Victoria Cross by a gallant deed.

Snobbishness is the key-note of the comedy, which shows what happens in the family of *Sir Dennys Broughton* when the daughter, *Betty*, falls in love with *Smith*, who knows his Nietzsche as he does his tape-measure. When war comes *Betty's* brother finds himself in a regiment of which *Smith* is colonel. Much is made of the topsyturvy conditions that crop out of the new order of things, and the whole is delightfully played by an especially competent company headed by the two stars just released from "Pals"—William Courtenay and Thomas A. Wise. Courtenay is, of course, the tailor, and Wise the girl's father.



CLARA JOEL, LEADING WOMAN IN ONE OF NEW YORK'S STEADY HITS, "BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE," THE NEWEST OF THE POTASH & PERLMUTTER SERIES

*From a photograph by Campbell, New York*

As to the girl, Olive Tell plays her. Born where so few actors seem to be, in New York, Miss Tell was educated in England. On her return to America, at seventeen, she was sent to the Sargent Dramatic School, where she graduated on the 13th of March, 1914, when Cyril Maude, in the course of his address to the students, advised young actors to marry out of the profession if they must marry at all.

Her first professional experience was an en-

agement with a Rochester stock company, which was to stand her in good stead some years later. By bad luck, three shows in which she got the chance of a New York appearance—"Husband and Wife," "The Intruder," and "The Love Drive"—failed in rapid succession, and in disgust Miss Tell went into the movies; but when Mr. Dillingham was looking for the right leading woman for "General Post," his stage-director recollected seeing her



JUSTINE JOHNSTONE, WHO IS A LITTLE BIT OF EVERYTHING IN "OVER THE TOP," ON THE ROOF OF THE FORTY-FOURTH STREET THEATER



JULIA SANDERSON, STARRING WITH JOSEPH CAWTHORN IN THE ENGAGING MUSICAL COMEDY, "RAMBLER ROSE"

in the Rochester stock. She was hunted up, and thus at last achieved the lead in a Broadway hit.

You didn't realize, perhaps, that Wise is an Englishman. I didn't until I just looked him up and discovered that he was born in Faversham, on the motor-route between Dover and London. It is small wonder that we Americans have taken him for one of ourselves, for his theatrical career was started on Broadway, where he appeared at the old Bijou Theater in "Lost in New York," in 1888, when

he was twenty-six. It was a score of years later that he began his famous association with Douglas Fairbanks in "A Gentleman from Mississippi," which ran at this same Bijou a whole season through. Two years ago he was in "The Song of Songs," and last winter he paired off with young Courtenay in a stage partnership that bids fair to be as successful as was his association with Fairbanks, now of the films.

Courtenay was born in 1875 at Worcester, Massachusetts—close enough to Boston to give

him an intonation that makes it easy for him to impersonate Englishmen. He began to act at Portland, Maine, as *Willie Hammond* in "Ten Nights in a Barroom," when only sixteen. Not long afterward he counted himself exceedingly lucky to secure a job with Mansfield, with whom he remained three years, playing *Christian* to the great Richard's *Cyrano* on that memorable October 2, 1898, at the Garden Theater, when the famous Rostand play had its New York *première* and landed an unknown Canadian actress, Margaret Anglin, in the lap of fame in a night.

It was just four years later that Courtenay played the young lover to Virginia Harned—now Mrs. Courtenay—in one of the most powerful of the Pinero plays, "Iris," when Oscar Asche, now in his second year with "Chu-Chin-Chow" in London, made his first American appearance and scored heavily as the sinister *Maldonado*.

"Iris" made a powerful impression on me, and I have often wondered why it has not been revived. From some of the reviews I quote a few head-lines that will give you an idea of the impression created by a piece that, audacious twenty years ago, would not be considered any more than mildly frank in these times of plain speaking:

Iris More Daring Even Than Sapho.

Pinero's Play Dumfounds Audience at the Criterion.

The Apartment-Wrecking Scene at the Close Rouses Enthusiasm.

A Painful but Powerful Study of the Fall of a Good Woman.

It seems to me that with Courtenay and Miss Harned in their old parts, and perhaps Edmund Breese for *Maldonado*, a spring reproduction of this Pinero drama would stand a much better chance of acceptance than do the usual run of pieces picked for revival.

Previous to "Pals," Mr. Courtenay was lead in the two "Under" comedies by Roi Cooper Megrue—"Under Cover" and "Under Fire." When "Trilby" had its 1905 reproduction at the New Amsterdam Theater, he was the *Little Billee*, and in 1909 he registered a big success as the *Duke of Charmerace* in "Arsène Lupin."

Mention of Edmund Breese reminds me that he is at present serving as a deep-dyed villain in one of the really clever plays of the season—"Why Marry?" by Jesse Lynch Williams, written quite in the Shaw manner, but minus the Shavian bitter taste in the mouth. In fact, the whole thing is done along such original lines that I was not in the least surprised

to learn that it had been declined by more than one manager, in spite of being sponsored by Roi Cooper Megrue, who is a great admirer of Mr. Williams's work. If you are a Princeton man you will recall the latter as the author of a volume of tales on that university. I remember being present at the first night of the only other play of his to reach the stage, "The Stolen Story," which proved a ghastly failure.

It was produced at the Garden Theater on October 1, 1906—the night on which George Cohan's only failure, oddly enough named "Popularity," was brought out at Wallack's. That George has not forgotten this is evidenced by the sarcastic allusion under the title of his latest "Revue of 1918," where you may read "Author of the great Wallack Theater success, 'Popularity.'"

On this same evening likewise Nat Goodwin, a mainstay of "Why Marry?" appeared at the Bijou in "The Genius," which, according to the next day's *Times*, was "a wooden stage affair which creaked at every joint." William and Cecil de Mille were the authors, and Edna Goodrich was the leading lady. In his curtain speech, Nat said that now he was presenting himself, being tired of being presented by other managers and having nothing but tombstones to mark the route of his presentation.

One of these monuments had been set up to denote the untimely collapse of Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," with Goodwin as *Bottom*, serving to open the New Amsterdam Theater on October 26, 1903. In little more than a month's time the "Dream" gave place to the spectacle "Mother Goose," while Goodwin went on tour in "My Wife's Husbands." But the "Dream" was not Nat's first Shakespearian venture, this having been *Shylock* in May, 1901, to the *Portia* of Maxine Elliott in "The Merchant of Venice." In that really famous cast the *Bassanio* was the late Aubrey Boucicault, the *Nerissa* Annie Irish, and *Antonio* fell to Maclyn Arbuckle, now again with Miss Elliott in "Lord and Lady Algy," while the *Jessica* was Effie Elisler, who has become the adorable grandmother in "The Gipsy Trail."

Goodwin's part in "Why Marry?"—one of the best he has had in years—is that of "a judge who belongs to the older generation and yet understands the new—and believes in divorce." Of course, a smile went round as soon as the much-married Nat was mentioned for such a character, but the sincerity, briskness, and clear-cut style of his acting soon cause one to forget the man in the player. I am certain he will not have to fall back on Shakespeare or the De Mille brothers to offset

any tombstone trails as long as he elects to continue as *Uncle Everett* in the Williams comedy, which the Selwyns have outfitted with a really corking cast.

In place of Arnold Daly, who in Chicago created *Ernest*—"a scientist who believes in neither divorce nor marriage"—there is Shelley Hull, happily released from the none-too-tight coils of "The Lassoo," playing opposite Estelle Winwood as *Helen*, "whom every one wants to marry, but who doesn't want to marry any one." Miss Winwood was introduced to us last season in "Hush." Latest advices report Daly as about to produce Hermann Bahr's play on Napoleon after all, but with Virginia Harned in place of Nazimova as the *Josephine* to his *Napoleon*. He has already appeared as the Corsican conqueror in Shaw's "Man of Destiny." By the same token he has dared to do another famous general—George Washington—in 1907, in "Washington's First Defeat."

To return to "Why Marry?" Beatrice Beckley has a difficult rôle in *Lucy*, "the hostess who is trying to be just an old-fashioned wife in a new-fashioned home." Mr. Williams slips a cog just here, for he starts something, in a quarrel between her and her husband—Breese—which he neglects to finish.

In private life Miss Beckley is Mrs. James K. Hackett. An English actress who had played with Tree, Hare, and George Alexander in London, she came over here to appear with her husband, the season before last, as *Anne Page* in his production of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," in which Tom Wise made such a hit as *Falstaff*. Last spring she was the woman doctor in Eugene Walter's vivid melodrama, "The Knife."

Ernest Lawford in "Why Marry?" is again a clergyman, as he was in the character in which he first found favor in this country—that of the curate in Shaw's "Candida," with Arnold Daly. Last season he was with Grace George's repertory company. Edmund Breese, the arch-villain and richest man in the piece, first became known to New York playgoers by his financier in "The Lion and the Mouse." Two years ago, after a long term in the movies, he was *Major Stone*, the blackmailing editor, in "The Fear Market." He was born in Brooklyn in 1870, and made his first appearance in Arkansas in "My Awful Dad." From that he jumped to lead in repertory with Mme. Rhea, with whom, among other parts, he appeared as *Napoleon* in "Josephine."

If Laurette Taylor deferred presenting "Happiness" for fear that she might find her-

self saddled with another *Peg* from which the public would not let her break away, she need not have worried. This latest play by her husband, Hartley Manners, was produced on New Year's Eve, and its only resemblance to the perennial "Peg" proved to be the fact that in both pieces the heroine starts out poor and neglected. The first act, which was the original playlet presented during the long run of "Peg," is a gem, and shows Miss Taylor doing just what she does best. Possibly Mr. Manners worked too fast on its elaboration into three-act form—a task undertaken hastily after he found that the public would not have his "Wooing of Eve."

The underlying theme of the piece appeals strongly—the pursuit of happiness. The rich have it not; possession of everything they desire satiates them. The fresh outlook on life of the errand-girl from the modiste's gives *Mrs. Chrystal-Pole* a new zest in living. All this expounded in the first phase of Mr. Manners's play, and set forth with his wife's inimitable naïveté, engages one's interest strongly; but then a week elapses, after that there is an interval of eighteen months, and finally many years are supposed to pass before we reach the epilogue. It is as if at each stage it became increasingly difficult for the author to decide what next to do with his characters.

### Ellen Terry's Two Protégés

"HAPPINESS" affords opportunity to Lynn Fontanne for a characterization widely divergent from any of the three she has put over since her association with Miss Taylor, beginning with "The Harp of Life," in which she impersonated quite a young girl. A cockney part claimed her in "Out There," a tearful rôle in "The Wooing of Eve," and now we see her as a chatterbox of high society.

In the fullest sense has this young English girl justified Ellen Terry's confidence in her—a confidence evidenced by Miss Terry's devoting a whole year to coaching her in Shakespeare, after which she told her to go out and acquire actual stage experience in any sort of part she could get. So, quite unspoiled by her twelve months' close association with England's stage queen, Miss Fontanne began as an understudy in a Drury Lane pantomime.

As soon as she got a chance to play, her work attracted the attention of managers, and she became a slavey in one of Weedon Grossmith's productions—"Mr. Preedy and the Countess." Miss Fontanne came to America with the company in the piece and went right back to England again when it failed, so her

impression of "the States" could not have been particularly a roseate one. Meanwhile she did so well as an old woman in another of Mr. Grossmith's plays that she was picked to do Haidee Wright's rôle in a revival of "Milestones." It was while she was playing three parts in "My Lady's Dress" that Laurette Taylor saw her and secured her for this side again.

The lover in "Happiness," you may be surprised to know, falls to J. M. Kerrigan, the Irish actor whose "I hate it!" in "Out There" became town talk. He impersonates an electrician, and the brogue in him gets full play to come out. Born in Dublin, his first job was that of reporter on a paper called the *Sporting and Dramatic Times*. The publication failed, whereupon Kerrigan betook himself to the Abbey Theater and announced to W. B. Yeats that he wanted to be an actor.

In this offhand fashion did the young Dublinite become a member of the Irish Players, whom he accompanied on their two tours to America. He was the ballad-singer in "The Rising of the Moon," *Shaun Keogh* in "The Playboy of the Western World," and *Coakayne* in Bernard Shaw's "Widowers' Houses."

Do you recall *Robert Cokeson*, the managing clerk in Galsworthy's "Justice" two years ago? You will scarcely realize that the O. P. Heggie who played it is the bored young man of wealth in "Happiness." Heggie used to be a law clerk in Australia, but caught the stage fever and betook himself to London to see what could be done with it. He had the usual hard time pushing in at the stage door, but, as in the case of Miss Fontanne, Ellen Terry happened to see his work and took an interest in him. With her, during her last trip to America, he played the boy whom *Nance Oldfield* disillusioned, and did it so well that all the managers wanted him to play boy parts. But having achieved "Justice" and a Hippodrome *revue* in the same season, he felt that he need not submit to the one-part slavery.

In 1912 he came to the United States for his second visit, and as the weakling brother in "The New Sin," the play without a woman in it, made such a profound impression that he has not been allowed to stay away from us since. He has been *Uriah Heep* in "David Copperfield," had the name part in "Androcles and the Lion," did *Quince* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and last winter was the mysterious stranger in the Chesterton play, "Magic." His first London hit, I may add, was won as the *Gunner* in the London produc-

tion of Bernard Shaw's "Misalliance," in 1910, in the Duke of York Theater's repertory season.

### A Revue That Really Reviews

It seems that I called the turn on George Cohan all right. If you will look back at the August forecast for the present season, you will find the following paragraph:

George Cohan is said to be flirting with an idea for a new piece. Both his brother-in-law, Fred Niblo, and Chauncey Olcott are clamoring for a vehicle from him, but I doubt if either gets it. Should the season see anything fresh from the pen of the Yankee Doodle comedian, I predict that it will be in the nature of another *revue*, and that it will give George a chance to let himself loose in some patriotic outburst with chorus accompaniment.

Cohan had let last season go by without such a *revue* to follow up the great success scored by his 1916 travesty on the running shows. This time the producers seem to have played straight into his hands by making it easy for him to combine on a single thread any number of skits on the prevailing hits.

Three of these, as it happens, belong to Cohan and Harris themselves—"A Tailor-Made Man," "The King," and "Going Up," the latter a musical version of "The Aviator," which as a comedy made no very great impression some five years ago. Now, with music by Louis A. Hirsch and with Frank Craven for its chief fun-maker, it is getting the money. But more of it after I have seen the thing myself. Again in the "Revue," Charles Winninger, husband of Blanche Ring, is the living replica of Ditrichstein's blasé monarch.

Winninger, who comes of a circus family from the Middle West, has played several times with his wife, more recently in "What Next?" which temporarily gave up the ghost this winter in Chicago. He had never done any imitations when Cohan asked him to burlesque Ditrichstein in "The Great Lover." The same was the case with Frederic Santley, who is amazingly successful with his portrayal of Grant Mitchell as *John Paul Bart* in "A Tailor-Made Man."

"How many times did you see Mr. Mitchell?" I asked young Santley during an afternoon I spent behind the scenes at a matinée of "The Cohan Revue."

"Four," he replied. "I find acting a lot easier than singing and dancing," he added with a smile. "That's what they kept me at lately, you know."

"How long have you been at it altogether?" I inquired.

"Twenty-three years," was the answer, whereat I drew in a long breath.

"Great Scott!" I exclaimed. "You can't be more than twenty-five!"

"Twenty-eight," he corrected me.

"But even so—"

"Oh, I know what you're going to say," he broke in. "Where did I get time to go to school? Well, I didn't. I've been educated by the correspondence schools. You see, my mother was on the stage with the John S. Lindsay company in Salt Lake, where I was born—just around the corner, by the bye, from where Maude Adams used to live. My first appearance was made when I was so little that though I knew my lines, I was too weak on my pins to stand alone, so I had to be led on to say them. The part was *Cissie Denver* in 'The Silver King,' and the little girl of seven who usually played it had been taken down with the measles, so I was pressed into service on a hurry call. Joe, who is two years younger, followed hard on my heels, though he went in more for melodrama at the beginning. As a kid I played a lot with Miss Adams, from 'Quality Street' to 'Peter Pan.' I was one of the children in 'Quality Street,' and nine years later, on its revival, I did the juvenile lead."

In "The Cohan Revue," Mr. Santley has six changes of costume and two songs. One of the latter is in the striking wedding of *Words and Music*, done in black and white setting, with a score by Irving Berlin. In the "Tailor-Made Man" travesty there is a rag-time scene in rime, just as there was two years ago on the court-room episode from "Common Clay." In this case it is *John Paul Bart's* handling of the socialist callers that is selected, and the whole thing is most skilfully worked out. Santley has even caught Grant Mitchell's intonation. In the "Revue of 1916" he had Wallace Eddinger's part in "The Boomerang."

At the matinee mentioned, when the final curtain fell on the Red Cross pavilion scene—wherein is sung Cohan's new song, "Their Hearts Are Over Here," a sequel to his "Over There"—Cohan himself suddenly appeared and announced a brief rehearsal in the effort to still further shorten the show.

"How about it?" he asked Mr. Winninger of a certain line.

"It doesn't get anything," answered Winninger, meaning applause or a laugh.

"Cut it out, then," summarily ordered the author, and in a very few minutes the actors in

this episode had started for their dressing-rooms once more.

Suddenly there was a cry of "Tailor-Made!" which meant that that particular bit was to be gone over again. One man had got so far in his disrobing that he had to appear for this impromptu rehearsal in a bath-robe with a towel twisted around his neck, but nobody minded, and the thing was soon over.

Mr. Cohan has donated all proceeds from the sale of his newest song to the Red Cross, and it is a happy circumstance that the leading woman of the *revue* is Nora Bayes, who first sang "Over There," which has taken its place as the favorite marching tune of our soldiers. Miss Bayes makes a fairly busy chameleon of herself, being *Polly of the Follies*, *Mme. Sand*, and *Florence Reed* (in the "Chu-Chin-Chow" skit), to say nothing of a Red Cross nurse in the finale. Last year, you may recall, she had a unique vaudeville show of her own.

### The Theater War and Another

ADJOURNING from "The Cohan Revue" to the roof of the New Amsterdam, where Ziegfeld was setting forth a new edition of his "Midnight Frolic," I was surprised to note one of the Shuberts among those present.

"Ho, ho!" I said to myself. "Is it possible that the theatrical fight is all presswork, after all? Otherwise how comes it that we have Mr. Lee in the camp of the enemy?"

He was hobnobbing with Lew Fields—just put on the market by the collapse of "Miss 1917" at the Century—and Arthur Hammerstein; so don't be surprised if you should see the three names in juxtaposition before long.

As to the "Frolic," it must have rejoiced Flo Ziegfeld's heart in these hard times to notice that the act the audience enjoyed the most was the one in which they themselves sang the old songs from words thrown on a screen.

Speaking of fights, there is just space to mention the opening, at the Park Theater, of a corking military melodrama from London, "Seven Days' Leave." It was written by Walter Howard, author of "The Rosary," a big hit at the Manhattan some years since, and for Broadway consumption Max Marcin has brought it as closely up to date as the entrance of the United States into the world war. It includes a submarine, three German spies, and an Irish-American hero, beloved of the gallery gods, in the person of Harlem's erstwhile matinee idol, William J. Kelly. The piece has been running at the London Lyceum since Valentine's Day, 1917.

# The Odd Measure

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Where Will  
Germany  
Strike Her  
Next Blow?

*Reasons for  
Venturing the  
Prediction That It  
May Be a Drive  
for Calais*

AT what point will the Germans break out next, assuming that they still have another punch in them? The question—both as to their strategy and as to their strength—may have been answered by events when this page reaches the reader, or it may still be a subject for lively discussion, as it was at the time of writing.

At least four lines of action would seem to be possible for the Kaiser's strategists:

First, a grand drive on the west front, in which vast forces brought from Russia might be used in an effort either to break through the French line and take Paris, or to smash the British forces around Ypres and seize the coast as far as Calais—perhaps as far as Boulogne.

Second, a massed attack through the Balkans for the purpose of destroying the Allied army based on Saloniki, restoring a pro-German régime in Greece, and enheartening Turkey, which is in desperate need of some cheer.

Third, a clean-up of the Rumanian army whenever that force may be so far isolated by the disintegration of the neighboring Russian armies as to make a reasonably quick victory probable.

Fourth, a naval foray, probably accompanied by an effort to land a military force on the eastern or southern coast of England.

There is no doubt that the grand strategy of the Germans has completely changed since the beginning of the war. The higher command has not by any means given over the hope of winning, but it is making an entirely different sort of war than it started to make.

The original Potsdam program had as its primary purpose, its essential feature, to crush France in a few weeks, before Russia could complete mobilization; then to fall on Russia before her forces could be consolidated and her military railways completed. That plan had to be abandoned because France unaccommodatingly refused to be crushed.

Planning a war in which they did not expect Britain to take part, the Germans nevertheless aimed one blow against Britain and another against France. They would seize Paris, and also would possess themselves of the Channel coast as a base for future operations against England. They miscalculated as to Britain's willingness to fight; they failed at Paris; and they got only a narrow foothold on the coast, because of the unexpected appearance of England in the lists.

The German plans were not definitely changed until after the failure of the Verdun effort, which was the last appearance of the old program of jamming through to Paris in the expectation that the loss of her capital would put France out of action. Paris was never so important from the day when the German staff learned that France had assimilated the lesson of 1870, and was willing to sacrifice the city on the Seine, if need be, in order to keep the French armies in being. Just that change in French strategy, evidenced in the first weeks of the struggle, showed Germany that she had a harder game to play than had been expected.

After Verdun had finally proved the impossibility of the original plan, the new program was put into force. In the autumn of 1916 the great foray into Rumania was undertaken, with marked success. Serbia had already been wiped out. Last autumn there came the sudden blow against Italy, which gave the Germans another hostage against the day of negotiations. The strategic idea was to thrust into every enemy country with a great mass attack, taking as much of it as possible, and then digging in and holding the booty till peace should come with Germany gripping territory in

every direction, and therefore in the posture of a conqueror. That was the origin of the strategy represented by the creation of the Hindenburg line, with its wonderful series of fortifications.

Germany now holds great areas of Russia, France, Belgium, Rumania, Serbia, and Italy. She might go on and take more of Russia, but probably will not do so, because there is no immediate military object to be gained. Anarchy is doing all that need be done for the German cause in Russia. Probably it is doing it better, for ultimate purposes, than a hundred Austro-German divisions could, and more safely; for if Germany continued to strike at revolutionary Russia, her blows might awaken the sleeping giant from his visions and arouse him to renewed resistance.

Following out this line, it seems more likely that the next German stroke will be directed at England, either by a drive for Calais or by an actual attempt at invasion, than that there will be another blow with Paris as its object. If the Kaiser could get his clutches on Calais, the French port would be England's hostage, and a most important one, too, for peace made with Calais in German hands would be peace on terms making England live hereafter under the menace of actual invasion. The horrible mistake of giving Heligoland to Germany has done much to neutralize Britain's superiority in sea power, but Calais is worth a dozen Heligolands.

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### Bohemia Speaks for France

*Remarkable  
Utterance of a  
Czech Deputy  
in the Austrian  
Parliament*

THE fact that strong demands for peace have been heard in Austria would have caused no surprise in other countries had due attention been paid to certain previous developments within the Dual Monarchy. Our failure to realize the situation that has for some time existed in the Reichsrat, or imperial parliament at Vienna, is a tribute to the efficiency of the German and Austrian censorship. From documents published by Secretary Lansing we know that the newspapers of the Kaiser's dominions have been forbidden to comment upon exhibitions of anti-German sentiment in the legislature of his chief ally; and such scanty reports of them have crossed the Atlantic that their significance seems to have practically escaped the notice of our American press.

To show the sort of language that the German deputies in the Vienna Reichsrat have had to listen to, it is quite enough to quote a single passage from a speech delivered on the 9th of last November by a Bohemian member, Mr. Stanek, president of the Czech Parliamentary Club. This speaker recited the text of a document drawn up by the Czech deputies in the Bohemian Diet during the Franco-German War of 1870-1871—a protest against Germany's purpose of annexing Alsace-Lorraine:

The Czech nation cannot but express its most ardent sympathy to that noble and glorious France who to-day is defending her independence and the national soil, who has deserved so well of civilization, and to whom we owe the greatest progress realized in the principles of humanity and liberty. The Czech nation is convinced that such a humiliation as the snatching of a fragment of its territory from an illustrious and heroic nation, full of just national pride, would be an inexhaustible source of new wars, and consequently of new injuries to humanity and civilization.

The Czech people is a small people, but its soul and its courage are not small. It would blush to suggest by its silence that it approves of injustice, or dares not protest against it. It is in this spirit that the Czech nation throws itself into action, ready for all the sacrifices which its conscience may dictate. Even if its appeal should prove useless, it would at least have the satisfaction of having done its duty at a critical moment, by bearing witness to truth, right, and the cause of the liberty of peoples.

Mr. Stanek, according to a detailed report of the proceedings, spoke "amid the approval of his colleagues"—meaning, no doubt, the group of Czech deputies in the Austrian legislature. It is unnecessary to point out

the significance of such a demonstration, which took place at the very moment when France was sending her troops to range themselves against Austria's armies in northern Italy.

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### The Barnum & Bailey Circus in Germany

*Significant Incidents of the American Show's Tour in the Realm of the Kaiser*

IT is of course a truism to say that the success of an army depends largely upon its mobility, and that mobility depends upon organized efficiency in handling and transporting men and material. Germany's acknowledged superiority in this respect has been largely due to her willingness to learn from others; and an American who visited her shores with the Barnum & Bailey Circus, eighteen years ago, asserts that the lords of her military machine never received a more valuable object-lesson than that afforded by the great transatlantic show. He gives dates and facts to support his rather surprising statement.

It was on March 22, 1900, that the Atlantic transport steamship Michigan docked at Hamburg, carrying a part of the circus—though she had to make two more trips to England before the entire outfit was carried across the North Sea. From the moment of her first landing, great interest was shown by the German authorities in this enterprise, so new to their country. Of course, the inevitable press agents had arrived some time in advance, and stories had appeared in the newspapers about the "greatest show on earth," but the Germans had only smiled at one another, or had shrugged their shoulders and sneered at the "American swindle." However, on the landing of sixty-seven railway-cars from the Michigan, the port officers at Hamburg began to see something worthy of consideration. Indeed, they did not conceal their astonishment. Other officials soon began to arrive from Berlin, and it was very evident to the circus people that their advent was being taken quite seriously.

This was the first time in the history of Germany that cars had ever been landed from a steamship just as they had been taken from the railroad-tracks, wheels and all. Moreover, the Barnum & Bailey cars were sixty feet in length, while the longest German cars at that time were not over forty feet. At first the officials scoffed at the idea of cars sixty feet long being practicable, saying that they could never go around curves, that they would break in the middle, and so forth. In reply, Mr. Bailey, who was personally managing the tour, merely smiled and said:

"We shall show you many new things."

The German officials insisted that the cars should first be sent to the railway shops at Altona, near Hamburg, for inspection. The attachment of some minor appliances was insisted upon by the authorities there, with whose requirements Mr. Bailey duly complied. The unloading of the Michigan was accomplished by the circus crew in thirty-eight hours, and on Easter Sunday, April 15, 1900, the big show gave its first performance in Hamburg. This, of course, was preceded by a big street-parade on Saturday, April 14.

The German government required that every part and feature of the entertainment should be inspected and passed upon by a town commission of each city visited, before the doors were opened to the public or a ticket sold. The Hamburg commissioners, on arriving at the circus grounds, were frank enough to admit that the White Top City was beyond anything they had imagined. They were amazed by the huge tent, with every convenience for the seating of twenty thousand people, ample space for the three-ring performance and aerial acts, and a wide track between the audience and the performers' rings for horse and chariot racing.

They next inspected the huge cook-tent, where the entire Barnum & Bailey company, consisting of about fourteen hundred people, were fed three times daily. Then came a fully equipped electric-light plant, then a splendid stable, in which were kept more than five hundred drag horses,

two hundred race and performing horses, eighty ponies, thirty-six elephants, and twenty-four camels.

They also visited the menagerie, with its thirty-five wagons of caged animals, and passed through the side-show, with its freaks and different entertainments. The necessary permission having finally been given, the circus threw open its doors, or rather tent-flaps, to the German public.

But what the German officials regarded as most interesting and instructive about the American circus was what they heard about its regular schedule of operations in its own country. They were told that in America this white-topped city went to a different town each day, giving a parade in the morning, a performance in the afternoon, and one again in the evening; that it entertained some fifty thousand people daily, and went on its way to the next town that same evening, conveyed by its own train, which consisted of seventy-five or eighty cars, divided into two or three sections; and that all this was done without the loss of so much as a tent-stake. Here were true efficiency and system, well worthy of study and imitation, and the German authorities decided to take advantage of the opportunity.

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### An Instructive Object-Lesson in Mobility

*How German  
Officers and  
Officials Watched  
the Swift Handling  
of Men and Freight*

**A**FTER four weeks in Hamburg, the American circus men, like the Arabs, quietly folded their tents and moved away. The next stand was Berlin, and here there began a new and interesting chapter of their experiences.

As their train neared the outskirts of the German capital, it was met by a party of army officers, who went carefully over all the sixty-seven sixty-foot cars. The officers were plainly impressed by the efficiency and system shown in transportation. They thought, however, that it would take a week to get the circus in shape to give an entertainment. When it was reported as "all ready for inspection" just eight hours after reaching the station, they were loath to believe the report and made a complete tour of the tents to convince themselves.

From the arrival of the circus at Berlin until its last performance was given, army officers accompanied this American enterprise all through the German Empire. In most places the military authorities supplied soldiers to do the work of laborers, the circus people paying the government for their services. This was a good business stroke, for hundreds of the Kaiser's soldiers got a training in efficiency and system, while his treasury received for their services a great deal more than it had to pay them.

In every town of military importance new officers joined the circus, and the unsuspicious Americans instructed them in the details of loading and unloading cars, pitching or putting up tents, arranging seats and apparatus, feeding people and animals, taking down tents, and disposing people in cars.

In all, the show visited fifty-five cities during its tour, which lasted from April 15 to November 10, 1900. In many of these places the local officials made every possible difficulty for the circus men, hampering them with repeated inspections and with demands for all sorts of changes in their arrangements.

There was a typical instance of this in Braunschweig—or Brunswick, as we are used to calling it—where the requirements of the civic authorities were so stringent, and showed such total ignorance of the subject in hand, that it took three days to do the necessary work. On the evening of the third day the inspectors declared themselves satisfied; but as it was too late to announce a performance, and as the circus was due in another town on the following day, Mr. Bailey gave orders to pack everything and move. The inspectors were much surprised, but were more surprised when a suit was instituted against them, and yet more when, after a sharp legal battle, judgment was rendered in favor of the circus.

It is the belief of the observer who supplies the above facts that during the seven months' tour of the American show in Germany, the Kaiser's

underlings learned much about taking care of crowds with safety, moving and feeding considerable bodies of people and animals daily, and using larger cars on their railroads than they had ever used before. If they did, then at least they deserve credit for being willing to profit by a chance to learn.

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### Bringing the Farmer and the Consumer Together

*A Report on the  
Progress of the  
Movement for  
Cooperative  
Marketing*

A BRIEF article printed in this department last month dealt with cooperative farming, and pointed out how much it might do for American agriculture. Cooperative marketing is a kindred subject of still wider concern; for, while tillers of the soil are far more numerous than any other class of workers in this country, every one of us is a consumer, interested in the buying and selling of the farmer's produce.

A clear and practical exposition of recent experience in this field comes to hand in the report of the New Jersey State Department of Agriculture. The department, recently reorganized, has been fertilizing the fields of its State with brains, and its report is good reading, especially in the chapter contributed by the Bureau of Markets. In this chapter producer, distributor, and consumer are brought together.

New Jersey, lying between New York and Philadelphia, is a truck-grower's paradise. To meet the difficulties of small growers and occasional shippers, there are several cooperative associations. There are farmers' exchanges in two counties, Monmouth and Burlington; a cooperative association in Mercer County; the Central Jersey Producers' Association, the Sussex County Fruit-Growers' Association, and several other local bodies. In assisting the work of these organizations the Market Bureau has wisely been satisfied to make haste slowly. The task is really one of education, and the process of education cannot be hastened without losing in effectiveness. Producers, ultimate consumers, and middlemen have to be taught community of interest before the expense of unproductive competition can be done away with.

The special conditions of last summer helped in the advancement of the scheme for city markets by greatly increasing the planting of small crops of perishable summer vegetables. People were not slow to grasp the idea that every pound used released a pound of staples for the use of our fighting men. In New Jersey alone, several cities reorganized their market arrangements, sixteen established new markets and others are still "considering." The movement for additional markets does not seek to interfere with existing institutions or established methods, but to supplement them. For producers and consumers so situated as to be able to avail themselves of its advantages, it means quicker sales and fresher goods. The chief of the bureau sums up on this point:

Few good farmers make good salesmen, and most produce, as we see it, will continue to be distributed through the work of several agents.

But "one small farmers' retail market can prevent unreasonable profits to retail dealers throughout a large city." It promises, on the less technical and more picturesque side, to cut into the system of retail delivery and credit; to strengthen the competition of fresh foods with the vogue of "prepared" stuff; and to revive among American housewives the good old custom of the market-basket.

There has also been, in the fruitful land of Jersey, some cooperative buying of foodstuffs. Farmers' associations, creameries, mills, and wholesale grocery houses responded to advances made by the Market Bureau as an intermediary, and "we have actual reports of the purchase of many car-loads of potatoes and wagon-loads of apples, cabbage, tomatoes, etc., as well as smaller shipments of many kinds of staple foods."

Sometimes it seems as if the utmost of modernity is a revival of ancient ways, and progress is a climb up the other side of a circle and back to the starting-point.

# Told by the Camera



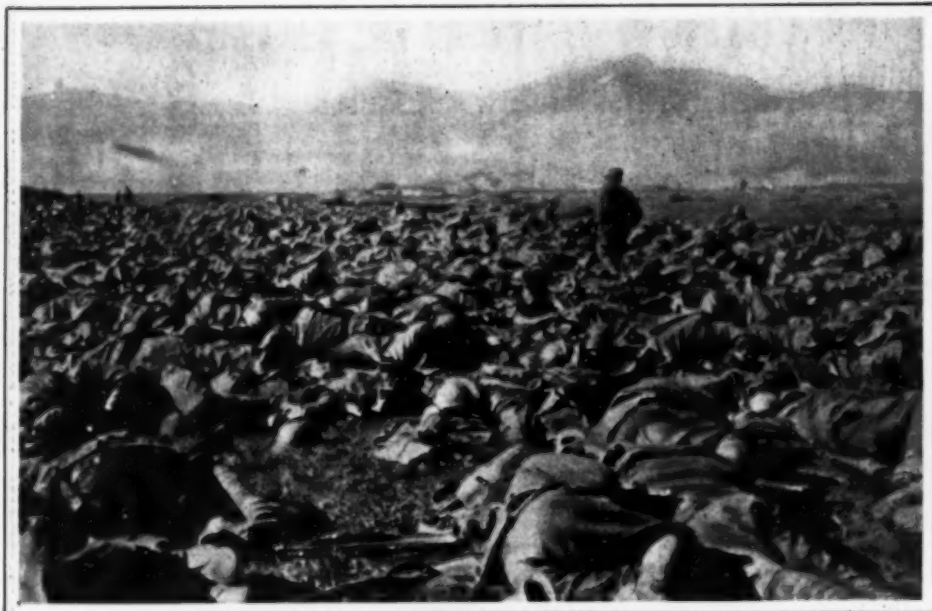
## STARTING FOR A NIGHT FLIGHT

A biplane getting its bearings by the aid of a search-light, preparatory to leaving a French aviation field, probably for a bombing raid



## A FRENCH NAVAL GUN ASHORE

One of the many long-range weapons of large caliber that the French navy has furnished for service at the front and manned with sailor gunners



THE FLORENCE BRIGADE RESTING AFTER A BATTLE

This photograph of Italian soldiers, taken in the region of the Piave, with the mountains faintly visible in the distance, shows how eagerly weary men snatch a chance for a brief rest

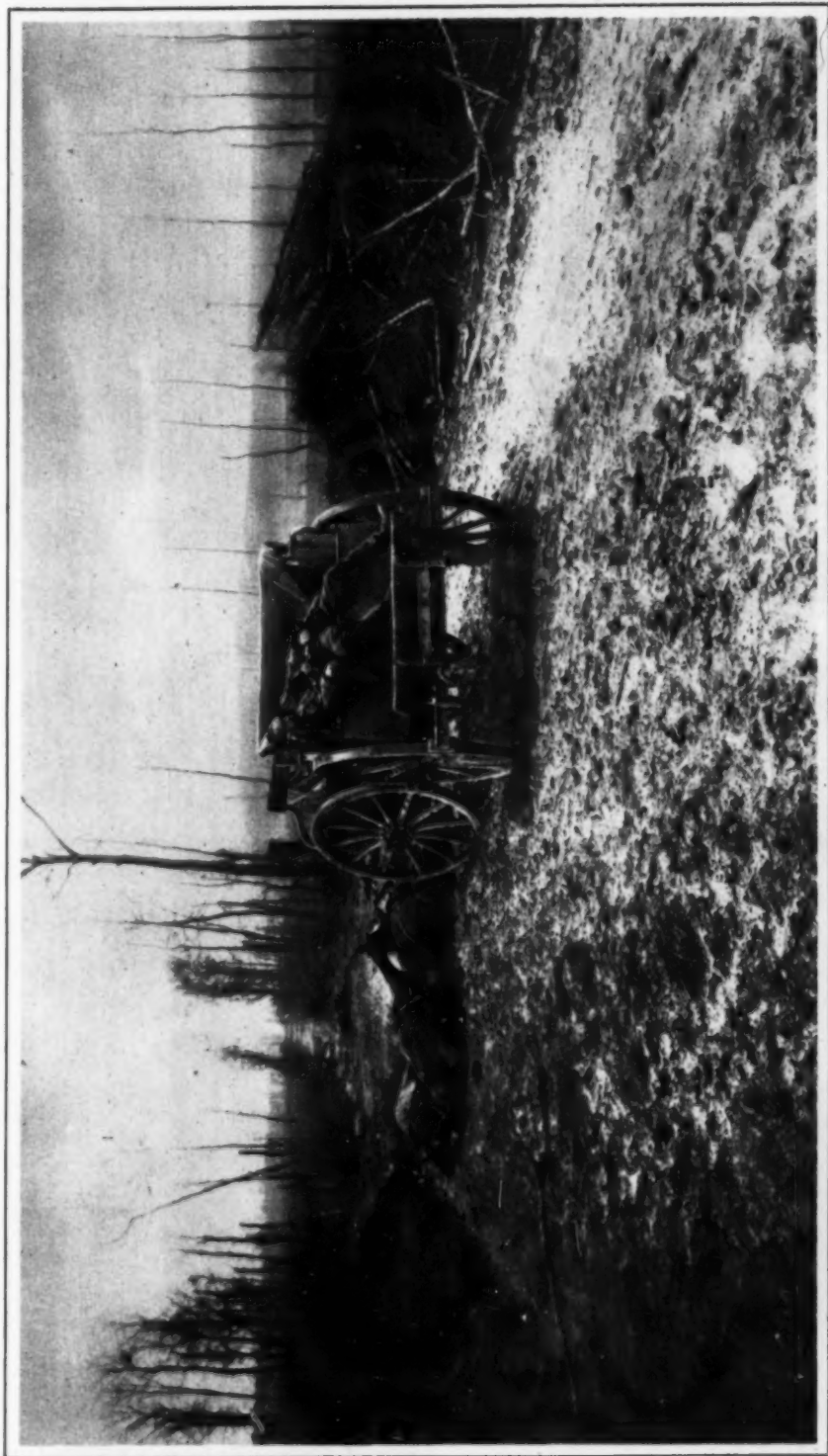
From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York



CAPTURED GERMAN TRENCHES AT PASSCHENDAELE, NEAR YPRES

This photograph shows how carefully German trenches are constructed—deep and narrow, with strong posts and cribbing, and sign-boards at corners—and how destructive is the effect of British artillery fire

From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York



THE DEVASTATION OF WAR

A remarkable picture of the death and desolation left in the track of a successful French attack on the German lines—in the foreground is a German gunner lying dead on his caisson, probably a victim of the same French shell that killed his horses

From a French official photograph



#### A BIG BRITISH GUN IN FLANDERS

This bulldog of the British artillery is one of the largest guns in use anywhere—in the engraving a tractor and two trailer trucks are drawing it toward the front

From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York



#### GERMAN BOY SOLDIERS CAPTURED BY THE FRENCH

It is not true that Germany has exhausted her man-power, but that she is straining it is shown by this photograph of schoolboy prisoners taken on the west front

From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York



**MRS. NORMAN DE R. WHITEHOUSE**  
Chairman of the New York State Woman Suffrage Party, now on a mission to Switzerland, understood to be for propaganda work



**MISS HELEN McCORMACK**  
Whose appointment as Assistant District Attorney of Kings-County, New York, may be regarded as a recognition of woman's assured status in public life



**MISS LOLA ANDERSON**  
United States Deputy Marshal at Denver, Colorado, said to be the first American woman who has ever held such an office  
From a copyrighted photograph by the Press Illustrating Service, New York



**MISS AGNES NESTOR**  
President of the Chicago Women's Trade Union League, who has recently been appointed a member of the National War Labor Board  
From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York

**JOHN E. DENSMORE**

Head of the National War Labor Board, which is to undertake the mobilization of the country's labor resources for urgently needed work in ship-yards, munition-factories, etc.

**MAJOR W. A. BISHOP, V. C.**

An officer of the Royal Flying Corps of the British army, victor in nearly half a hundred air battles, and now aiding the British and Canadian recruiting mission

**RUSSIAN PRISONERS IN GERMANY**

Newly captured Russians herded in a German detention-pen, where they will be held in quarantine for some weeks before being sent to the permanent camps or used for labor in Germany



THE TWO LEADERS OF THE BOLSHEVIKI

Nikolai Lenine (right), the self-appointed premier of the revolutionary government of Russia, and Leon Trotsky (left), his foreign minister and chief lieutenant, at the funeral of a comrade killed in the street-fighting at Petrograd



**A DOG WHO DOES HIS BIT FOR FRANCE**

The engravings on this page show how even animals and birds have been enlisted for war service—  
Here we see a dog carrying a message from a French observation post



**FEATHERED COURIERS IN THE WAR ZONE**

Here we see a carrier-pigeon, with a message attached to its leg, being released from a portable  
loft carried on the back of a British bicycle scout

# Side-Stepping the Clocks

A STORY OF THE CITY AND THE COUNTRY

By James H. Kennedy

SANDY MALONE resented more and more the fixed and unswerving dominance of the alarm-clock that stood on the kitchen-shelf. Its implacable tyranny was one of the grudges he held against life—against a present and a future of distasteful and poorly paid toil. To make both ends meet—that was all there was for him, now or afterward. A spell of sickness or the loss of his job might so shorten those ends that they would not meet at all.

For a full minute he lay with his gaze upon the air-shaft window, through which he could see the brick wall of the adjoining tenement-house, with a strip of blue sky and hot sunshine above. It seemed to Sandy Malone that for all time this had been his morning outlook on life—bleak wall that he could not break through, and above it blue sky and sunshine which he could not reach. If the sunshine were not there, gray clouds or rain replaced it. The wall never gave way by the space of an inch.

At the first whirl of insistent wheels his wife had set her feet on the floor and uttered her never-failing warning:

"Sandy, it's time, or you'll be late!"

There were no signs of resentment, or worry, or the dread of work in Sandy's eyes as he lighted his pipe and his wife filled the dinner-pail. For his eyes were on his boy asleep in the little room off the kitchen, and from him they went in a flash to the girl who lay in fair and supple length upon the couch in the front room—the small couch that must be lengthened if she lengthened more. These were his jewels, in their cramped and shabby set-

tings—these two and Nora Aline, who gave him a hurried kiss as she handed him the pail, with the never-forgotten caution:

"And be off with you, so as not to miss the boat!"

A rare spot in Sandy's day was this quarter of an hour against the boat-rail, with his pipe in his mouth, his back to the crowd of working men and women, and his eyes upon the river, the sky, and the patches of green that here and there flashed vividly along the shores. On this morning he could scarcely sense that amazing thing which had been suddenly thrust upon him—that within an hour's ride of this stone-and-mortar New York there were places where men worked all day in the open, with the sky and the sun above them; where green fields succeeded one another across the hills and down through the valleys, with flowers, and trees, and birds, and bumblebees, and butterflies, to be seen with only the cock of an eye, or heard with the turn of an ear.

"It sure was a lie!" he said to himself. "The country's not big enough for all that, and no working man could stand the cost of it. A lie it is, even when we know it's true!"

The boat slid by Governor's Island, and nosed its way against the tide toward the swaying piles which in a moment were noisily scraping its sides. The chains clanked harshly through their grooves, as the ferry-house bridge came down to the level of the deck. In the front rank of the crowds that surged forward pushed Sandy, in haste to cover the half-mile that lay between him and the warehouse, that he might not be late in punching his number

on the time-clock and have part of his day's wages docked.

On the stroke of twelve, when the engine gave a last gasp and went to sleep, Sandy climbed the stairs from his basement and made his way to daylight and the open air. The sacks he had carried and the trucks he had pushed, hour after hour, had seemed endowed with an added weight and obstinacy that morning. He was always bodily tired at noon, but now there was pressure of mental heaviness as well.

In the shadow of the tall chimney, with his back against the yard fence, he sat himself down to his dinner-pail. Reddy Mike, a fellow workman of the dusty basement, sat opposite, with his back against the chimney and a dinner-pail between his knees.

"Is it a grouch you've been carrying this day?" asked Reddy, wearied of a long silence.

Sandy Malone came to suddenly and explosively.

"As you might say," he answered, "it is—a grouch against the things that is. Listen to me, Mike. Last night the boy Alec took me to one of them free-for-all lectures. The knocker at the bat was a slim and goggle-eyed young hawk from up Columbia College way. He smiled in our faces and talked with easy words, but he stuck the knife in and turned it around—clean around in the hearts of them as could take it to themselves. He talked the grit of hard sense to such as have nothing and never will have anything for the reason they'd rather beer and loaf than work and save. He knew what he was talkin' about, for he was born in a dirty alley back of the Navy Yard. He asked us: 'Have you a dollar in the savings-bank? Have you enough life insurance to prevent the city from buryin' you?' And he talked straight out about the drink, and the gamblin', and livin' like pigs because we wouldn't try for something better. He asked us about the kids, and were we a lookin' to them to take care of us in our old age."

"And did you get up and show your contempt of him by a walkout?"

"I didn't, and neither would you if you'd 'a' been there. I tell you, man, he's right!"

Sandy nearly knocked his pail over with a sweep of the big fist that gave a punch to his answer.

"Look at me," he went on, "a decent man in the main ways of me. Look at the hole I live in, the dirty streets of the town I'm bringin' my children up in! And me the grandson of a Scottish minister who wouldn't have insulted his pigs by letting them run where my kids have to play! I'm not making a whine. I was kicked into the dirt of New York street life when I was a baby. I'm not squealin' because I had to jump school at fourteen, and go to work to help pay the police fines of a bum my mother married. And I ain't blamin' no one, not even myself, for my marryin' at eighteen and havin' two kids to take care of. The chances are I'd 'a' done worse if I hadn't."

"Well, then, what's eatin' you?" Reddy asked.

"Cast your eye at the only work I can find to do. It's waitin' for me, down in the dust and the heat. You know where I live—three families between me and the ground, one over me, one on each side of me, and half of them raising thunder in the first part of the night, and the rest in the other part. What's to keep the boy decent and straight? And the little girl—I'd shoot her before I'd see her go where too many of the girls are going. I'm sick and tired of it! Four rooms and a dumb-waiter—three flights of rotten stairs—and the sort of women Nora has to meet and talk to, or lose her tongue for the lack of clack! When the children grow older—"

"Say, Sandy," interrupted Reddy Mike, "you was a speakin' of our not pilin' up the long green in the savies. Got much there by your own self?"

If the factory chimney had visually been on a par with himself, Reddy Mike would have let it in on this stupendous joke by a wink.

"A little," Sandy answered. "But how did we get it? By the pull of our eye-teeth; by the dead-ahead grit of my wife, a keepin' me up to it. When we was mar-

ried, she said we must save a bit, even if only a cent a day. A dollar a week she set it, and as I was getting good wages for eighteen, and was still dead stuck on her, I said that was easy; and she's held me to it. I've tried to take back me agreement many a time, but—"

"And how many years is it you've been harnessed?" Reddy Mike broke in.

"Goin' on twenty years."

"Twenty! Is it twenty you said? A dollar a week—tin years and another tin years on the top of it! Oh, you bloomin' old Rockerfiller!"

Reddy Mike straightened his stooped back, and his squint eyes opened beyond their normal possibility. He sat up, alert and taking notice.

"Say, Sandy," he said, "say, you bloom-in' old millionaire, if I had all that, I'd go on a rippin', roarin' time—that's me!"

"And that's about what I've made up my mind to do," was Sandy's answer.

"Is it the chuck of the job?"

"The job? This job? Yes, and with it the dirty, wallowing hog of a city that crowds you, and hustles you, and bleeds the manhood out of you; that works you like a blind mule in a tunnel, and kicks you into the gutter when it's done with you. I'm through! I'm sick of it, down to the skin of me feet. I'm bound for somewheres that the stones ain't always hot and hard, or cold and hard, under the tired feet of you. The walls chokin' you—I'm through, and soon enough I'll be out of it. I'm tired of clocks!"

A suggestive grin threw Reddy's mouth a little further out of shape. His eyes seemed to crowd closer together, and his voice was low and eager as he leaned forward and asked:

"A woman in it? Say, Sandy, me boy, is it a skirt that's backin' you to it?"

Sandy laughed as he rose and slowly fastened the cover of his dinner-pail.

"Yes, Mike, since you've asked it, I don't mind agreein' that a woman is in it. There's the finest woman in New York as is in it; but I ain't namin' her, even to you!"

Sandy walked across to the door of the warehouse, pushed his individual button on

the time-clock, and descended to the back-breaking work of his dusty basement.

## II

NORA ALINE accepted a shut-down of the factory, a strike, or the loss of Sandy's job, as she accepted the snow, the rain, or the pull of rent-day. She was East Side by birth and to the core; and such code of ethics or science of life as the East Side had made its own, sufficed for her social and mental needs. She harbored but two ambitions—to occupy a front flat on Third Avenue, and to have Jeanie a teacher in the public schools.

She could easily understand the fact that Sandy had been laid off for the two weeks of factory overhauling and renovation, as something that had happened before and would happen again; but his subsequent proposal was beyond her. The like of it had never been made before.

"If it's a spell of loafin' for me," he said at the close of the evening meal, "the time won't be lost if I run up the river on the cheap boat, and drop down on me brother Rann. It's years since I've seen him, and I'll be savin' the board, in any case."

"Yes, Sandy, you might do it, if the wish for it has come over you," Nora had answered loyally. "But lonesome enough you'll be. When I was up the one time, there was the dark trees all about the house, and the distances between folks, and no neighbors near enough to speak to. And when the night come down, with them frogs a honkin' in the green places—they near drove me crazy. It's a place you'll grow lonesome of, before the two days."

"Then I'll head for home on the third," Sandy had answered.

Two mornings later he had filled the ancestral carpetbag with a few needed things, laid the money for two weeks' housekeeping on the kitchen table, kissed them all good-by, and gone down the stairs.

"The grip weighs more than the dinner-pail ever did," he said to himself, "but this is lighter to me hand than that ever was!"

He set his shoulders up with unusual straightness, drew a deep, long breath, as if expelling the factory dust forever, and felt the load of a half-dozen years slip from

his body and mind. Then he smiled to himself as he took his plunge into the future.

### III

NORA ALINE was restless beyond custom and beyond control in the evenings when she realized that her man was neither at the front-room window with his pipe and paper nor on the curb discussing politics and pull. As day after day passed with not even an up-river postal card in the letter-box of the vestibule, she wondered the more and the more at it—first because of Sandy's unbelievable stay amid the dank shadows of Rann's little place. Then there came a dull but voiceless criticism because, at the cost of a penny stamp and the scratch of a lead-pencil, he had not informed her of his arrival and whereabouts. When an empty week had gone by the woman's wonder and impatience changed to unrest and resentment.

It was on the eighth day of his absence that a whisper, which had started at the street door below, filtered its way up-stairs to her landing—a whisper that Sandy Malone was not absent with any good intent; that he had left his wife and children with no expectation of return. And, as usual in the tragedy of a broken home, there was some one at hand to translate the whisper into speech.

"I've told you wunst, Nora Malone, such news as Dennis handed to me across the table," said Mrs. Floody, from the other side of the landing. "And there's no need, Nora Malone, of a layin' into me with so rough a tongue because I've taken the part of a friend to you. It's no fun for me in the telling of it! But from the words of Reddy Mike—a liar he is, as we all agree—words that he dropped into the unbelievin' ears of Floody, it's not a walk-out just because he was tired of you and of the work, for there's a woman as has gone with him!"

Not even Nora Malone's scorching and defiant answer, nor the slam of her door in Mrs. Floody's fat and malicious face, nor even the brave throttling of her own forebodings, could stifle the fear that her husband's strange departure and unexplained absence had aroused within her.

She fought it off and forced it down until the next evening, when she faced Reddy Mike in his dirty and crowded basement home on the other side of the street.

The message that Reddy gave her kept step with her as she went home with her apron over her head. It followed her up-stairs, past the open and inquisitive door of the Floody tenement. It went to bed with her, and was there in the frequent awakenings of a miserable night—this message passed on from Sandy to herself:

"Yes, Mike, I don't mind agreein' that a woman is in it. There's the finest woman in New York as is in it; but I ain't namin' her, even to you!"

But acceptance and realization did not overtake her in their desolate and tragical meaning, did not shake off the last hold of her loving faith in her husband, until the morning brought her a thought of the dwindled heap of money that Sandy had left on the kitchen table for the two weeks' housekeeping. A glance at that, and a sudden panic of fear, sent her to the visible evidence of their small hoard in the savings-bank. On her knees before the bottom drawer of the wardrobe, she hastily tore the string from around the little tin box and opened it.

It was then that hope died out of her, and the last shred of courage went in a sharp scream, torn from the very soul of her. The bank-book had disappeared.

### IV

THE train that carried Sandy Malone away from New York was not well across the Newark meadows before he had taken from an inside pocket of his coat a sealed letter that bore the address: "Walter Hawley, Springville Station." Even if Sandy, who in an hour of talk had been promoted to the personal friendship of the "young hawk from up Columbia College way," could have X-rayed his curiosity through the envelope, he would not have been measurably enlightened as to its contents. It read:

DEAR WALTER:

As an economic vivisectionist, whose theories outrun his opportunities for experiment, I present to you my new-made friend of an hour, Mr. Alex-

ander Malone, a muchly disgruntled laborer of New York. I am heartily glad to turn him over to you. It will be a chance at which you will jump. Don't forget, however, that Mr. Malone has a twenty-year grudge against clocks. A fine man he is, in the natural grain. Speaking with a full force of seriousness, and having his problem deep in my heart, I want you to help him.

Help him to rearrange himself. I think he has the requirements of success, except in the know-how-to-do-it. Get into his confidence and pump him dry before you advise.

As ever,

Ed.

In his seat by the open window, with the old carpetbag beside him and his pipe for company, Sandy sat silent while the train moved along its leisurely way. Men came and went at the stations, but not one of them drew attention. He had already seen enough people to last him for a lifetime. His eyes, his thoughts, his personal interest, were on the country through which he was carried.

He noted the green leaves of ten thousand rustling trees; the carpets of grass in wide meadows; hills and vales; shadows and the sun; men at work in the fields, and about them no city roar, no cloud of warehouse dust. He was on the watch for his station, and so much afraid that he might be carried beyond it that it was a relieved trainman who at last called "Springville!" and motioned Sandy to the door.

At the first glance, Sandy warmed into friendship for the place. A hill sloped upward to the left; a river rippled noisily over flat rocks to the right. Poised on the edge of the station platform were half a dozen boys and men. Lazy-eyed horses drooped at the hitching-posts of a small public square, scattered around which were dwelling-houses and stores.

Directed by the station-master, he trudged for half a mile along a quiet road, and turned into a yard that seemed almost riotous in its abundance of flowers. There was a man on the house porch, seated in an armchair that was an embodiment of comfortable ease and undisturbed placidity. He had been reading, but on the visitor's approach he laid the open book on the stone ledge of the porch, and rose.

"Good afternoon, sir," he said. "Come up in the shade and have a seat."

"Is this Mr. Hawley?" asked Sandy, touching his hat.

"It is. Take this chair. It's comfortable on a hot day."

Sandy took the proffered seat.

"I'm Alexander Malone, of New York," he said. "I have a letter for you."

Mr. Hawley was evidently a man of method. He closed the open book on the ledge, and placed it on a porch table already loaded with books. He rearranged the cushions of his chair, sat down, took a pen-knife from his pocket, and slit the end of the envelope. He read the letter, read it a second time, and turned to Sandy.

"I learn that you don't care for clocks," he said with a smile. "When I was a school-teacher, I hated the clock as I hated no other thing but one, and that was the schoolhouse bell. The two of them bossed me for a good many years, but I've side-stepped them at last. Down here we own and arrange our hours, and manage to keep busy most of the time. Mr. Malone, I shall be glad if I can be of service."

"I was sent here by Professor Cranage," said Sandy, with a sudden shy embarrassment. "I don't know as I should be after takin' your time, Mr. Hawley, but he seemed to be a good-hearted boy, and to understand how I'm fixed. Anyway, he went at me so strong to come down here, and I was so hard put about it—mostly for Nora and the kids—that I chanced the cost of a ticket on it."

He paused and looked about him—at the cool and cozily furnished porch, at the flowers in the yard, at the deep greens of the hillside opposite, at the broad meadows to the right and the left.

"Sure, sir," he said, "if it's a place he was seekin' for in which a tired city laboring man could find a bit of soft sod under his foot and a clear sky over him, he's not gone amiss. Yes, Mr. Hawley, he sure is a good picker!"

"And you are a working man, and you're tired?"

"I'm dead tired of New York, and of all it's meant for me so far, except them of my own I've mentioned."

Walter Hawley was again the vitalized schoolmaster, without the schoolmaster

manner. He was ready to take this simple-minded fellow by the hand and lead him into an understanding of his needs, and perhaps to aid him in supplying them. A veteran digger of trenches in the human mind, Hawley needed not even a full hour in getting to the bottom stratum of Sandy Malone's personality.

"Do you suppose, Mr. Malone," he asked, "that there are many laboring men in New York who feel as you do?"

"I know of some; I doubt me not there are thousands," Sandy replied. "It's a terrible load the most of them are hauling up-hill all their lives. With families, big ones for the heft of them, they have to hold hard to the job for all six days of the week. Even if they wanted to pull out, there's not many of them as would have a dollar to pull with." And the most of the poor devils wouldn't know where to go, or what to do after they got there."

"Yet you—one of these men—are here?" suggested Mr. Hawley.

"Yes, I'm here, but I don't understand it myself. Blame it on the college lad as sent me. I've got the return-ticket in my pocket, and the station man is only waiting for the wink to get the flag up for the night train. Still, the place here's got its hold on me already!"

"Have you any money, Mr. Malone?"

"Well, there's a little as has been laid by, but don't blame it on me. It's Nora and the savies."

"Enough to buy a little place out here?"

"Lord, no, sir; nor even the tenth of it!"

Mr. Hawley laughed.

"Well, Mr. Malone," he said, "to get down to something practical, you must have supper with mother and me, and spend the night here as our guest. In the morning we'll look into the thing a little closer."

Sandy accepted the supper, but declined the bed. He found a place of comfortable rest in the old-time tavern near the station.

It was late when he fell asleep. The adventures of an unusual day, the wonderful stillness of the night about him, and the possibilities of a change in his mode of life, kept company with him. Above all, there remained by him the parting words of Walter Hawley.

"As I understand it," Hawley had said, as they stood amid the flowers and under the moonlight, "you are seriously considering the possibilities of a new start in life—a right start for your children. You want a home of your own, from which you cannot be driven on the order of any man. You want a yard for your flowers; a garden of truck, to be taken and used as you need it—fresh from the dews of morning and the clean touch of earth. You want fields in which you can earn a living and be out in the open air—no alarm-clocks to harass you, and no time-clocks to punch. You want to do your work, and feel free and hearty in the doing of it. You want a place where your children can be brought up decently; where the fact that their father works with both head and hands—we use both down here—will not handicap them either among the neighbors or in the school. You want a place where your wife will be among good women, who, while they do their own housework, have their reading-clubs and their church work; women who do not have to go above the first floor to find their homes. I think I know, Mr. Malone, where lies your trouble, and the best way to meet it. And I think, friend Malone"—with a hand-shake that hurt Sandy's hard fingers—"I think that we'll pull off a stunt before many days that will mean a future for you and for Nora!"

"For you and for Nora!" It struck Sandy as it had not really got at him before; and a cold chill scurried down his backbone as he thought of it. Would Nora come, and would Nora be contented after she had come? There were trees enough in Springville to darken any home. Were there frog-ponds, also?

## V

SANDY MALONE leaned on the plain board fence and looked at the house and its surroundings. He noticed the white curtains at the windows, the well-curb at the side door, the barn in which could be heard the stamping of a fly-disturbed horse. A one-horse wagon and a top-buggy with the marks of much usage were in a lean-to against the barn. There was a well-hoed garden, with rows of all shades of green

things; half a dozen apple-trees stood at the garden foot. Beyond them he saw a field of sprouting corn; a pasture, forming a background for a red-and-white cow; a clump of woods, of an acre or more. Over it all were the sky and the summer sun, and a fresh breeze.

There were a few flower-beds in the front yard, and a honeysuckle-vine ran gracefully over one of the front windows. As Sandy's eyes rested on that, he called up the vision of a little tow-headed girl in a white sun-bonnet, picking a white or yellow flower for her school. He shook his head, and turned to Mr. Hawley.

"It's good for the eyes and the hearts of them as can reach it," he said. "I'd 'a' been better pleased if you hadn't shown it to me; but I'll be glad to feed on the thinkin' of it when I'm home."

"See here, friend Alexander, I do not wish to pry into your affairs, except as I can be of help to you. As a starter toward doing something, I ought to know how much real money you—or rather Nora and the savies—have laid away. This is a case where money does the talking."

"It's not much, Mr. Hawley; say a thousand dollars and a little more. Small is the ice it would cut!"

"When could you lay your hands on this money—in case of a need for it?"

Sandy looked carefully about him. There was no one nearer than a man in overalls and a straw hat, half a mile up the road. He moved closer to Mr. Hawley and said:

"I took it from the bank on the chance of needing it, and it's safely tied up in the back of me vest. If I buy the place, it won't take me long to shed the vest."

"The place is for sale at a bargain," explained Mr. Hawley, "because that chap you see up the road fell in love with a girl. He lost his mother—some months ago, and the girl, who worked in the Springville tavern, has gone home to her folks in the West. He's plumb crazy to sell out and follow her, for she has laid it down as the law that she'll never live in the East. He is to meet us here at my request. You stay and talk with him, but you'd better not close the deal until you have a chance to talk it over with me. He wants to hand the buyer

the door-key, if there is one, and walk off, leaving the whole outfit behind him, even to the crops and the horse in the barn. Here he is, now!"

"Good morning, Orlando," said Mr. Hawley, as he shook hands with the young man in overalls. "I want you to meet my friend, Mr. Malone, of New York. This is Orlando Wolcott, who confesses that he has two States in view—Indiana and matrimony. He's been a good neighbor. I asked you to meet us, Orlando, as Mr. Malone may be persuaded to replace you. Please do not be too hard on him, for he is a guileless young man from New York."

"I've heard of them fellows before," Orlando answered.

## VI

It was well toward sunset when Sandy made his appearance on the Hawley porch.

"Well?" questioned Mr. Hawley, from the depths of the comfortable and soul-soothing easy chair.

"I've been movin' in."

"You've been—moving?"

"Yes, sir. I've done it easy by going down to the tavern and getting me grip. I unpacked it in a bedroom one flight up—or up-stairs, as you say it here. As the other fellow said, why pay for lodging when I had a place of my own?"

"So you've bought the house?"

He had bought it. Mr. Hawley afterward wrote to Professor Edward Cranage, of Columbia:

It was the grandson of a Scotsman against the son of a Connecticut Yankee. The contest must have been Homeric in proportions, and I am sorry that a strained sense of neutrality sent me beyond the enjoyment of it.

Sandy explained more prosaically.

"He asked me a thousand dollars for the place, which took in only the buildings and the land and the stuff growing on it. Minded by the hint you passed over to me, I just gave a shake of the head, and sat down on the horse-block with me pipe full at it, and having nothing to do but look on and listen. He soon came down in the asking; and after the sun had moved well toward the west he came down again. I

sat still, and answered him with head-shakes and a question slipped in between. At the end of three hours or more, when he had lost his courage and was well out of breath, I stood up, emptied the pipe, put it in my pocket, and looked at a railroad timetable as was in the band of the hat.

"I'm a man of few words, and I know little of lands, or of the worth of them," I said to him. "But this I'll do, Mr. Wolcott, and it's the last word—you've said it is seven hundred dollars, with the crops, and the garden truck, and the horse and cow, and the other outside things thrown in. I'll make it seven fifty, on condition that you leave to me the furniture and the other fixin's inside the house."

"Whew!" said Mr. Hawley.

"That's what Orlando thought," said Sandy. "He spent a half-hour in a throw-in' of fits, and then he threw in the furniture as asked. And here's his receipt for ten dollars to bind the bargain."

For two fleet-footed weeks Sandy took an intensive and extensive course of farming. He learned how to plant and hoe and weed; how to chop wood; how to harness and drive a horse; how to milk a cow, cook a meal, and make a bed. Orlando, who remained for a time as Sandy's guest, was a capable teacher, while Mr. Hawley stood by to offer advice. The neighboring farmers pulled up in front of the house to shake hands and tender their good-will.

"I feel an inch taller since I struck the place," Sandy confided to himself. "And they all call me 'Mr. Malone'!"

## VII

WOULD Nora be glad to come? This problem—this one spot of tarnish on the gilt of his satisfaction—was with him as he walked down Park Row in an early hour of the night, turned eastward at Chatham Square, and plunged into the narrowing streets of the East Side. It was with him when he climbed the stairs of his tenement, knocked at the locked door of his flat, and heard his wife's question:

"Who's there?"

At the sound of her voice the belated homesickness that should have been upon him days before rolled over him in a wave

of tenderness. A note of love and homecoming could not be kept out of his voice as he answered:

"It's me, Nora! It's Sandy!"

"Well, and what's that to me? What might you be wanting here?"

As the sharp, explosive answer came through the thin pine door, Sandy bestowed a smile on the dim gaslight at the end of the hall.

"It's because I was gone the two weeks and didn't write," he thought to himself. "It's all right, Nora," he answered. "Just be after letting me in, and I'll own up and beg your pardon for whatever I may have done."

"You can go back to where you came from, Sandy Malone! And if she's with you, she might want to be asking my pardon, too! And you stealing all my savings, and no doubt spending them on her! I'm through with you!"

There was the sharp slam of a door, and on the instant Alec threw back the bolt and let his father in. He was hardly over the lintel when the arms of little Jeanie were about his neck. He set her gently down, and, walking across the kitchen, opened the door to the front room.

Nora stood with her face to the window and her hands gripped behind her back. Sandy put his arms about her and said:

"You'll listen to me, Nora—for all that's been done by me was but with a thought of you and the children."

Then he made confession.

She was angry to the roots of her. She was hurt, and even appalled, at what he had done without her knowledge or consent; yet there was one fact which in a measure smoothed the way before him. The worst that might happen could not approach the ruin that would have been upon her and her children, if Reddy Mike's story had been true.

But the incredible thing that he had done—taking the last dollar of their money from the bank and sinking it in a hopeless bit of wilderness away out on the far edge of the world! As for leaving New York for some stagnant hole in the woods, she never would.

"And that's flat!" she said.

But she went, and carried with her the crucial problem of Sandy's venture into a new world.

It would be an inadequate description of the situation merely to say that Alec and Jeanie went also. They took to the idea with a passion of anticipation and a hurry of preparation that left even Sandy a few laps in the rear. The second-hand man from Park Row paid enough for their household goods—except a few things that they took with them—to carry the family to Springville and leave a little balance in Nora's purse.

As Sandy watched the scenery from the car window, Nora resumed her critical study of the domestic problem.

"There'll be no rent to pay, and no coal to buy," Sandy told her, "for Alec and the wagon can pick up more wood on the place than we can burn. There's a garden in full bloom, with potatoes and cabbages and beets, and what else. There's six trees loaded with apples, and a fine cellar to store them in. There's grass growing for the horse and corn-fodder for the cow—the cow that 'll keep us in butter and milk."

"But I see no money coming in, with you and Alec at work in the fields all the days of the year," was Nora's response.

"Orlando was telling me," answered Sandy, "that he took in near a hundred and fifty dollars last year with the horse and wagon, hauling trunks and other stuff to the station, and in doing odd jobs of trucking for the folks about. It's a fine job for a husky boy. Say, Alec, would you like to spend your hours out of school driving the horse?"

"I'll play hooky all the year to do it!" replied Alec.

"As for me, Nora," said Sandy, "Mr. Hawley tells me that old man Robinson, who owns a big place on the side of the mountain beyond us, will give me all the chopping I want in the winter, getting his stove-wood cut, or cutting ties for the railroad. Mr. Hawley can use me many a summer and fall day on his place, and there's often a call for a man on the railroad. We'll by no means starve, and to me it's restful to feel that there's to be a roof over our heads that no one can take away

from us. And even this soon I've found that we'll be counted as good as the best of them. No man has called me 'Sandy' in the time I've lived there, and none such as the Floody woman, across the hall, will be calling you out of your name. I feel these things the more, perhaps, because my grandfather was a Scottish minister."

"And a great-grandfather of mine, on mother's side," answered Nora, "was once the mayor of Cork!"

Mr. Hawley met them at the Springville station and drove them home. A cool breeze was in their faces, and the sun was going down in a red and purple haze. A supper of Mrs. Hawley's best workmanship awaited them. When the time for rest came, Jeanie realized a dream—for the first time in her life she had a bedroom of her own!

Four mornings later Sandy also saw a dream come true. Jeanie stopped by the honeysuckle-vine to pick a yellow flower to carry to school. She came home flushed of face and eager with her news:

"The girls are all crazy to set by me," she said. "They think I'm great because I come from New York!"

## VIII

It was a cold, blustering day in early December when Sandy Malone waded his way through drifts of snow to the home of Walter Hawley. By the open wood fire of the quaint old kitchen he unburdened himself of his overcoat and of a trouble which had been growing in weight and discomfort as the days grew shorter and outdoor possibilities more curtailed.

"If the life here is to break the heart of my wife," he said, "and if the grieving for what's left behind grows more cruel, I see no way out, Mr. Hawley, but to get rid of it all and go back. The wife has made a bold front of it, as far as she was able, but it's too much for her. I've come over to ask if there's any way I can pass the place over to some one, and go back to New York."

"Do you want to go?"

"It will be back to prison!"

"And the children?"

"They're wild to stay."

There were a few minutes of talk, and then Mr. Hawley said:

"I think, Mr. Malone, that I can give you a bit of good advice."

Sandy saw a bit of comfort in the words that followed.

Two or three days later Nora went back to New York to look for a little flat, and carried Sandy's promise to follow with the children when she gave the word.

## IX

THE darkness of a windy and frost-biting December night was swiftly falling on the snow-clad hills of Springville. A wood fire roared in the kitchen stove, while another crackled in the fireplace of the front room. Alec and Jeanie were setting the table for supper, while Sandy stood by the side window, looking down the drifted road. A sore spot was in his heart, for in her two weeks of absence Nora had not sent him even a post-card.

"Now if mother was only here!" said Jeanie. "I am sure we all wish—"

But no further word of the wish was heard by Sandy, who had thrown open the door and was rushing down the road. The old carpetbag dropped into the snow from the tired hand that carried it, and the arms of a weeping woman were thrown about his neck.

"Sandy, my old man!" she cried. "I could stand it no longer. Arrah musha, I've been wearying for the little house!"

Three hours later, as they sat before the open fire, Nora told Sandy of the things that had sent her back to this safe and homelike corner of the world.

"What got me the most of all," she said at last, "was the strange fact that in all my life I had never really seen New York before. You know, Sandy, when I used to go over to mother's, I made no note that her little flat was overcrowded with my brothers and the boarders; but now it seemed as if there was no room to turn about in, and I had to go into the hall to breathe. And oh, the miles and miles of tall buildings, cutting off a glimpse of the sky! How they looked to me, after these months with the clean and open hills about us, and the trees above us!

"All the talk of the women I met was about the folks on the floor above, or them below, or across the landing; of the movies, the wages, the work or the loss of it; of the drink and the growler; the cop on the beat and the lads as he had run in. I stood it as long as I could, Sandy man—the crowd, the dirt, the noise, the saloons on every corner; the ash-cans overflowing on the curb; the dogs and the children that run wild; the rush, the hurry, the poverty, and the trouble that's ever on the faces of the old. I'm glad to be home—for good. It's thankful to you I am that you did as you've done, and that we're here!"

She stopped for a long look at the sleeping children on her way to bed.

## X

A FEW days later Walter Hawley sat down by his library window and wrote to his friend, Professor Cranage, of Columbia University, New York. This was the closing part of the letter:

I have told you this story in full, because it has taken a grip upon me that I cannot shake off. I look out of the window over the hills and across the valleys that stretch to the west and the north—hundreds and hundreds of acres of good soil, given over to second growth, or pasture-land, or but half-tilled at the best. I cannot drive away the vision of five hundred Alexander Malones settled upon this land, each with his little frame house, his small farm, his barn, his horse and cow, his children growing up sturdily and paying their way as they go. I can see five hundred families taken out of your tenements, producing instead of consuming, and living as this one emancipated man is now living—five hundred families working for their country, for its tremendous and pressing needs in this day of our national crisis!

I tell you, Ed, it can be done. The men who might be persuaded to furnish the money for the doing of it would get back their investment in the long run with more than good interest. It's not charity I am arguing for—it's patriotism!

America has reached a point where the cities must cease to bleed the country. Stir up some of your millionaires, and see if it cannot be done.

Walter Hawley laid down his pen and smiled. He had heard the jingle of sleigh-bells; and, looking through the frosted pane, he had seen Old White and the cutter passing swiftly by, with Nora and Alexander Malone on the front seat, driving the children to school.

# The World-Wide Blockade of Germany

HOW OUR WAR TRADE BOARD IS FIGHTING THE COMMERCIAL PHASE OF THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE KAISER

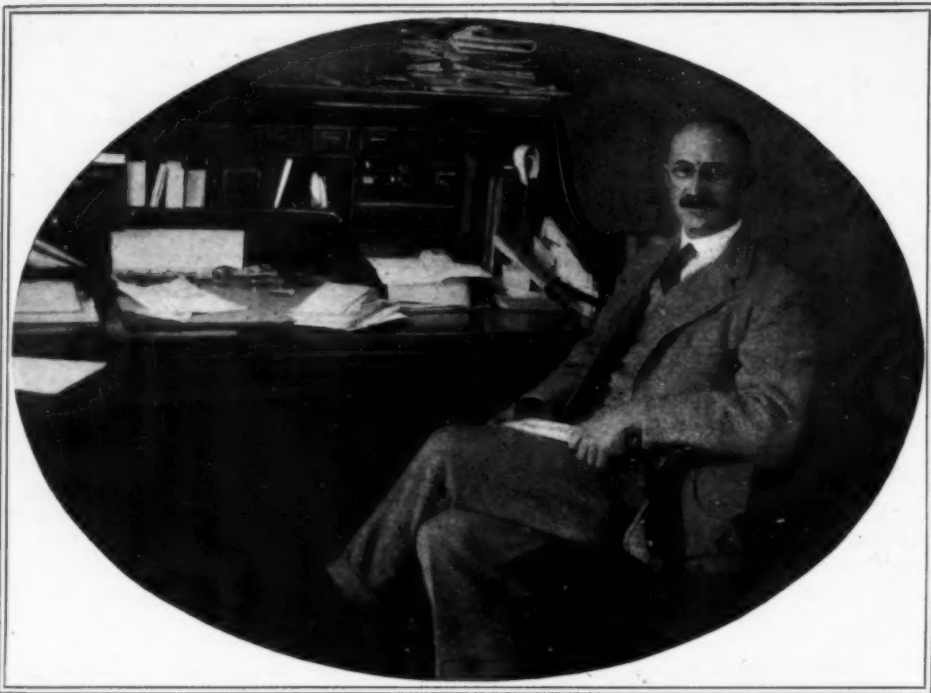
By William Atherton Du Puy

THE trade resources of the United States are mustered for the winning of the fight for democracy and humanity. Commerce is in the trenches wherever the flag of the Allies is unfurled, battling with intelligence, resourcefulness, effectiveness, to overcome the enemy of civilization. The result is like the tightening of a great rope about the throat of the Kaiser—a rope the ends of which are in powerful hands that pull strongly, remorselessly. The process may be slow, but it is ceaseless, and the pressure is undoubtedly becoming more and more effective.



VANCE C. MCCORMICK, WHO PRESIDES OVER THE DELIBERATIONS OF THE WAR TRADE BOARD AS CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD AND REPRESENTATIVE OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT

*From a copyrighted photograph by Clinedinst, Washington*



L. L. RICHARDS, DIRECTOR OF THE BUREAU OF TRANSPORTATION OF THE WAR TRADE BOARD, WHICH CONTROLS THE SUPPLY OF COAL TO NEUTRAL SHIPS—HE IS A BROTHER OF C. A. RICHARDS OF THE BUREAU OF EXPORTS

The instrument with which trade fights is the blockade. That word brings before the lay mind the picture of a cordon of ships thrown around the blockaded harbors, like policemen of the seas who allow only those with the necessary countersign to pass. Stories are recalled of blockade-runners, those swift ships which of old dashed for port despite the patrol. There is a vision of grappling-irons, of boarding-parties wielding cutlasses, of fights to the death.

But here again the romance has gone from war. The blockade of to-day is mostly a paper affair. Its enforcement is chiefly by trade regulations promulgated through the velvet-smooth channels of diplomacy. Pressure is applied here and there, more or less apologetically. Cargoes are coaxed into other channels before leaving home ports. Conditions that are entirely friendly, but behind which is the force of half the world arrayed in a common cause, influence casual shipments from out-

of-the-way ports. All are parts of the modern blockade.

#### DIFFICULTIES IN ENFORCING A BLOCKADE

Before we entered the war, the Allies, with Great Britain as the most active factor, had maintained a blockade of the Central Powers since the beginning of the struggle. There were practically insuperable difficulties in making that blockade effective. Germany must be deprived of the necessities of war, yet the neutrals must not be antagonized. The United States, in particular, must be kept friendly.

One remembers the cries of anguish that went up from American members of Congress when Britain first considered making cotton contraband. The Allies knew that great quantities of cotton were going into Germany, and being converted into smokeless powder; yet they must treat the United States with consideration, and the United States insisted upon its undoubted right to trade with other neutrals. As a result, it

is probable that smokeless powder made of American cotton is to-day throwing shells into trenches occupied by American soldiers.

Then the United States came into the war, and at once assumed a leading part in the blockade. The problems that formerly embarrassed the cause of democracy, have to a great extent disappeared. All sorts of leaks have been stopped, and the blockade is now virtually water-tight.

If one wishes to see the American blockade in action, he need not cruise the high seas. Its headquarters are in Washington, just two blocks to the north-northeast of the White House, where the War Trade Board occupies a short block of brown-stone buildings.

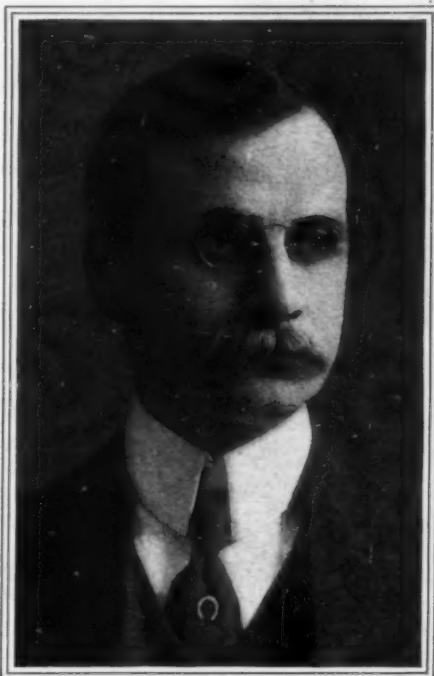
These, a generation ago, were residences of the social élite, the "cliff-dwellers" of the nation's capital. They have been thrown together, and communicating doors have been cut from one house to the next.

Thus was created a strange hodgepodge of office-buildings, the floors of each on a different level from the one adjoining. The Department of Justice used to live here before it got a building of its own.

Congress last session provided the nation with a piece of legislation known as the Espionage Act, its declared purpose being "to punish acts of interference with the foreign relations, the neutrality, and the foreign commerce of the United States, to punish espionage, and better to enforce the criminal laws of the United States, and for other purposes." The War Trade Board, which is in reality the American blockade, is the agency which enforces this act.

#### THE SEVEN CHIEFS OF THE BLOCKADE

The board consists of seven members, each of whom represents a governmental agency particularly interested in this particular branch of the work of winning the war. The State Department is represented



JOHN HENRY HAMMOND, THE NEW YORK LAWYER WHO IS DIRECTOR OF THE BUREAU OF ENEMY TRADE OF THE WAR TRADE BOARD

*From a photograph by Pach, New York*



C. A. RICHARDS, FORMERLY OF THE DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE, DIRECTOR OF THE BUREAU OF EXPORTS, THE PREMIER BUREAU OF THE WAR TRADE BOARD

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by Vance C. McCormick, who is chairman of the board. The Treasury Department is represented by Albert Strauss, the Department of Agriculture by Alonzo E. Taylor, the Department of Commerce by Thomas D. Jones and Clarence M. Woolley, the Food Administration by J. Beaver White, and the Shipping Board by Frank C. Munson. All these men are leaders in their special fields. The policies they lay down are administered through nine bureaus, likewise presided over by men large in the nation's affairs.

The first act of the War Trade Board was to issue a proclamation which called for an export license before cargo containing certain commodities could be cleared from our ports. For instance, if the Dutch wanted to carry wheat out from New York to Rotterdam, they must apply to the bureau of exports of the War Trade Board for a license. That license would not be issued until this government was assured that none of the grain would get into Germany; that it would not release other supplies that would get into Germany; and that Holland needed the grain worse than did our Allies. This meant that grain might not be shipped, even though it had been bought and paid for and was aboard the vessel. At least forty Dutch ships so loaded lay idle in New York harbor for months last autumn and winter, waiting for a license that never came.

The War Trade Board has a bureau of research, which investigates the conditions

of supplies in nations which ask for materials from the United States, and determines what demands should have precedence. Food is denied Holland or Scandinavia, for instance, if France or Italy are in greater need. So is the trade of this nation with neutrals adjacent to Germany carefully limited, and so is the blockade greatly strengthened.

At this point another agency of the War

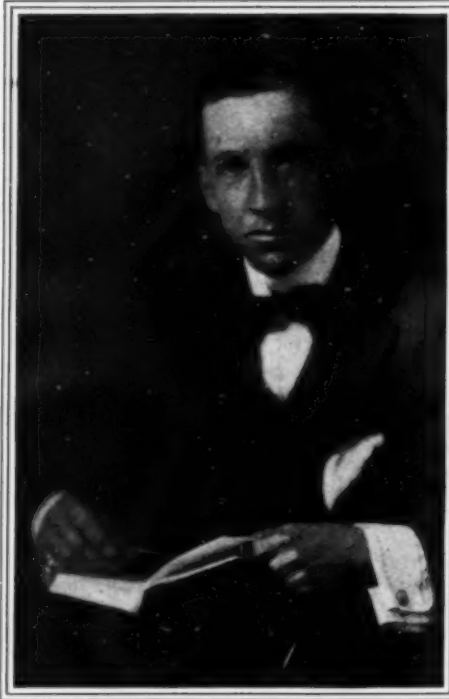
Trade Board enters and clamps down an additional screw. The bureau of transportation is saddled with the responsibility of seeing to it that American coal and oil are not used by neutral ships in such a way as to help our enemies. American coal, for instance, must not be burned under the boilers of Swedish vessels that are carrying supplies that may reach Germany. The coal is the property of this nation, and must not be used to its detriment. When a neutral vessel puts in a demand for coal, it is asked:

"Just what is the cargo that this coal is to help overseas,

and what is the ultimate destination of the goods?"

Until a satisfactory answer is given, no coal is forthcoming. The War Trade Board must be shown. Then it issues a license which entitles the neutral vessel to fuel.

Great Britain was restricting coal in this way before the United States came in, but neutrals could get it over here. Now the United States and Great Britain are working together. They control the bunker-



PAUL FULLER, JR., THE NEW YORK LAWYER  
WHO IS DIRECTOR OF THE BUREAU OF  
WAR TRADE INTELLIGENCE OF THE  
WAR TRADE BOARD

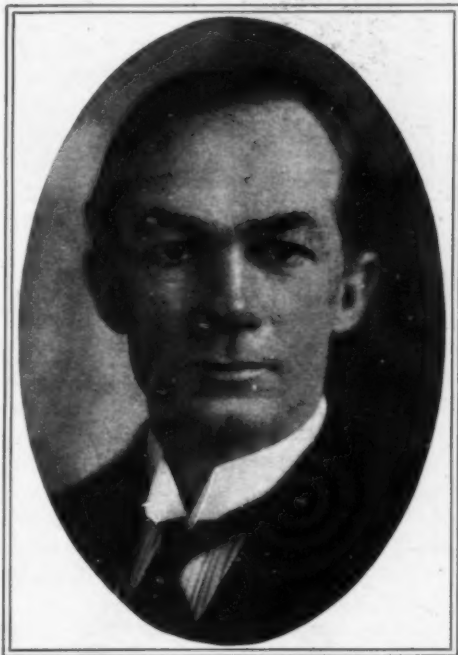
*From a photograph by Pirie MacDonald, New York*

coal on both sides of the Atlantic, and it is impossible for any ship to continue in the ocean trade without getting fuel from them. They are therefore able to dictate what freight shall cross the Atlantic.

The Allies leave no stone unturned that they may direct the world's trade into channels that will help win the great fight, but they act completely within the letter and spirit of international law. Neutral ships are not driven off the seas. On the contrary, they have abundant opportunities of reaping unprecedented profits if they will conform to our suggestions. It is a matter of bargaining. If they carry Allied freight, they are well paid, and every possible concession is granted. Practically all of them are now working for the Allies.

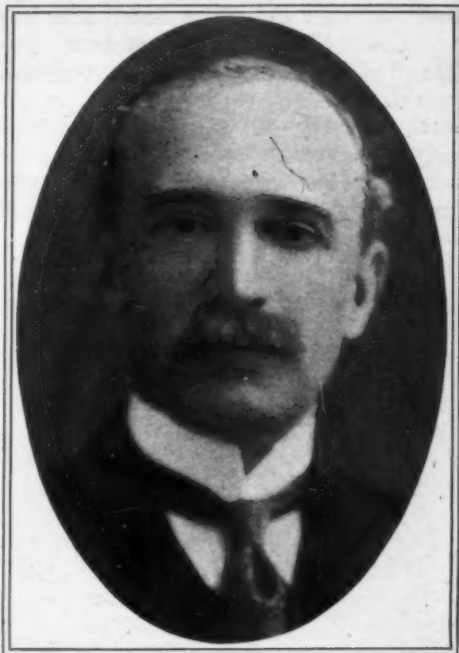
#### SOME SHARP INTERNATIONAL BARGAINS

There are two sides, of course, in these international agreements and some of them are the result of pretty sharp bargaining. This has been instanced in certain negotia-



JOHN BEAVER WHITE, A PROMINENT ENGINEER WHO WORKED WITH HOOVER IN BELGIUM AND IS NOW THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE FOOD ADMINISTRATION ON THE WAR TRADE BOARD

*Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*



ALBERT STRAUSS, A NEW YORK FINANCIER WHO IS ONE OF THE LEADING MEMBERS OF THE WAR TRADE BOARD AS THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT

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tions between Spain and England. In view of the necessity for economy, and the shortage of shipping, England decided that citrus-fruits were a luxury that might be denied her people; so they were banned.

England's oranges come from Spain, and that country found itself with no sale for its crop. England also gets its pyrite from Spain, and this is a necessity in the manufacture of sulfuric acid for munitions. England must have pyrite—a fact which gave Spain the whip-hand. She told London that unless customary purchases of citrus-fruits were made, pyrite would not be forthcoming. England was forced, therefore, to open her ports to Spanish oranges.

There was a similar skirmish between Sweden and Great Britain. Swedish iron and steel products played a not unimportant part in the munitions industry of England. Sweden likewise had much fish for sale, but the British were well supplied and refused to buy. So the Swedes announced that their ships did not ride smoothly when

laden with steel products alone. Half the cargo must be fish, or they could not make the trip to England. As a result, their fish was purchased.

Even among the Allies there has been bargaining under a certain amount of pressure. For instance, the United States and Japan, partners on the Pacific and

the war, and she needs the steel. The two needs are worth the sacrifice. She sends ships to Europe, and American steel plates cross the Pacific.

#### THE REGULATION OF IMPORTS

Finally the United States, through its War Trade Board, proclaimed a license on



FRED B. PETERSON, OF WISCONSIN, A LAWYER AND SCIENTIFIC FARMER WHO IS DIRECTOR OF THE BUREAU OF IMPORTS OF THE WAR TRADE BOARD

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FRANK C. MUNSON, A NEW YORK SHIPPING EXPERT WHO IS THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD ON THE WAR TRADE BOARD

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loyal to their alliance, have had a little sparring to do.

Japan has needed steel plates above all else. She is building many ships, and the work cannot go forward without plates, which America alone can furnish. But the United States sets forth that her whole effort must be devoted to winning the war. All her materials are to be dedicated to that cause. She cannot release steel to Japan, unless that country will put certain ships in the trade that carries supplies to Europe.

It is a great sacrifice to Japan, for the trade of all the Pacific is calling her; but Japan is also vitally interested in winning

imports. Before certain specified products could be brought into this country, a license must be obtained. This regulation makes it possible to conserve the wealth of the nation by denying it luxuries. Its primary purpose, however, is to put into the hands of the government a bargaining power which will make it possible to get from other countries certain materials that are vital to winning the war.

Let us use a hypothetical case. There might be an island in the Pacific Ocean producing nickel, which is vital in the war. That island might also produce mangoes, and the United States might be the consumer of its crop. The War Trade Board

might say that mangoes could not be imported except under license; and it might refuse to issue licenses unless the cargoes of mangoes were accompanied by shipments of nickel. The lessons learned from Spain and Sweden are thus applied wholesale to all the world.

The War Trade Board has also taken measures to strike directly at the material interests and at the morale of the Germans. It realized that commercial Germany has undoubtedly felt great depression because of her lost trade. All her commercial machinery in France and England, for instance, was long ago scrapped; but the United States remained, and so did Latin America. Commercial Germany wanted to avoid war with the United States, but the militarists would not listen. Now the War Trade Board is harassing commercial Germany and feels reasonably certain that the goading is being passed on to the truculent war lords of Berlin.

It is enforcing the Trading with the Enemy Act, which provides primarily that no citizen of an enemy country and no company owned in an enemy country can do business in the United States. It provides against nominal change of ownership or other *camouflage*. It wipes out that shell of an organization which it was hoped in Germany might be revitalized when the war was over. The shell has proved to be like *Humpty Dumpty*, and there is despondency in Hamburg and Bremen.

#### A LONG ARM TO STRIKE GERMAN TRADE

But the long arm of the War Trade Board reaches even farther. It has extended the black list to German-owned firms all over the world. Americans, supplementing the stand of our Allies, might not trade with these firms. Since there is little business aside from that of the Allies these days, cobwebs began to collect about the doors of the Teutonic traders.

At first there were neutrals who might deal with them, but when these neutrals applied for bunker-coal the United States or Great Britain asked embarrassing questions, and they soon found it advisable to leave the blacklisted concerns alone. So many complications arose because of the

presence of German firms in the Latin-American republics that those nations, already sympathetic to the cause of democracy, found that trade convenience gave them many additional inducements toward throwing in their lot with the Allies. The force of this argument will increase as time passes.

A new code of regulations, announced as going into operation on February 1, gives the War Trade Board a still greater measure of control over neutral trade and shipping. For instance, as it has been found that men on neutral vessels have carried information to Germany, hereafter no ship will be provided with stores and fuel unless the personnel of its crew is approved by the board, which may demand the dismissal of any suspected officer or sailor. To prevent the sending of wireless messages to the enemy, it is required that the apparatus on board neutral ships shall be so sealed that it cannot be used without the knowledge of the captain, who shall be personally responsible for every communication sent out; and that no message shall be sent, except in case of distress, within two hundred miles of the coast of Great Britain, France, Portugal, or Italy. There are other strict provisions in the code, and the violation of any of them may lead to a refusal of supplies to all vessels under the same ownership.

In short, the entry of the United States into the war has made the blockade of Germany something entirely different from what it was before, and vastly more effective. The Allies are now able to marshal the world and its resources against her. Her world-wide commercial machine is in a fair way to be completely scrapped. She may win victories—always against her weaker antagonists—but they bring no relief. Even with a decisive military triumph, which is impossible, financial ruin looms darkly ahead of her.

The war has brought grievous losses and difficulties to all the belligerents, but if ever we should feel discouraged, let us ask ourselves this question—should we be willing to exchange places with the Germans?

The War Trade Board is helping to furnish an answer to this query, if any answer be needed.

# Taking Chances

BY WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT

Author of "The Scent of the Roses," "One of the Family," etc.



MAY STANTON was as lonesome as a duck in the Sahara Desert. It was spring in New York, and she had no gentleman friend. She had no gentleman friend because the law of her ancestors forbade her acceptance of attentions from suitors who came a wooing minus credentials that would have satisfied her great-grandmother during the latter's day in New England.

She worked as a stenographer for a large advertising firm. In spite of her persistent attention to business she had met many men during the year of her stay in New York. A flattering percentage of them were desirous of spending time and money on her, for she was as pretty as an apple-tree in full bloom on a clear spring morning.

But she didn't meet them in the way that ancestral instinct told her was proper. There was the rub! The men who sought her were never properly introduced.

Of course, she had no acquaintance in New York who could properly introduce

her to any one. But did that fact alter convention? She tried to convince herself that it did, but failed. Success in the attempt would have netted her dinners, dancing, companionship. Her hunger for the current joys of youth was keen to the point of agony; but she couldn't bring herself to do any of the things that would have shocked Boston in 1776. She wanted to do that which she didn't want to do. She was as paradoxical as a Spanish Quaker. She had a New England conscience and Spanish feet.

The day was warm and clear. The air was electric with the first earthy breath of reborn nature. It was provocative of re-

bellion against any and all restraint. It was Saturday. May had the afternoon off, and the city was crowded with places she wanted to visit—but not to visit alone; so she sat on the bed in her third-floor back in the Fifties, near Eighth Avenue, and cried.

She jumped up at the sound of swift feet on the stairs and did her hurried best with handkerchief and powder-puff, but her eyes were yet noticeably messy when Helen Gilbert rushed in.

"Anything wrong?" Helen inquired. "Or are you just crying for the fun of the thing?"

"Just for fun," May sniffled. "It's nothing."

Helen lived in the room next to May. She was at once her best friend and most severe critic. She worked as a cashier in a restaurant on Broadway. She had plenty of gentlemen friends, and she met them one and all—for the first time—under the sign: "Pay Here."

"All alone and sick o' the company you're in!" she summed up the cause of May's tears tersely. "I'm old Dr. Wisenheimer, and I'm right on deck with a sure cure. I got you all dated up for the swellest kind of a time with me and a couple o' regular guys. That's the proper medicine for you, and I'm goin' to see that you take it. Now wait a minute. I know how you feel about these things. You think I'm all wrong the way I jam around with these johns that I—"

"I don't think any such thing," May protested. "I know you're all right, and I—I envy you. Yes, I do. I wish I could be like you. I want to go to places and have fun, but—but—"

"I know just how you feel, hon'," Helen assured her; but you can't go on like this. You never get out any place except with one of us girls to a movie or a bum vaudeville show. It won't do! This is New York, old dear, in the year A1, an' girls like us have got to take our friends where we find 'em an' make 'em be fit to associate with, whether they like it or not. Now listen—I got Edna to do my shift for me, an' we're goin' out for this afternoon an' to-night with a couple o' swell Wall

Street men by the name o' Claydon an' Westerkamp. They've hired a car for the afternoon, an' they're goin' to take us for a long spin out Westchester way an' back again. Then we'll have dinner somewhere an' go to see the 'Laughin' Lass,' an' after we'll hike up to some nice roof an' dance our heads off."

The invitation geared May's tired heart to glad speed. She sensed the proffered joys in a kaleidoscopic flash of emotion. She felt the luxurious exhilaration of smooth, swift flight over country roads, the tonic of the air on her cheeks, the garish splendor of a Broadway café, the spell of the play, and the lure of the dance. She felt that she would sell her interest in eternity for the immediate enjoyment of such an afternoon and evening.

And all she need sacrifice to gain it was her foolish adherence to a convention that fitted neither her time nor her place. The belief that her attitude was one of old-fashioned nonsense had been growing in her mind for months. It was all right for Miss May Stanton of Valley Center, New Hampshire, to stand on ceremony—in Valley Center. It was entirely different with Miss May Stanton, stenographer and stranger—in New York.

"I'm wild to go," she admitted.

"These fellows are real people," Helen urged. "They been eatin' over at the restaurant on an' off for two or three months an' joshin' with me all the time, an' neither one of 'em ever tried to get fresh. A little good time is just the medicine you need, so hustle into some rags and come on!"

"Where—where are we going to meet them?" May asked.

"Out in front. They're down in the car there now waiting for us."

May hesitated for a moment more, while desire burned away the last obstructing scruple.

"I'll go!" she shouted. "Hooray! May, you've saved my life. Will that blue tailor-made of mine do for the dinner and dance, or—"

"Sure it 'll do. Hop into it quick. Gee, girly, I'm glad to see you loosen up an' act human. You've kept yourself shut in the

ice-box for so long I was beginnin' to think you was frost-bit for life!"

## II

THE car was a big, seven-passenger machine driven by an expressionless chauffeur who seemed almost as much an inanimate part of the mechanism as the steering-wheel.

May sat beside Claydon, a light-haired, soft-spoken young fellow of ordinary appearance. Westerkamp was dark, inclined to stoutness, and equally lacking in any distinguishing feature. Enjoyment of the afternoon and evening was May's moving desire, and she deliberately fought down all doubts that might have marred it. Determined not to be critical, she forbore to sniff for the scent of brimstone, and strove so desperately for gaiety that the effort tinted her laughter with the reckless shade that wine paints in a woman's tone.

Claydon was very quiet, speaking briefly and only in answer to her direct questions. As the car whisked up Broadway, May became painfully conscious of her companion's taciturnity. She sensed a threat in it—felt it as the purposeful silence of a hunter in ambush, and sought to free herself of the resultant oppressive aura of fear.

He was leaning back in the seat, staring at her, and she felt his look as definitely as the rude grip of an unclean hand. The flesh of her face felt soiled from the touch of it; but she told herself that she was a silly, overimaginative fool, and laughed the louder. These men were all right, she argued. Neither had done or said anything to make her think the contrary. Determined that her runaway instinct should not spoil her afternoon, she talked gay nonsense to drown out its silent, insistent voice.

The man beside her moved, and his hand brushed her fingers. The brief contact might have been accidental, as she strove furiously to convince herself it was, but it set her off into an uncontrollable panic.

The bright, warm day was suddenly gray and gold to her, and she realized that she could not go on with the party. Faint and sick, she lay back in the seat and covered her eyes. How was she to get out of the

car? What possible excuse could she make? Claydon laid his hand on her arm and she shuddered violently.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Cold?"

"I'm sick—I'm sick," she faltered, grasping at the opportunity that offered. "It's a headache. I often have them. If you'll let me out at the subway, I'll—"

"Oh, you don't want to go home," Claydon protested. "We'll stop somewhere and get a drink of something to brace you up, and you'll be—"

"No, no," May refused quickly. "I've had these attacks before, and I know that nothing but rest and quiet does me any good. I'm sorry to put you to all this trouble, but I'll have to go home. If you'll just let me out at the subway—"

"We'll take you home, of course," Claydon assured her at the conclusion of considerable urging.

"It's a shame!" Helen Gilbert declared. "She don't get out enough—that's what's the matter with her. No wonder she's sick, the way she sticks at home all the time!"

"Too bad to break up a perfectly nice party," Westerkamp said. "Don't you know some one else, Helen, that—"

"Sure thing!" Helen said enthusiastically. "We'll stop at Sixty-Fourth Street and get Gladys Martin. How's that?"

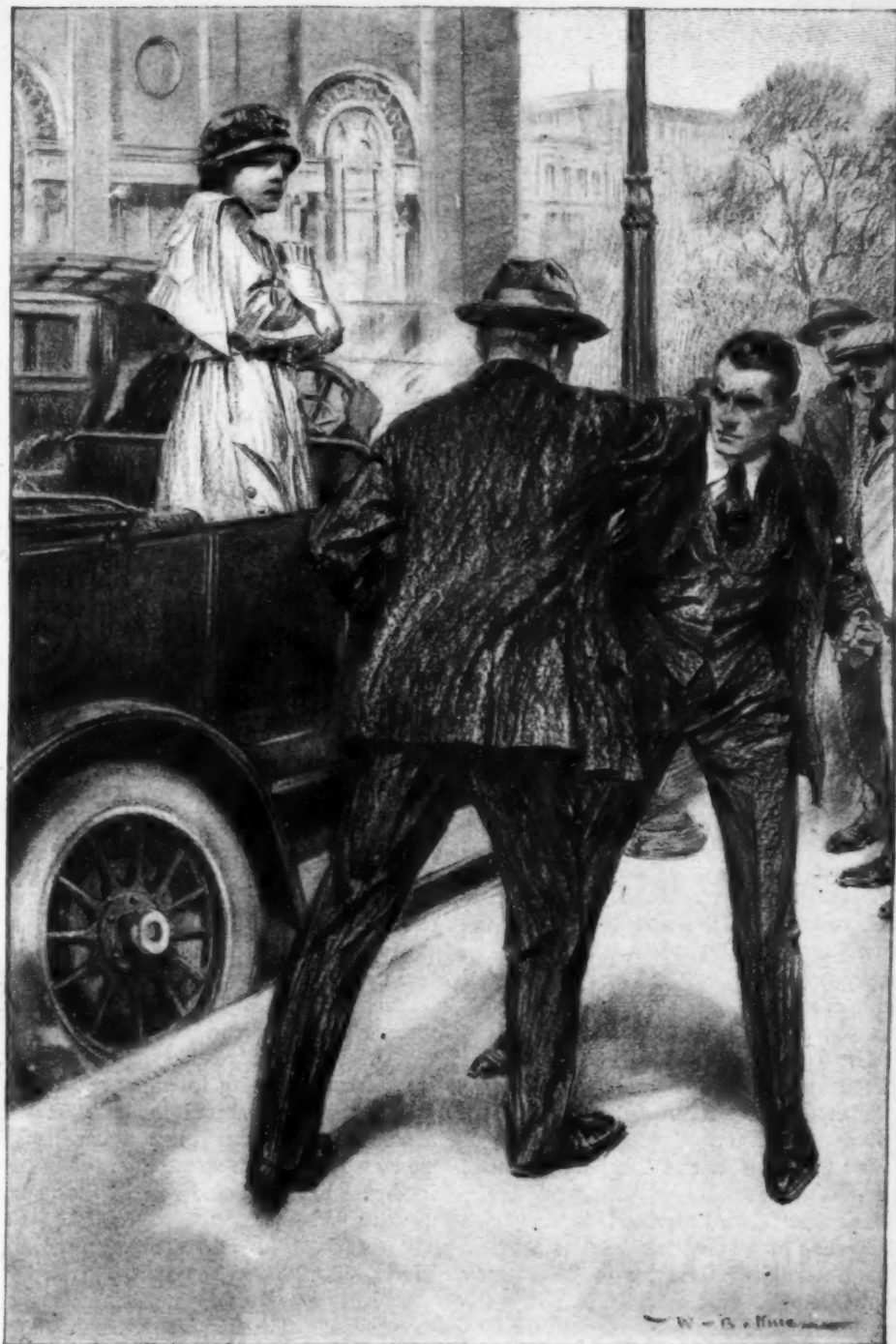
"She'll do," Claydon muttered, "but I'd much rather have Miss Stanton with us."

He was very sympathetic and courteous during the ride back down-town. May was furious because of her feeling toward him. He was a gentleman, she assured herself, and her suspicion of him was the hysteria of a narrow-minded prig. Once headed for home, she was heartily ashamed of the trouble she had caused and sick with regret over having thrown away her own chance for a good time.

"Let me out at Sixty-Fourth Street," she urged as they approached Lincoln Square. "I'm feeling a little better, and I'll go the rest of the way on the street-car."

"We'll stop for Gladys and then take you on down home," Helen amended.

The car turned into West Sixty-Fourth Street and stopped before an old-fashioned brownstone house with a high stoop.



THE SLENDER YOUNG MAN SIDE-STEPPED, DUCKED A PONDEROUS BLOW, AND SNAPPED HIS RIGHT FIST INTO THE HEAVY MAN'S TOO-EXPANSIVE MIDDLE

Helen hurried in and reappeared at the front door after a moment.

"Come on in for a minute, all of you!" she called. "Gladys is mixing one."

"She shakes a great cocktail," Claydon assured May. "Might be just the thing you need."

"You go in," May urged. "I don't care for anything. I'll wait here in the car for you."

Claydon and Westerkamp entered the house. May sat alone in the car, hating herself for her priggishness. Why couldn't she accept men as other girls did? What though Helen had met them at the cashier's desk in a restaurant? Where else had Helen the opportunity to meet any one? She remorselessly analyzed her own attitude and classified it as one of sheer snobbery.

She heard an angry shout ahead. Looking up, she saw a bareheaded young fellow in a blue suit running from a heavy, square-faced man, on whom plain clothes were no disguise. The two were running toward the car in which May sat. She gave an involuntary exclamation of sympathy, the young fellow was so slight and boyish-looking.

Not ten feet from the car the fugitive turned and stood at bay before his pursuer. The heavy man rushed at him, and May cried aloud with horror of that which she expected to witness. The slender young man side-stepped, ducked a ponderous blow, and snapped his right fist into the heavy man's too-expansive middle. The heavy man grunted explosively, clasped both arms over his abdomen, and pitched forward on the sidewalk.

The young fellow straightened up and met May's gaze. He grinned impudently and winked. Several policemen in uniform, followed by a crowd of men and boys, rounded the corner and shouted at sight of him.

The first floor of the house before which the young man stood was used as a public dining-room, and the door to the hallway leading into it stood open. The young fellow dashed into the house, snapped the lock on the iron gate behind him, and disappeared into the dark lower hall.

The policemen pounded up the street and

wasted some time on their winded comrade in plain clothes. They wasted some more on the locked gate. A rickety-looking maid in a limp dress admitted them. She satisfied the officers that she did not have the fugitive concealed about her, and denied having seen him.

"Prob'ly ducked out the back way," one policeman guessed. "I'll have a look in back, Joe, and you skin up through the house. He might have gone to the roof."

As the officers started their search a man stepped out of the front door of the house. His overcoat was form-fitting and of a loud, light-brown color. His purplish-gray velours hat was pulled low over his eyes. He carried an almost audibly yellow cane. He stood at the top of the stoop for a moment adjusting extremely light tan gloves and curiously eying the crowd that had gathered. Then he ran jauntily down the steps, and looked full at May Stanton as he reached the sidewalk.

She started perceptibly at sight of him. He understood that he was recognized, and hesitated for a moment. Then he approached the car and bowed.

"My coat!" a belated diner yelled from the dark hallway of the boarding-house. "He's stole it! My hat! Where'd he go?"

The young man opened the door of the car and sat down beside May.

"Please," he said softly, "I'm in a very tight box, and if I don't move soon some one's going to nail the lid on!"

May stared at him for a moment. He had honest gray eyes and a boyish face. She leaned forward impulsively and spoke to the stolid chauffeur.

"Drive us up Riverside again and back. The others are going to wait."

The chauffeur started the car. It was almost at the corner when a bareheaded man rushed into the street from the boarding-house basement and spotted the young man beside May.

"My coat!" he shrieked. "My hat! That's him! There he goes!"

The car was turning north on Amsterdam Avenue. The fugitive picked a yellow-backed bill from his vest-pocket, and, leaning forward, held it for a moment before the chauffeur's eyes.

"Let's go," he suggested gently, and tucked the bill beneath the neck-band of the driver's coat.

## III

THEY went — up a block, across, down, across, and up another. They ducked into Central Park at Seventy-Second Street. The young man beside May took off the stolen hat and wriggled out of the conspicuous overcoat.



"I OUGHT TO PUNCH YOU  
IN THE JAW FOR  
THINKING IT!"

"Not such a shining mark minus these dollar-down duds," he explained breezily. "My name's Withrem."

"I'm Miss—Miss Stanton," May stuttered. "Why were they trying to arrest you?"

"For stealing a lot of jewelry from the Sherwood place, up on West End Avenue." Withrem explained in an offhand way. "Oh, I didn't steal them. No, really I didn't; but the police thought I did, you see, so—"

"I know," May said awesomely. "I know just how those things happen. I saw an article in the paper last Sunday about men who have been falsely arrested—and convicted, too. If they once get you—"

"They hand it to you," Withrem finished for her. "Officers of the law are just stupid enough to convict the wrong man. See how easy I got away! Just ducked into the lower hall, grabbed these gaudy things from a hat-rack there, skipped upstairs, and walked out of the front door completely disguised. I was worried when I saw you looking at me, as I came down the steps. I knew you recognized me, and while I didn't think you'd peach—"

"Of course I wouldn't!" May exclaimed indignantly.

That he should think such a thing possible appealed to her as in the nature of an insult. Aid in the persecution of an innocent victim of circumstance? The idea!

"It was mighty fine of you to help me out the way you did," Withrem said earnestly. "Cheeky of me to ask you."

"Not a bit of it," May protested. "What else could you have done? It was perfectly all right."

"Not many girls would have come to the front that way," he went on. "But the moment I looked at you I—I don't know, but I just felt sure you'd give a fellow a hand. Your car?"

May explained earnestly, as to an old friend, and as much in detail as haste permitted. Withrem patted her arm approvingly.

"You did exactly right in ducking out of that party," he said earnestly. "Take it from me, men that a girl meets in that way in this town are never any good."

"I felt that way about it," May went on. "I thought perhaps I was overscrupulous, but—"

"You were right," he assured her solemnly. "Absolutely right! There's no such thing as being too careful."

"I'm glad you feel that way about it, too," May said thankfully.

And neither saw anything humorous in the conversation!

They emerged from the park at One Hundred and Tenth Street and the chauffeur looked back inquiringly.

"Go—er—up Seventh Avenue a little way," Withrem directed him vaguely. "We'd better leave this car," he went on to May. "Send it back for your—the people that were with you, eh?"

"Oh, yes, we must do that. I'd forgotten all about them."

On Seventh Avenue, a few blocks above the upper limit of the park, Withrem called to the chauffeur to stop. He got out and held the door open for May to alight. It seemed to her the most natural and proper thing in the world to do.

"Go back to Sixty-Fourth Street and pick up your people there," Withrem instructed the chauffeur. "Tell them that—that"—he turned to May. "What shall he tell them?"

"Tell them that I borrowed the car for a few minutes to take a friend to—to—"

"The Pennsylvania Station," Withrem finished for her. "Remember that?"

The chauffeur tilted up his cap in the back and scratched his head doubtfully.

"I dunno whether I can or not," he muttered.

Withrem produced another bill. The driver reached for it.

"Oh, sure!" he chuckled. "Now I get you—Pennsylvania Station!"

Together Withrem and May entered a convenient haberdashery. He selected a hat, to which she immediately objected. She explained to him that it spoiled his profile, and picked out one to her liking.

Withrem bought it, and bewailed his own lack of taste in selecting hats. It was the first time in his life, he assured her, that he had ever had a hat that really suited him.

A crowded bus bound north attracted Withrem's attention as they came from the shop.

"Polo Grounds!" he exclaimed. "The Giants and the Braves are playing this afternoon. Like baseball?"

"Indeed I do. I used to go to a lot of games when I was in high school, but I've never seen any of the big teams play."

"Let's go this afternoon!"

"Oh, I'd love to!"

They sat in an upper box and rooted enthusiastically throughout the warm, clear afternoon. When the game was over they climbed Coogan's Bluff and crossed to Broadway. Withrem bought an afternoon edition from a corner stand, glanced through it, and crumpled the sheet angrily.

"I've done an awful thing," he groaned. "Miss Stanton, I've dragged you into a mess. They've connected you with me through that confounded chauffeur and those fool people you were with, and—and—well, they're looking for both of us."

"Isn't there some way you can prove your innocence?" May asked.

"Oh, sure," Withrem said impatiently. "But I—you see, it's this way, Miss Stanton. Young Bill Sherwood was my pal in college. I think a lot of Bill. He's an awfully nice fellow, but a little wild. He got into a scrape about a year ago, and old man Sherwood chased him out and told him he'd have to go it on his own. Mr. Sherwood's an old man, and he was all alone after he chased Bill, and Bill seemed worried about him. He cooked it up with me to get a job with the old boy as private secretary and look out for him until there was a reconciliation. I'm a civil engineer by profession, but I agreed to do it to help Bill out. The old man always liked me, and I got the job easily enough. Bill went West somewhere and didn't show up at home again until day before yesterday. He looked pretty seedy. He came to the house and saw his father, but the old man didn't order any fatted calves killed. Yesterday afternoon Bill took me to lunch, and when he paid the check I saw that he had a big roll of money with him. I supposed he'd borrowed from some of his friends, until this morning, when we discovered the loss of the jewels. Poor Bill, I didn't think he'd get that low! The old man was wild. He knew right away that Bill had taken the stuff, and he meant to jail him for it. He'd do it, too. He loves Bill, but there's a lot of the hard old Puritan in him, and once

he got started he'd prosecute his own son more savagely than he would a stranger. He sent for the detectives and told them to look for Bill. They started questioning me, and I saw my chance to give Bill at least a running start. I stammered and lied and acted scared till they became convinced that I was at least an accomplice. Then I punched one of them in the eye, just to make things seem worse for me, and ran for it. Now I've got you all mixed up in the thing. I'm awfully sorry!"

"I don't mind it a bit," May declared. "Really I don't. I think it was fine of you to help your friend the way you did."

"I'll go make a clean breast of the whole business," Withrem decided. "I had meant to keep out of sight for a few days, to give Bill a chance to get away, but since I've got you mixed up in the thing—"

"You mustn't give yourself up on my account," May insisted.

"But you can't go home until I see Sherwood and explain," Withrem pointed out. "They'll be watching your place, and they'd take you to jail—and I don't know what all. I won't have you let in for anything like that. We'll get a taxi and go right down to the house. We'll see Sherwood together, and I'll tell him the whole thing. If Bill isn't safely on his way by now—"

"I won't have you do that," May protested. "I won't have you fail in your attempt to save your friend just because—"

"Never mind my friend now," he interrupted. "If you think I'm going to do anything to injure you, when—why, say! I—I wouldn't—I want to talk to you. Let's go somewhere where we can talk."

#### IV

MAY followed him to a near-by restaurant. She was trembling violently, and the sting of tears was in her eyes. Withrem ordered tea and pastry and leaned toward her across the table.

"I—I'm not going to lose you," he said huskily. "It's only a few hours since I first met you, but—but—oh, little girl, I've been looking for you for a long, long time. Don't be frightened! I know I shouldn't

say this now, but I can't help it. I wouldn't be any more sure of myself if I'd known you for a million years. Of course, we'll wait and get to know each other well before we—before—little girl, we—we just belong to each other! I—I knew it when I saw you sitting in the car. I didn't know then that I knew it, but I did. I knew you were coming with me when I stepped into the car. I—I knew it! I know how foolish this sounds, but—"

"Oh, it doesn't!" May murmured. The tears were brimming over her wet lashes, and her lips quivered uncontrollably. "I—I knew what you were going to say when we came in here. I knew it was going to be like this with us. I didn't know I knew it, either; but from the time I saw you running down the street toward me, everything's just been—been all right. The whole world's been all right from that minute, and—and it never was right before—"

"Oh, girly!"

"It—it never was—was right before." The words came tumbling from her lips on a torrent of emotion. "Nothing was ever right. I was lonely and—and I didn't know what to do about things—and everything was so hard and all, and—and then I—I just saw you, and—and everything was just all right!"

"Girly! My poor, lonesome little girl! My dear, do you think you could—could—in two or three weeks, say—get to know me well enough to—to—you see, I'll have to get at my profession now that we are going to be—that we—that things are going to be—like they are with us. I've got a chance for a good position with a construction company in Colorado. If I take it, I'll have to start West in three weeks at the

latest. Do—do you think you—you could—"

"I couldn't let you leave me," she confessed. "I've been so lonely and afraid!"

In the late dusk of the spring evening Withrem and May alighted from a taxi before the Sherwood residence in West End Avenue. A bareheaded young man hurried down the steps.

"Bill!" Withrem gasped. "Why didn't you take your chance and—"

"What kind of a game have you been up to?" Young Sherwood demanded to know. "Getting the cops after you, and—"

"I—I wanted to give you a chance," Withrem explained. "I thought—"

"Chance!" Sherwood repeated. "What are you talking about?"

"I saw you had a lot of money with you yesterday," Withrem explained. "And when we found out that the jewelry—your father thought—I thought that you—"

"I ought to punch you in the jaw for thinking it!" Sherwood exclaimed. "I cleaned up in real estate out in southern California. I didn't say anything about it, because I wanted to keep the old man guessing for a day or so and see what he'd do. So you thought I'd stolen the stuff?"

"I'm sorry, Bill," Withrem gulped.

"Needn't be. We're fifty-fifty on our opinion of each other. When you ducked out, I thought of course that you'd stolen the sparklers. Kept on thinking so until about twenty minutes ago, when the cops phoned us they'd caught the real thieves. Traced 'em through a pawnbroker and nabbed 'em with a couple o' girls in a cabaret. High-class crooks who'd been posing around town as Wall Street brokers—known as Claydon and Westerkamp."

### THE REVEALED SECRET

THOUGH I, surprised, was present  
At love's great miracle,  
I put my hand across my mouth  
And swore I would not tell.

And then the dawn proclaimed it;  
It spoke in sun and rain;  
'Twas heralded by sun and moon—  
The oath I took was vain!

Harry Kemp

# Light Verse

## MORNING

THE sun, in robes of gold and red,  
Takes the horizon at a leap;  
And through the window near my bed  
The huckster sparrows clamor, "Cheap!"

The night is very far away,  
And curtains drawn and nicotin  
Are morbid luxuries by day,  
When all the air is brave and clean.

I hear the children on the street,  
I see the linen on the line;  
I smell the finest things to eat,  
And dive into those clothes of mine!  
*B. J. Stolper*

## AN EXCUSE

THEY taught me, when a little child,  
To finish things I hated worst,  
Postpone the things I liked to do,  
And do the hardest things the first.

This precept of my early youth,  
Taught by my parents kind and true,  
Is, as you see, the reason why  
I am so late in writing you!  
*Allene Gates*

## BETWEEN THREE FIRES

"ALAS, alack! It puzzles me,"  
The maiden coyly sighed,  
"Which lover to accept of three—  
William and John and Clyde.

"William is in the Flying Corps;  
I love him, but don't care  
To choose, when I might love John more;  
I'm all up in the air!

"And then there's John, my navy love,  
Who's handsome as can be;  
Must I take him, or Will above?  
Oh dear, I'm all at sea!

"And Clyde, my army hero, still  
Has chances, though I vow  
My heart holds love for John and Will;  
I'm shot to pieces now!

"I think I'll have to compromise  
And heed the Red Cross call;  
Then, if they're wounded, I surmise  
I'll get to see them all!"

*T. Benjamin Faucett*

## BOBBY'S PHILOSOPHY

THEY tell me I'm a useless kid—  
I haven't any sense;  
There's nothing underneath my lid  
But what is dull and dense.  
But when there's something to be done  
That no one wants to do,  
They say: "Where's Robert? Now, my son,  
Here is a chance for you!"

It's "Bobby, see who's at the door!"  
And "Bobby, bring some coal!"  
Or "Bobby, run up to the store!"  
It's really almost droll.  
It's "Bobby, go and shine your shoes!"  
And "Bobby, rake the yard!"  
Or "Bobby, go ask Mrs. Hughes  
To lend a cup of lard!"

They tell me I'm a good-for-naught,  
And better never born;  
But that's when battles have been fought,  
And Sunday clothes got torn.  
They say I haven't any gimp—  
A head with nothing in it;  
They call me "goose" and "little simp,"  
But every other minute—

It's "Bobby, there's the postman—run!"  
And "Bobby, clean the walks!"  
Or "Bobby, come, I need you, son—  
Don't be a horse that balks!"  
It's "Bobby, go let in the cat!"  
Or "Don't torment the dumb thing!"  
It's "Bobby" this and "Bobby" that—  
It's always "Bobby" something!

They keep it up the livelong day,  
Until I'm nearly dizzy;  
For such a "useless" kid, I'll say  
They keep me pretty busy!  
When I grow up and have a son,  
I'll whisper in his ear;  
And, jiminy, won't it be fun?  
For this is what he'll hear:

"You needn't go to Sunday-school,  
You needn't wear a collar;  
You needn't sneak to swimming-pool—  
And, son, here's half a dollar  
To spend at Jenkins Brothers' store.  
No errands to be run, sir!  
You haven't got a single chore;  
Now, go and have your fun, sir!"

Guess Bobby, Junior, will tell you  
That old folks know a thing or two!

*Edward N. Teall*

#### WILLING TO COMPROMISE

"AND shall I not," she asked, "when wed,  
Be speaker of the house, dear Ned?"  
"No, darling, both together we  
Will occupy the chair," said he.

*Eugene C. Dolson*

#### A CHANGE OF HEART

MR. MOON, 'twas only Tuesday  
That I roundly cussed your gleams  
As they ambled through my window,  
Interfering with my dreams.

For my vision held a lady  
Young and gloriously fair;  
We were leaning 'gainst a gate-post,  
And we osculated there.

As I felt my low-brow aura  
Planing up to star-strung skies,  
I awoke, and, gazing outward,  
Found you shining in my eyes.

But to-night is Thursday morning,  
And I've taken Sibyl home.  
Sibyl just adores your radiance;  
In its light she loves to roam.

Than her own a rapter rapture  
Would be difficult to find.  
As we leaned against the gate-post,  
She gazed up and—never mind!

Mr. Moon, I offer homage  
To your fair, entrancing beams  
For their gracious, gilded glances  
Brought to life my fondest dreams!

*C. L. Funnell*

#### TALKING UNITED STATES

SAY, bo, it gets my goat to hear  
The slang some people use;  
It drives me nutty, I declare,  
To hear the boobs abuse  
Our mother tongue. It's something fierce  
The way they throw the bull;  
Good English is almost as scarce  
As bullfrogs that grow wool!

Now me—I use no slang at all;  
United States for mine!  
I really wouldn't have the gall  
To peddle such a line  
Of hot air as most people sling;  
It makes me want to yell  
And slam them on the beezer—bing!  
And yet they think it's swell!

No guy should be allowed to pull  
That roughneck stuff—it's raw!  
To stand around and shoot the bull  
Should be against the law.  
That sort of spiel should be suppressed  
And clamped beneath the lid,  
By making it cause for arrest;  
Listen—d'you get me, kid?

*Will Thomas Withrow*

#### CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS

SAYS Uncle Samuel: "Over there  
The children are starving, the mothers despair;  
Can we, who can help them, leave thousands to  
die?  
We ask you to save on the food that you buy!"

"Why, sure!" says Smith. "That's a mighty good  
plan,  
And we ought to send as much food as we can.  
But *me?* Why, I can't spare any of mine;  
I've got to live well—I can't cut it fine.  
It's a mighty good plan for Henry and Bill;  
They can save quite a lot, if only they will!"

Says Uncle Samuel: "Over there  
They are freezing to death, they speed us a prayer,  
And they hope that their prayer may win some  
return;  
So you ought to cut down on the coal you burn!"

"Why, sure!" says Jones. "That's a mighty good  
plan,  
And we ought to send all the coal we can.  
But *me?* Do you think I can let my house freeze?  
It's got to be kept up to eighty degrees.  
It's a mighty good plan for Tommy and Pete;  
But *me?* Why, I'd die without plenty of heat!"

Says Uncle Samuel: "Over there  
They've fought and they've died—they've done  
their share,  
And now they are asking our aid in the fight;  
Our boys ought to go in defense of the right!"

"Why, sure!" says Brown. "That's a mighty  
good plan,  
And we ought to send all the men we can.  
But *me?* Send my boy? Let the others go first;  
He can go later on, if the worst comes to worst.  
It's a mighty good plan for Charley and Matty,  
But *me?* Send my boy? Say, uncle, you're  
batty!"

*J. Acton Lomax*

# The Lion's Mouse\*

BY C. N. AND A. M. WILLIAMSON

Authors of "The Lightning Conductor," "The Shop-Girl," etc.

ROGER SANDS, a New York lawyer, has been summoned to California to fight a case for John Heron, a millionaire oil man. Returning on the Santa Fe Limited, he has a strange experience. A girl tells him that she is in great danger, and begs him to protect her until they reach Chicago, where she expects that some one will meet her. She is beautiful and appealing, and a chivalrous impulse leads Sands to give her his stateroom as a hiding-place and to safeguard a sealed envelope which she entrusts to him.

On reaching Chicago, the girl—who calls herself Beverley White—finds no one waiting for her, and her distress is more pitiful than ever. Sands impulsively urges her to marry him, and she consents, though she warns him that she cannot disclose her past, beyond the fact that no man has ever been anything to her.

Beverley now finds herself established in New York as the wife of a rich and successful man. There is no cloud upon their happiness except the mystery of her unknown past and a passing shadow from Roger's slight jealousy of Justin O'Reilly, a brilliant lawyer and Congressman who has already figured in the story as one of the passengers on the Santa Fe Limited.

One day Beverley plays the part of a good angel to a poor little Irish waitress, Clodagh Riley, who has thrown herself from a window because she has been accused of theft. Mrs. Sands takes the girl home, and engages a trained nurse, Sister Lake, to care for her. Clo recovers, and is starting for her first automobile ride with her patroness, when a man stops them and tells Beverley that he has a message for her.

"I am the man who was sent to meet you in Chicago," he adds.

Beverley, evidently much perturbed, tells him to wait for her in Central Park; and after a talk with him she sends Clo to meet him at the Westmorland Hotel, giving the girl a sealed envelope which is to be handed to the stranger. When he receives the envelope, the man opens it, and is highly indignant on finding that it contains only blank sheets of paper—writing-paper taken from a train, the Santa Fe Limited. He angrily declares that Mrs. Sands has tricked him, and tells Clo to warn her that a life will pay for what she has done.

## VII

CLO had forgotten the difficulty of making Sister Lake believe, without a fib, that she and Mrs. Sands had only just come in from their drive together; but she remembered as she went up in the elevator. It was very late now—long after five. They had started expecting to be gone no more than an hour, according to the nurse's prudent advice for the first outing. Sister was sure to be cross; but if she were cross only with Clo, and not with Mrs. Sands, that wouldn't matter.

"Angel told me to go straight to my room and make it right with Sister Lake," the girl thought. "But she'll be dying to hear what's happened. I wonder what she'll do! Well, I'll have to trust her to manage that part."

Few things work out according to expectations. Sister Lake *had* been at the window, it seemed, when the car brought back Mrs. Sands and Clo before four o'clock, and had been alarmed when the former descended to hurry alone into the house.

"I was afraid you'd fainted," she said reproachfully when Clo arrived at last. "I flew out of this room to go down in the elevator and dash to the rescue without waiting for Mrs. Sands to come up. But I bumped into Mr. Sands in the hall; and while I was apologizing and making him understand what had happened, she appeared on the scene."

"My goodness, the fat was in the fire!" Clo thought desperately, but aloud she asked: "And what did Mrs. Sands say?"

"She said you were feeling so well you wanted to go to tea with some one, and

she was hurrying to her room to get money for you, so you could stand treat."

Clo almost gasped. Poor Mrs. Sands! She had been like a fawn at bay between two hunters, but it was clever to put them both off without telling an actual fib.

"I objected, as I had a right to do," went on Sister Lake. "You're my patient now, even if my time is up to-morrow. If you have a relapse, I shall be in a nice fix, as I'm due at Mrs. Jardine's on Tuesday morning. Mrs. Sands really acted very queer—she was so determined you should be allowed to go, and nothing I said made any difference. Even when her husband backed me up, she was as obstinate as—as—well, if she wasn't such a sweet woman, I should say pig!"

"It was my fault," pleaded Clo. "I really should have had a relapse if I'd been kept from going. I feel strong as a giant, and not tired a bit." But as she argued, a voice was saying inside her head: "No wonder the poor darling was a long time coming down with the parcel! I wonder how she contrived to get her husband out of the way!"

But this, though exciting enough, was as naught beside the great question—what would Beverley say, what would she feel, when Clo had to confess all that had happened at the Hotel Westmorland?

Roger also had a secret that Sunday. He waited for Beverley and Clo to be gone—reminded his wife that she had promised to get back by four o'clock—and then called up the Belmont Hotel by telephone.

"Give me Count Lovoresco's room," he said, and presently a foreign conception of the word "Hello!" rumbled through the receiver. "Hello, count!" Roger replied, recognizing the voice. "My wife's safely off. I'll send my car round at once. Now that you've got the letter of confirmation, we can settle our business. What? You're ready? Thank you. My man will be at the hotel as soon as you can get down. Good-by!"

Fifteen minutes later a dark, dapper, elderly man was ushered into Roger's study. He was dressed as formally as for a Continental wedding, and met his host with elaborate politeness.

"You've brought the pearls, of course?" Roger asked, after the necessary greetings.

"Yes, Mistaire Sand, I bring ze pearls," announced Count Lovoresco, in a tone which implied that only by a stroke of luck could he answer in the affirmative.

"Good!" said Roger, taking the assurance quietly. "And the letter from the queen?"

"From 'er majesty's *secrétaire*," Count Lovoresco corrected, almost shocked. "'Ere it is!"

He drew from a breast pocket a square envelope with a crown and a monogram on the flap. This he handed to Sands, and as the latter opened it, he took from another pocket a purple velvet box, oval in shape, about eight inches long by two in height. On the cover appeared a gold crown, and the same monogram as that on the envelope. Roger had seen this box and its contents; so, instead of watching a tiny gold key fitted into a miniature padlock, he read the letter authorizing Count Lovoresco, in the name of his queen, to sell a rope of pearls in America for the benefit of the Red Cross of her country.

"This clears the deck," remarked Roger.

The cover of the oval box was raised, and, lying in a series of concentric grooves, he saw the pearls which he intended to buy for Beverley. They were two hundred and fifty in number, as he knew, and were graduated in size, the largest being as big as a giant pea. All were exquisitely matched in shape and color, and the one fault—if fault existed—was a blue-whiteness disliked by some connoisseurs. Roger was aware, however, that Beverley loved snow-white pearls.

If she knew anything about the existence of these, it must be through having read, years ago, a story of the rope breaking while round the queen's neck, of a scramble of courtiers, and of the gift of a pearl apiece to those who had retrieved the scattered gems. Half a dozen had been bestowed in this way, and the newspapers had given a pretty description of the scene. Roger thought Beverley too young to remember the incident; while, as for the presence of the pearls in New York, that was known to but few people.

Count Lovoresco had been sent to America, when his country entered the European war, to sell the pearls for the Red Cross. He had been the queen's equerry, and had come with credentials to Washington, where the minister of his country had mentioned his mission to several millionaires. It had been thought best to keep it out of the newspapers, partly because of a possible attempt at robbery, partly—so it was whispered—because the king did not entirely approve of his wife's patriotic scheme.

Nearly a month had passed since Lovoresco's arrival, and Sands had heard of him through a rich client in Washington, to whom the pearls had been vainly offered. This was at the time when he and Beverley had become reconciled after their slight estrangement in regard to Clodagh Riley; and in buying the queen's pearls, Roger thought to kill two birds with one stone. He could atone to Beverley, and make her the most envied woman in New York, or in Newport, where he particularly wished her to be a success.

The secrecy with which the whole affair was conducted, however, seemed slightly suspicious to Roger. Lovoresco's credentials showed that he had been all right not long ago, but good men sometimes go wrong. There might be a trick; and as the price asked was enormous, Roger resolved to make assurance doubly sure.

Lovoresco finally consented to give Sands the refusal of the pearls until an official letter could arrive. A cipher telegram had been sent to the queen's secretary, and a reply had come from him promising the desired document. Roger was pleased, though hardly excited, because he had felt sure from the first that, if he wanted them, the pearls would be his.

"Any minute Simon Lecourt may be here," he said to Lovoresco. "When he's looked at the things, I'll sign and hand you my check for two hundred and sixty thousand dollars."

Lovoresco smiled under his dyed mustache, but his brilliant eyes—a feature for which men of his race are famous—lit angrily.

"You are ze most prudent of gentle-

men!" he exclaimed. "Your great Franco-American pearl expert, 'e 'as valued ze pearls one time already at 'is own place, under your eye, Mistaire Sand. Now, 'e 'as to come to your 'ouse! *Mazette*, but you must t'ink me a smart one, saire, if I could change false t'ings for real in ze last minute!"

"I think some other smart man might have changed them without you or me being smart enough to know the difference," Roger explained. "I believe in making a ship water-tight before she goes to sea."

"You are right," Lovoresco admitted, shrugging his shoulders. "I am pleased once more to meet ze expert. But I may tell you while we wait, Mistaire Sand, you 'ave come not far from to lose ze pearls t'rough your prudence."

"How was that?" Roger asked. "I hardly thought you would be troubled with too many offers."

"Not too many, no; but I 'ad yours, and anozer. Zat ozzar come yesterday. If I not know ze queen's letter was due on zis ship las' night, an' it would satisfy you, I would not 'ave wait. I would 'ave telephone you must decide one vay or ozzar at once. Mistaire Heron vas villin' to take me, as zey say, on face value, me an' my papers—zat is, on ze vord of our ministaire to zis country."

"Heron?" Roger repeated. "Heron, of California?"

"Zat is he. I understan' 'e is great millionaire. 'E come from Washington to zis city, an' bring 'is wife an' a friend, ven 'e 'ear from our ministaire about ze pearls."

"That's interesting!" said Roger. "I know Mr. Heron. Did you tell him you had given me the refusal?"

"Our ministaire tell 'im zat. I 'ad talk over ze whole t'ing wiz ze ministaire, an' 'e advise me give you zat refusal. But 'e not vish me lose any chance, you see. Zat is why 'e speak to Mistaire Heron. Zey meet at a dinner. Zere was talk of jewels. A man of your Congress give zat dinner. You know 'im, too? 'Is name is O'Reilly."

"I know him, too," Roger echoed.

He became thoughtful. It was queer that O'Reilly should mix again in his affairs! But if O'Reilly had tried to get the

pearls for Heron, it looked like proof that he had never known Beverley, or cared for her.

Since the reconciliation Roger had put the thought of O'Reilly out of his head. Nevertheless, Lovoresco's news interested him intensely. He was pleased that his wife, not Heron's, should have the splendid necklace. O'Reilly's finger in the pie added spice, and Roger wanted to hear more.

"Was O'Reilly an intermediary?" he inquired. "You say Mr. and Mrs. Heron and a friend came to New York—was O'Reilly the friend?"

"'E vas. But 'e did not—vat you call it?—mediate. 'E says to Mistaire Heron, ven I 'ave told 'im I expect ze queen's letter, 'e says: 'Vy don't you leave t'ings ze way zey are, Heron? Vat's ze good 'avin' a fuss with Sand about some beas'ly pearls?' Yes, saire, it was zat vord 'e use—beas'ly. 'Ad 'e spoke it to me about ze jewels of my queen, I would slap 'is face; but it vas to Mistaire Heron while I talk to *madame*, an' I vas not suppose to 'ear."

"Mr. Simon Lecourt," announced the butler, before Roger had time to answer, but not before he had time to think.

He was thinking hard. So, after all, O'Reilly had tried to smooth over things, to push the pearls toward Beverley instead of snatching them from her! Roger wished he had left his last question unasked. When a thing was nonsense, yet made one miserable, and there was nothing to do, ignorance should be bliss.

At a quarter to four—the check having been signed—Roger was shaking hands with the jewel expert whom he had summoned, and bowing to Count Lovoresco. The pearls were his, and he was impatient for Beverley. He wondered how she would look when she knew herself to be the owner of a queen's necklace. She was punctual for a spoiled and petted woman, and in five or six minutes she ought to arrive.

Beverley stepped into the lift as Count Lovoresco and Simon Lecourt stepped out. As they passed, she heard Roger's name, and her heart jumped. These men were strangers to her, but they had perhaps been

calling on Roger. What if they were connected with the past terror, which had begun to seem as dim as a dreadful dream? What if they had been *telling* Roger?

Such a thought would not have come, save for the scene she had gone through. With her nerves keyed to breaking-point, she felt that only horrible things could happen. She went up to her own floor with somewhat the sensation she might have had in stepping from the tumbrel to the guillotine. It was all she could do not to scream at Sister Lake in the hall; and when Roger appeared also, it seemed to Beverley that she could not avoid fainting. It was cruel that she could not escape without being seen and questioned, just this one time, when so much depended upon carrying out her plan!

Roger did not share the nurse's interest in Clo's outing; but he wanted Beverley.

"Good girl!" he exclaimed, trying to be gay. "You're back ahead of time. Send one of the servants down with money for Miss Riley. Come into the study—I have something to show you. When you've seen it, you'll know why I asked you to be home by four."

"I'll be there in a minute," Beverley answered, relieved by his kindly tone, but desperately anxious. "Let me take off my hat first. It's hot, and I've rather a bad headache."

She turned toward her room, hoping that Roger would wait in the study, thus giving her a chance to find what she had to find and take it to Clo in the waiting auto. But Roger, stirred by her glowing cheeks and shining eyes, and remorseful already for his disloyal thought of O'Reilly, followed.

"If you had a prophetic soul," he said, "your headache would go. Are you good at guessing, Bev?"

The girl was at her wit's end. Already she had almost fibbed in explaining Clo's errand. If only she could have five minutes' grace! Her heart was still beating so fast from the mercifully allayed fear of "those men," that she could think of no way to get rid of Roger, short of telling a lie.

"You ought to know I never guess anything right!" she laughed. "I'm dying of

curiosity, but I'm a child about surprises. I want them with all the thrills. It's not quite four. Show me the wonderful thing just as the clock strikes!"

Roger pulled out his watch.

"All right, baby!" he teased her. "You've got just three minutes and a half. Perhaps you think a woman needs that time to take off her hat, but I'll show you you're wrong!"

He neatly extracted a hatpin which Beverley had twisted into her veil. Then off came the hat, as if it had been the lid of a pot, and without giving her a chance to smooth the hair he had ruffled, Roger led his wife by the hand to the door of his study.

Beverley was in despair. Her one cause for thankfulness lay in the fact that he had apparently forgotten Clo. If he had remembered to send down money, the girl would have been bewildered, and perhaps have come up to ask for instructions. There was room in Beverley's brain for no other thought than—"How am I to get that parcel and give it to Clo?"

"Shut your eyes!" said Roger. "The clock's going to strike four now. Don't open your eyes till it stops!"

Beverley obeyed, as in that mood she would have obeyed an order to stand still and be shot through the heart. "One—two," slowly sounded from the grandfather's clock in the corner; and she felt something cool and heavy dropped over her neck. "Three—four!" the clock finished.

"Open your eyes," Roger told her.

"Oh!" cried Beverley, almost aghast. On her delicate gray dress the double line of pearls glistened like huge drops of dew on a spider-web. The rope hung down below her waist, and each pearl had a light in its heart as if it held the ghost of a rainbow. "It can't be true! It's a dream!" the girl stammered.

She loved pearls, and knew that these were marvels beyond common knowledge; yet her first thought was regret for their magnificence. Proper gratitude would take an age to express, and every instant counted.

She managed, however, to put a world of emotion into one kiss and clasp of her

arms. Her silent anguish was disguised as awe, while Roger told the romance of the jewels. Beverley was a rapt listener, and by the time he had finished she had an inspiration. She became voluble in thanks. She felt like the queen of New York, she said. She must run to her room for a look in the glass, as there was only a weird old convex mirror in the study. In just a minute—or perhaps two minutes—she would come back.

She could have sobbed out "Thank God!" when Roger, laughing at her vanity, let her go. This time he did not follow. He stood examining the purple velvet case with the queen's crown and monogram. He had not told Beverley the price he had given for the pearls. He wondered if she guessed they had cost a fortune. Would she be interested and value them more, if she knew, or would she think him ostentatious if he mentioned the sum?

Roger realized that he didn't understand her deeply enough to be sure. His wife's nature, as well as her past, remained mysterious to him. He decided that he had better not risk displeasing her. Not for worlds would he have Bev secretly believing him purse-proud. No, he wouldn't say a word about the money part of the present, when she came back. But—why didn't she come?

Beverley had not even thrown a glance at the mirror. In her own room she tore open the drawer where her handkerchiefs were kept in rose-scented sachet-cases. The largest of these cases she snatched, throwing the contents back into the drawer. With fingers that shook, she ripped the top of the padded silk cushion, and extracted a long envelope sealed with three gold seals.

She would hardly have remembered the queen's pearls had not the rope caught in the key of the drawer as she hastily turned to go. Before she could save it, the string broke, and pearls big as peas began falling like hailstones.

With a cry, she caught the broken ends of the rope together, dragged it over her head, and bundled it into the drawer among scattered handkerchiefs. She did not even stop to close the drawer. As for the fallen pearls—a dozen, at least—there was no

time to think of them, or of what Roger would say when he heard of the accident.

Crushing on her hat, which still lay on the bed where Roger had thrown it, she ran from the room, the envelope wrapped in a chiffon scarf. What she would have done had she met Roger or Sister Lake, she did not know, but at last luck favored her. She got out of the flat and into the lift without being seen.

When five minutes had passed, and Beverley was still away—admiring her treasures, as Roger supposed—he decided to join her. No answer came when he called her name in the corridor. He opened the bedroom door and looked in. Apparently the room was empty.

Something rolled away from Roger's foot on the threshold. He stooped and picked the thing up. It was an enormous pearl.

A shock of fear thrilled through him. He thought that news of his purchase might already have reached the underworld. In these few minutes, while he calmly waited for Beverley, she might have been murdered. Things like that did happen. He almost staggered over the threshold. He stepped on a second pearl, and saw that others lay on the pale-rose carpet.

He did not stoop this time, but stood staring. At the foot of the bed a tall screen had been placed to keep the light from Beverley's eyes in the morning. What if behind it he should find her lying—

As he braced himself to go and look, Beverley herself came into the room. It seemed that she shrank at sight of him.

"Girl, I thought you'd been kidnaped or killed!" he gasped. "Tell me, what has happened?"

"N-n-nothing," she stammered. "I'm so s-sorry you were frightened. It was only—we forgot about Clo—I had to take her that money. I—" She broke off, seeing the pearl in Roger's hand. "Oh, wasn't it dreadful that the rope broke?" she hurried on. "I wanted to get back to you quickly. I didn't stop to pick up the pearls—I knew they were safe here, so I just shut the door, and ran down—"

"So I see," Roger said dryly. All the joy he had felt in his splendid gift, the proof of his love and unalterable trust, was

gone. "Why not? What are a few pearls more or less compared to Miss Riley's convenience? The disease of an oyster—"

"Oh, Roger!" Beverley burst into tears. "Don't look at me like that—don't speak to me like that! You think I don't value the pearls? I do—for themselves, and for your love! I acted on impulse—"

"Quite so! You've done that before. Don't apologize, my dear girl. It's not worth it. I care less for the things than you do. Ring for your maid and let her sweep them up. I dare say she'll find them all to-day or to-morrow."

"No," said Beverley, fighting back the hysterical sobs that choked her. "No, I won't have any one look for the pearls but myself. Unless you—Roger, would you show your forgiveness by helping me?"

"I'm sorry I can't do that," he answered. "I have an appointment. I'm late for it now. I must go out at once."

It was not true. He had no appointment; but he felt that he must be alone, and out of doors, in the fresh air.

Clo Riley, returning from her errand to the Westmorland Hotel, did not see him as she tripped from the car to the door, but Roger, having finished his gloomy stroll, was then on his way home. He had come within sight of the house when Robbins sounded the familiar horn and drew up at the sidewalk. Roger saw the girl hurry in as if each second were important.

Hardly had she vanished, when a man strolled around the corner. He was walking slowly, and in front of the big apartment-house he slackened his step to walk more slowly still. He looked up at the façade as if interested; and Roger, at the farther end of the block, recognized Justin O'Reilly.

## VIII

CLO remembered Beverley's instructions, and went straight to her own room; but the threat of the ferret man rang in her ears:

"Tell your lady friend a *life* will pay for this—she jolly well knows whose. Tell her she's got till ten o'clock to-night, and not a minute more!"

It was now after five, and Sister Lake

was bent upon undressing her charge. Clo had to let herself be tucked into bed. Meekly, also, she received the order to lie quite still and rest till dinner-time.

Rest! As if she could rest, not knowing what ought to be done next to help her Angel! Active aid, attempted on her own initiative, might make matters worse; but a passive plan occurred to Clo, which could do no harm, and her quick wit suggested how best to carry it out.

"I'll be good as gold," she promised, "if you'll forgive me, sister, and do me a favor. I'm worried because I spoiled your afternoon. You stayed in, waiting for me to come back, instead of taking your walk. Will you go out now, instead? I'll rest better if you will. Do, please!"

All Clo's Irish powers of persuasion were needed to coax Sister Lake into consenting. An old patient from another town had arrived at a hotel close by, and the nurse had meant to call that day, her last in the neighborhood. A human impulse to punish the sinner by punishing herself inclined her to stop at home; but eventually she relented. Clo could have sung for joy as the nurse bade her "good-by for an hour." As the door of the room closed, the girl began counting the seconds that must pass before the outer door shut.

"Sixty-two—sixty-three—she ought to be gone!" Clo was whispering, when her heart sank, for the room door opened.

She feared that Sister Lake had changed her mind; but it was Angel who came in.

"I was racking my brain how to get rid of the sister, when I saw her go out," Beverley said. "I'm sure you managed it. I've been desperate. You can't *think* what things have happened! But that's nothing, compared to what happened to you. Tell me, did all go well?"

Clo had not realized how much it would pain her to strike the blow; but it must be struck. In a few words she described the scene at the Westmorland, telling how the ferret man had kept her waiting; how he had said that the envelope *looked* all right, but had insisted upon opening it; how he had flown into a rage at finding only folded sheets of blank paper.

The girl got no further.

"Blank paper!" Beverley gasped. "But that's impossible! I *know* what was in the envelope. There were letters in it. The man must have tricked you. He must have changed what was there for something else, to blackmail me, perhaps, or—"

Clo shook her head.

"He'd be mean enough for that, or anything; but I was watching him, and he had no chance to play a trick. The blank paper was there, and nothing else. It was writing-paper, quite a lot of sheets that seemed to have been taken from some train—'Santa Fe Limited,' or a name like that."

Beverley gave a cry as if she had been struck over the heart. She had perched on the low bed, but she sprang up, and began walking to and fro, her hands pressed to her forehead.

"Let me think—let me think!" she groaned. "How can that have been? Writing-paper taken from the train? I can't understand it!"

Suddenly she turned, and came back to the bed, putting out her hands in a groping way to Clo. The girl caught and held them tightly. They were very cold.

"Angel, is there nothing I can do?" Clo whispered, afraid, somehow, to speak aloud.

Beverley sank, rather than sat down, on the bed once more.

"My head feels as if I'd taken ether," she said. "I can't think things out clearly. That isn't like me! But this has been a terrible day—one shock after another. If I talk to you as I'd talk to myself, will you swear by all that's sacred never to give away one word, even if you're questioned?"

"I swear by my love for you, Angel. That's the most sacred thing I have, except my locket with mother's picture," the girl answered.

"You see," Beverley went on, "I've no one else but you, Clo. I can't speak to the person who could advise me best, because if I told him anything I should have to tell all, and I daren't do that. It's not because I couldn't trust him, but I've taken an oath ten times more solemn than the one you took just now, to—to keep a secret that isn't only mine. It's another's more than mine—another's whose life depends on the secret being kept. To save that life, I was

forced to do what I hate to think of. It doesn't *bear* thinking of! And it's no concern of yours, but it would be of Roger's, if he knew—if he had the faintest inkling! Now, I'm going to tell you one or two things, and you must use your brains to explain the mystery. You're clever, sharp as steel, and true as steel—you've proved that! Suppose a case. Suppose that you had undertaken a sort of mission, a dangerous and dreadful mission. You have in your charge documents which could make or break a man. You almost escape from those who would kill you rather than let you get away with the papers. You know you'll be followed. You nearly miss your train, but you jump on board at the last minute. You see a man—not the one you expect, but another just as much to be feared—more, perhaps, because he's a great deal cleverer, if not so violent. You think you're lost, but you find a friend, a man who helps you. You give him the envelope that has the papers in it—a sealed envelope. You've seen it, Clo. He keeps it through the journey. At a stopping-place on the way, he offers to hand it back to you, but you refuse. Even then, though you have his protection, and are with him nearly all the time, you feel that the thing is safer with him. Later, in New York, he returns the envelope intact, with the seals unbroken. And I must explain that this friend who comes to the rescue is very noble, the soul of honor. Never since that moment has the envelope been out of your own keeping. Yet it is opened to-day for the first time, and the papers that were in it are gone. They've been changed for stationery of that train, the Santa Fe Limited. How can this have been done? Who can have done it?"

In her dazed misery she hung breathless upon Clo's answer, as if the little Irish girl of eighteen had been some world-renowned detective.

Clo felt crushed by the load of her responsibility.

"You're sure that, though your friend was so noble, he couldn't have had a good motive for taking the papers?" she suggested, forgetting that Beverley had not told the story as being her own.

"And sealing up the envelope, and lying? I'm sure—sure as I am of my life!"

"Well, then, the other man must have done it."

"The other man?" Beverley stared blankly.

"The one who followed you onto the train."

"But he never was near Rog—never near the man who—oh, I might as well tell you, right out, that it was Roger who kept the envelope for me. You'd guess it, if I didn't. I'll tell you the name of the other man, too, for it's sure to slip out. His name is Justin O'Reilly."

"O'Reilly?" Clo echoed. "How dare the brute have a name like mine?"

"Why, so it is like," said Beverley; "but he spells it differently."

"He'd better, or I'd have to change!" snapped Clo. "Well, whatever his name is, I believe he must have stolen your papers. Can you go back and live over again every step of the way? If you can, maybe you'll stumble against the sharp edge of some place where he had a chance to fool you."

Beverley shut her eyes, and began to think aloud.

"The morning after we started, Roger mentioned meeting an acquaintance—a man named O'Reilly. He didn't dream the name meant anything to me. I tried hard not to let him guess. When Roger passed O'Reilly's table at breakfast-time, they exchanged only a few words, and nothing could have happened then, I know. After that I didn't hear of their meeting again during the journey. I should have heard, if they had, I think. Roger was with me a good deal. At Chicago—"

"Yes, at Chicago?" Clo repeated, when Beverley's story suddenly broke off.

"I'm calling it back to my mind. Roger helped me out of the train. O'Reilly was out already. He stood on the platform, looking for some one—or so it seemed. We went by, quite close to him, but not close enough for even the smartest pickpocket in America to steal the envelope from Roger."

"Where was the envelope then?" the girl wanted to know.

"In an inside breast pocket of Roger's coat—not an overcoat. It was September, and the weather was warm."

"Wouldn't it be easy for any one looking for the envelope to see that Mr. Sands had something thick and long in an inside breast pocket, and to suspect what it was?"

"Any one might *suspect*. No one could be *sure*. It would have shown more plainly if Roger had worn his coat buttoned. He didn't, on purpose."

"Still, his coat not being buttoned would make it easier to steal the envelope, if some pickpocket got a chance to try."

"Perhaps; but O'Reilly could never have done such a thing. It would take a trained thief."

"Humph!" Clo was silent, thinking hard. "Can people send off telegrams from those trains?" she inquired presently.

"Yes, of course they can."

"Would there have been time for this O'Reilly chap to wire Chicago, after he followed you on board the train, and have a man meet him?"

"Yes, there would have been plenty of time."

"Well, what if he wired to some detective people, and told them to send him the smartest pickpocket in America?"

"But the police couldn't—wouldn't—do such a thing!"

"I don't mean the *real* police," Clo explained. "Haven't you often read books about private detectives? I have. They might get reformed thieves to work for them. I should think they often do. Can you remember what O'Reilly did next, after you both passed him on the platform?"

"No. I didn't dare look back and let Roger see that I took an interest in the man."

"You don't know, then, whether the person he seemed to expect ever turned up?"

Beverley shook her head.

"Roger and I went straight ahead to a news-stand where I expected to meet a person. Two or three minutes after we passed O'Reilly we were mixed up in a big crowd, almost fighting our way through, and—"

"Oh, a big crowd!" Clo broke in. "A chance for that pickpocket! Suppose the

trained thief arrived the minute you turned your backs on O'Reilly, and was sent after you, hot-foot, to get the envelope?"

"Ah, but you've forgotten something!" cried Beverley. "A thief might get the envelope—I'll admit that. But how could he have another one exactly like it, with the same seals, the same monogram, to put into Roger's pocket when he took the original?"

"He might have a duplicate if O'Reilly could have given it to him. Could he?"

"I—I—don't see," Beverley stammered; but suddenly she began to see. A vivid idea sprang into her head, and was imaged in her eyes.

"You've thought of something!" Clo exclaimed. "You see how O'Reilly might have got the seal with the monogram, and the gold wax, and an envelope like the one you had?"

"Oh, yes, I do see now!" Beverly groaned. "He could have brought the things from—from—but never mind. That part's nothing to you."

"I want only to know the part you want me to know," said Clodagh.

"It isn't a question of what I want; it's a question of my promise, my sacred oath," Beverley answered. "There was a house to which I went to get the envelope. O'Reilly was there, too. Some one—no matter who!—could have given him all the things, so that he could change envelopes if he got the chance. But what horrible cold-heartedness! While another man was dying—a man she—oh, child, I oughtn't to have begun this talk! I keep stumbling onto a path where I dare not step!"

"I won't let you stay there," Clo encouraged her. "We'll go back to the train. If O'Reilly had the gold wax and the seal, and the right kind of envelope, he could have made his plan, and sent his telegram, and had everything ready for the right minute in the Chicago station."

"Ye-es, he could; but what a far-fetched idea it is—almost impossible!"

"It's more possible than to suppose that Mr. Sands changed the envelopes, isn't it?"

"That is the one impossible thing!"

"Well, then, so far as I can see, this is the only other idea that is possible."

"Maybe you're right!" Beverley abandoned the argument with a sigh that was a groan. "After all, the worst remains. I have lost the papers! Whether O'Reilly has them, or some one else, I can't get them back; and without them I'm ruined!"

"You sha'n't be!" Clodagh cried, twining her thin arms round her idol's waist. "You must be saved somehow! We've got till ten o'clock to think."

"If I were the only one, it wouldn't matter so much," Beverley said. "Roger wouldn't love me any more if he knew about the papers, and I should have to go away—or die! But there's some one a great deal more important than I am—some one who can be tortured as well as killed, if I have no bribe to offer. Those papers gave me all the power I had."

"Wouldn't money—" Clo began, but Beverley cut her short.

"No money I could get would be of any use," she said. "A million might be."

"See O'Reilly and make him give up the papers!" cried Clo. "Oh, but is he in New York?"

"He doesn't live in New York, but he's here now. I know, because that man you saw—Peterson—told me. It was part of a threat he held over my head. It made his power to hurt me greater, he thought, that O'Reilly and—some people connected with him—should be in town just now. I know the hotel he's staying in—the Dietz. But even if O'Reilly would come here—which I'm sure he wouldn't do, because he and Roger are almost enemies in business—how could I see him without Roger knowing? It wouldn't be possible!"

"I'll somehow make O'Reilly come," the girl promised. "I don't know how, yet; but I know I will, if you can get Mr. Sands out of the house."

Beverley shuddered.

"How horrid that sounds—as if I were plotting against him, the way women do who deceive their husbands. I used to be quick-witted in emergencies; but then I was working for one I loved, not against my best and dearest! What's the use of trying, anyhow? O'Reilly wouldn't give me back those papers to save my life, or that other life I care for."

"Well, anyhow, if he took the papers, would he still have them, do you think?" asked Clo, with the sudden eagerness of one who catches in desperation at a new idea.

"It's just possible. I can see a reason why he might have been asked to keep them," Beverley answered.

"If that's so, would he put them in a bank or a safe somewhere, or would he bring them to New York?"

"There might be a special motive for him to bring them to New York. I think there *would* be a motive."

"Well, it seems to me that the sort of man I think he is would be too smart to have such things on him, if he came to your house, and didn't mean to give 'em back to you. It would be tempting Providence, so to speak."

Beverley laughed a bitter little laugh.

"If I were the kind of woman he thinks I am, he wouldn't expect me to stop short of murder to get those papers."

"Good! Good!"

Clo clapped her hands. Beverley stared.

"Why do you say 'good'?"

"Because, if he comes to you and leaves the papers at his hotel, a certain thing will happen!"

"What?"

Clo looked at her Angel shyly.

"I'm afraid to tell you. I'd better *not* tell you," she said. "It's safer for you not to know—till afterward."

## IX

"You must tell me!" Beverley insisted. "Tell me at once!"

"Well," replied Clo, "what will happen is this—I will happen! While Mr. O'Reilly is here with you, Miss Riley without the 'O' will be at his hotel, in his room, helping herself to his—I mean *your*—papers."

"My child, you're mad!" Beverley gasped.

"Not so mad as he'll be when he finds out! The whole business is settling itself in my head, the way tea-leaves settle when the pot's been shaken. The one trouble is Mr. Sands. The rest will be all right. Think what to do about him, Angel—think hard!"

Hypnotized by the girl's insistence, Beverley thought until her brain whirled.

"I might say I've a headache—goodness knows it's true!—and that I don't want dinner. I might suggest Roger's dining at his club," she said. "But how I should hate to do that! He's vexed already—he has a right to be. This afternoon he gave me a wonderful present—a rope of pearls that belonged to a queen. It must have cost a fortune. I hardly stopped to thank him, I was in such frantic haste to get the envelope to you. Then, worse still, the rope caught in the key of a drawer, the string broke, and a lot of pearls ran all over the carpet. I didn't wait to pick them up. I ran down to you, and I was gone so long that Roger went to my room to look for me. I came back and found him picking up pearls. I felt my excuses did more harm than good, and I was simply *sick* about everything! Roger pretended that he had an engagement, and was obliged to go out, but I saw by his face that he wanted to go. He wanted to walk off his anger in the fresh air. If he does walk it off—if he comes back ready to make up, and I send him away again, I'm afraid that will *finish* it. Things may never be the same between us any more!"

"He was angry because you didn't seem to care enough for his present," said Clo. "But if you can get him out of the house for an hour or so, and at the same time prove that you adore the pearls—how does that plan strike you?"

"How could I do both?" Beverley answered one question with another.

"Beg him to go and fetch a pearl-stringer, and bring her back here himself, to-night. Say you can't rest or sleep till the pearls are restrung."

"You forget it's Sunday, and—"

"I don't forget. I know a pearl-stringer. She isn't just any old pearl-stringer, who might thread on a paste bead here and there, and keep a pearl or two up her sleeve, or tell a pal how to bag the lot, later. She's the best pearl-stringer in New York. The big jewelers and lots of swell society women employ her. It's queer, the way I came to know her. She was crossing a street, and she slipped and fell in front

of an auto. I happened to be close to her, and I dragged her back, just in time, and held her up. She's a little woman, no bigger than me, or I couldn't have done it. I got her on the sidewalk again, and she was grateful—asked who I was, and all that. She's Irish, too, and she invited me to go and see her the next Sunday. She lives out in Yonkers, in a nice little house of her own. I went only once; it cost too much, getting there and back, and I wouldn't hint for my fare. But she said that if she could do something for me, she'd love to. I wouldn't have begged her help, though, or any one's ever; but this is different. It's no favor I'll be asking, except for her to come to town on a Sunday evening. She'll love to come, and she'll sit up all night if she needs to—I know she will. There's no phone at her house. Her mother's an invalid—nerves can't stand a telephone-bell; so the only thing is to fetch her. Do you think Mr. Sands will go?"

"It depends upon how he feels when he comes in," said Beverley. "But Sister Lake would never let you out again."

"I sha'n't ask her. She won't be in for more than half an hour, yet. I'm beautifully rested now. I'll get up and dress, while you see if Mr. Sands is back. If I hear from you that all's well, I'll slip out before the sister comes."

"Clo, you're wonderful!" Beverley exclaimed. "How can I thank you enough?"

"Thanks from *you* to *me*! That's good! Anyhow, please wait till I've *done* something. Oh, I forgot to give you the pearl-stringer's address. It's Miss Blackburne, 27 Elm Street, Yonkers. And tell Mr. Sands to mention my name. Sounds silly and conceited, doesn't it? Still, it might make a difference. She's sure to be in. She doesn't like leaving her mother evenings; but I know she'll do it for me."

Beverley was gone for fifteen minutes. When she flew in again, flushed and excited, she was surprised to see Clo in bed as before; but hardly was the door closed when the girl threw back the coverlet, to show that she was fully dressed.

"I was afraid Sister Lake might pop in, by bad luck," she explained. "I've only to put on my hat. Well—is it all right?"

"Roger will go," said Beverley. "He's phoning now for his car. I'm putting off dinner till half past eight, to give him plenty of time to get home and change. He puzzles me, Clo. He didn't make any difficulty when I told him about the pearl-stringer, and wanting her at once, and all that. He agreed with me that it would be best to do such an errand himself, if it were to be done. And he was very kind; but his manner was *different*. I've never seen him look at me exactly as he looked while I was trying to atone for this afternoon—trying to explain what I'd done, and what I wanted him to do. I'm frightened—frightened!"

"Don't be. Being brave is half the battle," said Clo. She was up now, had pinned on her pretty white hat, and was fastening her smart little cape. "I'll go first to the Westmorland, and see our man. He said he'd be in, waiting, till ten o'clock. I'll tell him things are in train, but he must give you till midnight, if necessary. From there maybe I can phone the Dietz Hotel. It wouldn't be safe here. By that time O'Reilly ought to be in his room, dressing for dinner. He'll see me, I'm sure, and I'll manage the rest. Now I'm off, before Mr. Sands's automobile comes, or Sister Lake. If she finds this door shut and all quiet, she'll think I'm asleep, and won't know I'm not in the room till it's time for dinner. If luck's with me, she need never know I've been outside the house. Go back to your husband, Angel, and I'll slip away on my own!"

"You'll need some money," said Beverley. "Take this purse. There's some change, for taxis, and some bills besides—fifty or sixty dollars. And—and here's a bunch of all sorts of keys, in case—"

She could not finish, but the girl understood. Two minutes later Clo was in the street. Her heart was beating fast and her knees felt weak, but she was confident that her strength would not fail. Somehow she would get through—somehow she would succeed!

The first thing that happened to her was a small piece of luck. She had been dreading the walk to a taxi-stand, when she saw a car about to drive away from a near-by

house. It was a public vehicle. The chauffeur had just been paid by the woman who had got out. Clo hailed him and gave the Westmorland as her destination.

"Mr. Peterson" was in, according to promise, and had evidently been doing what he could to keep himself from being dull. After a few minutes of impatient waiting Clo smelled as well as saw him as he entered the hotel parlor. He was not drunk, but the girl suspected him of having consumed several appetizers.

"You again, is it?" he remarked at sight of her. "I was expecting Mrs. Sands."

"I'm her messenger for the second time," said Clo; "and probably I shall be for the third, when it comes to settling up. If you get what you want, it doesn't matter who brings it, I suppose?"

"Then you suppose wrong. My business is with a woman, not a kid. All the same, if you've got anything for me—"

"I haven't yet," Clo snapped him up. "It isn't time. I'm on to where the thing is, and how to get it; but it may take till after ten o'clock. That's what I came to say."

"Save your breath! Ten o'clock's the time. If she don't want me to back on my bargain, she'd better not go back on hers!"

The man looked more than ever like a ferret, the girl thought, as he tried to overawe her with a stare from his red-rimmed eyes.

Clo stared back with a bold defiance which she didn't feel. The gaze with which she "lamped" the man from head to foot gave her a detail or two that she had not noticed before. He was sickly pale, and his drab-colored hair was remarkably short. It had just begun to grow after having been closely shaved. The girl drew in her breath sharply, and with it courage for a big bluff.

"Mrs. Sands made no bargain as to time," she said. "And talking of time, what about the time you've *done*? I may be a kid, but I've lived a lot of life. I've seen other men with faces pale as potatoes and cropped heads like yours. Do you think it's safe to threaten *us*?"

Peterson gave a cackling laugh.

"What's the female for smart Aleck?" he sneered. "Nothin' doin' in that street!"

I didn't make no getaway. My gardeens wished me good-by and Gawd bless me when the nine months they run me in for was up. The whole business in Chicago was a frame-up to keep me an' a certain lady from exchangin' compliments. Some gink was on to our date in the depot—must 'a' been, for I was innercent as the babe unborn when a daylight guy pinched me, waitin' at the news-stand. The charge was trumped up on the spur o' the moment, I bet, or they'd 'a' put their nuts together an' worked out some big stunt to wipe me clean off the map while they was at the game; but they didn't, the fat-heads, an' I could afford to rest a bit."

As he talked, with the little nervous gestures of a neurasthenic, Clo thought she could come close to guessing what the charge had been, and it would have needed more than the word of a ferret to assure her of his innocence. The man was a born sneak-thief or pickpocket. His hands were slender and small as a girl's, the fingers curiously long and supple, the little finger of each hand almost the same length as its neighbor. Perhaps, if temptation had been put in his way in the station at Chicago, he had been unable to resist. Not that the girl much cared as to this detail. It was not her affair; but it was odd, almost creepy, how the links were being joined together in the chain of evidence against O'Reilly, the man who had followed Angel into the Limited—the man against whom Clo had presently to try her wits.

What concerned her most was that her first attempt at bluff had failed. Something in Peterson's manner convinced her that he had indeed served out his full sentence, and for the moment had nothing to fear from the police. No threat of hers could make the fellow loose his grip on Beverley Sands; but Clodagh hid her disappointment with a little swagger.

"It suits us just as well as you to finish up at ten o'clock, and get it over," she said. "If we can, we will. If we can't, you'll have to wait, or you'll throw away your game. The way things are, you have to be in with us, you see, not against us."

"Oh, do I? I ain't so sure!" he flung back.

"What aren't you sure of?" she pinned him down.

"I ain't one darned bit sure my fine madam's not in the game t'other way round—and her husband, too. I know now that she and Roger Sands traveled in the same train from where she started. Blowed if I see why she'd do it, but it might be they fixed a frame-up between them. I can see why it would suit Sands, if it wouldn't her, and a man's stronger than a woman. Sands was working for John Heron at the time. That means a lot!"

"It doesn't mean that Mrs. Sands would be disloyal to her word. I know she's true as steel. Things would be a lot easier for her if she wasn't," Clo insisted.

She spoke crisply, but her thoughts wandered. For some reason they had caught at the name of John Heron; Beverley had never mentioned it. The girl had no means of guessing how it might bear upon the case in her small, determined hands. She did not see how or where she could have heard the name before, yet it seemed as if she had heard it. Perhaps she had seen it in some newspaper.

The feeling she had on hearing John Heron's name puzzled and even thrilled her vaguely. It was as if the words had been whispered into her ear in a dream—a dream not forgotten, but buried under other things in her brain.

The girl was suddenly alert, listening as if to catch an echo that ought not to be lost—though why it ought not she didn't know. There was only one thing she knew with straining certainty. In that buried dream there were other sounds connected with the whispered name—sounds of sobbing, as of some one crying in the dark.

"Anyhow," Peterson went on, "there was a frame-up, and those that was in it has got to pay me for what I went through. That's partly why I'm here in Noo York. I'd like to see what this guy Sands is like when he's to home. If I don't have those papers by ten, I'll be darned if I don't show up at his flat and ask for the missis. I've only to lamp those two people together to know whether she—"

"You wouldn't find Mr. Sands at home," the girl cut in. "He's out, and he'll be out

a long time. When he comes back, he's likely to go away again at once."

"Aw, he is, is he?" echoed Peterson.

A light flashed in the man's little eyes. He seemed abruptly to throw off the effect of the appetizers. His personality waked up secretively, like that of some weak, nocturnal animal hiding in a wood. Clo wondered at the change, not sure whether it were due to her words or to some other obscure cause. She eyed him between narrowed lids, striving to make him out.

"Better go home and grow up, kiddo," he advised, "before you try to tackle a man-size job." His tone was no longer gruff or hectoring, but good-natured. "Shall I see you back to where you live, or—"

"I have another errand to do," the girl announced with dignity.

She had meant to telephone from the Westmorland to the Dietz to learn if Justin O'Reilly was in, but now she determined not to do so. Better waste a little time, rather than let Peterson hear her inquiring for O'Reilly. She had not felt, when suggesting the plan, that it would matter much if he did hear; but now he threatened to "pay" the man who had "framed" him. She guessed O'Reilly to be that man; and though she hated O'Reilly for hounding her Angel, she didn't want him paid, as Peterson would pay, till she had got the papers.

Instead of waiting to telephone, she walked to the door and asked a half-baked youth in hotel livery to call her a taxi.

"If ferret-face tries to follow, I'll lead him a dance," she thought.

But ferret-face seemed to read her mind, and to be willing to relieve it.

"So-long!" he said. "I've got a job o' work, too. It will take me till about ten. After that I shall be lookin' for a call."

With no further threats of what would happen if the call were delayed, he turned his back and sauntered to the elevator. Before the taxi had arrived he had been shot up to regions above.

"So *that's* all right!" Clo muttered to herself, spinning toward the Dietz.

Yet, as she said the words, she wondered if it *was* all right. Why had Peterson's whole personality made a lightning change

on hearing that Sands—whom he had expressed a wish to see—would not be at home that night? Ought she to phone to Beverley and put her on guard?

Yes, she would telephone from the Dietz, while waiting to see O'Reilly. It would be safe, because by this time Roger must be far away.

## X

JUSTIN O'REILLY had a modest suite in the magnificent Dietz. It adjoined the luxurious suite of Mr. and Mrs. John Heron, and consisted of a small sitting-room, a bedroom, and a bath. He was tying his necktie when the telephone-bell rang, and he went on tying it. He meant to finish before answering the phone, but his nerves were not normal that evening, and the noise of the persistent instrument rasped them. He swore, and sacrificed the tie. He grabbed the receiver as if it were a snake that had to be throttled, and gave it a grudging "Hello!"

"A lady to see you," a voice answered.

"She wasn't told I'm in, I hope?"

O'Reilly's opinion of the Dietz was swinging to disfavor. A nice thing for a well-regulated hotel, if—

"No, but she says it's important, and if you're not in she'll wait. She's Miss O'Reilly."

Miss O'Reilly! The man of that name was perplexed. The only Miss O'Reilly who could possibly call on him, as far as he knew, was the last woman he would have expected to do so. He had come to New York largely in the hope of seeing her; but she had refused his request for an interview. That refusal had filled him with rage, had made his necktie hard to tie, and had rendered the jangle of the telephone-bell intolerable.

"Tell her I'll be down in three minutes," he replied, his blood running hot.

"She wouldn't trouble you to come down. She says she has some private news for you, and asks if you'll see her in your own sitting-room."

This was wonderful, almost too good to be true; yet it must be true.

"All right," he tried to answer calmly. "Have the lady shown up."

He rushed back into his bedroom to wrestle once more with the tie. He must be ready to receive Miss O'Reilly at the door, and his waistcoat and coat were yet to put on; but it could be managed. The suite was on the fifteenth floor, and a full minute's walk from the lift for an old person like Miss O'Reilly.

Bungling everything in his haste, he tried to think what it might mean, her coming to him in this informal way. It looked as if she must have changed her mind, and be ready to sell him her house, the dear old home on which his heart was set. Perhaps she would demand a higher price than he had offered. Well, whatever it was, he must pay it somehow. Heron would lend him the money—but no, there were reasons why O'Reilly didn't wish to accept favors from Heron, often as they had been pressed upon him.

As he slipped into his coat, he heard the expected rap at his sitting-room door and hurried to open it. A bell-boy, acting as guide, had run ahead of the lady to knock.

"Miss O'Reilly to see Mr. O'Reilly," he announced, with Irish relish of the Irish name.

Having accomplished his mission, he turned to go, and did go; but O'Reilly stood on the threshold, waiting for the lady to appear. Meanwhile he was obliged to dodge back from a small, slim flapper in white, who for some reason had paused before his door. O'Reilly waited for her to pass on, but she remained. She stood quite still, and stared up at him unwinkingly, as a child stares. After a time this became embarrassing.

"I beg your pardon," O'Reilly said, wanting to laugh. "May I pass? I must look for a lady who—"

"I'm the lady," the creature in white intervened. "That is, I am if you are Mr. O'Reilly."

"O'Reilly's my name," he admitted; "but I was expecting—or perhaps my cousin sent you?"

"Perhaps I *am* you cousin," suggested the girl, who—as Justin saw, now that he looked her deliberately in the face—had the biggest, blackest eyes and the whitest skin he had ever seen. She also had red hair

under a fetching hat. Yes, "fetching" was the adjective, and would describe the whole effect, although the child was no beauty. She had an elfin air, which was intensified to O'Reilly's mind by the puzzle she presented.

"Delighted, I'm sure," he felt obliged to answer. "I thought I had only one cousin in the world, Theresa O'Reilly, of Gramercy Park; but—"

"It sounds like the chorus of a song, 'Theresa O'Reilly of Gramercy Park,'" Clo was unable to resist remarking with her strongest brogue.

To see so different a man from the image she had created of the brutal O'Reilly excited her. The scene into which she was about to plunge—had already plunged—began to be like a play. The way he had flung open his door, as if to receive a queen, the way he had danced back and forth, expecting her to pass on and let him go by, and the way he spoke of his cousin, Theresa O'Reilly—it was as good as something on the stage! But it resembled a farce, and Clo hadn't engaged for farce.

However, she didn't mind beginning the act like that. To do so seemed thrust upon her.

"Will you please ask me in, Mr. O'Reilly?" she said. "My errand is really a very pressing one."

Mechanically the man stepped aside and let her walk into the room. He began to suspect some trick, but he couldn't stand indefinitely in the doorway, arguing with a girl in the hall. When his visitor was in the sitting-room, he partly closed the door, but he did not invite her to be seated. He looked at her expectantly.

Her first move was to shut the door, which he had left ajar. Yet she did not speak.

"May I know your name?" he inquired, as again they stood facing each other.

"The same as yours, but for a letter or two," said Clo, marking time. "That's why I may be a cousin. One never knows! I didn't come to talk about the family tree, though, Mr. O'Reilly. I came to beg—not for money, so don't be frightened!"

"I'm not conscious of fear," laughed O'Reilly.

He couldn't help laughing, though he was sure now that he had been "had." He didn't believe the girl's name was the same as his own. He thought she must know about Cousin Theresa and the affair of the old house, however, and must be using the knowledge for purposes of her own.

He had dressed with haste in order to write some letters and telegrams before dinner. There was real need for hurry; and yet, somehow, he didn't want to get rid of his odd visitor on the instant.

"If I'm not afraid, I am curious," he confessed. "What are you going to beg for, if not money? Have you a message from my cousin?"

Clo, still holding him eye for eye, as if for a fencing-bout, shook her head. She suddenly ceased to be impish. She had effected her entrance into the enemy's fastness by her impishness, but she could go no further on that line.

So much she was sure of; yet she was sure of little else. The fact that this man was the exact opposite of the expected type upset her plans, and she had to build up new ones on the field of battle. There was danger that she might like this O'Reilly instead of hating him, he was so pleasant and gallant-looking—more a protector than a persecutor of women. She might hesitate to cheat or trick him in whatever way came handy, and thus fail Angel after all her boasts.

In her hot little heart Clo prayed for wisdom—the wisdom of the serpent; and as her elfin face took on anxious lines, she became more puzzling, more interesting to O'Reilly. Her white face looked pinched and desperate.

"If I were Marat and she Charlotte Corday," was the thought that jumped into his head, "she would stab me!"

"It isn't a message from your cousin," she said when she could speak. "It's a good thing for me you have a cousin, or maybe you wouldn't have let me in. For me she's what the ram caught in the bushes was for Abraham. I know now why God gave me the name of Riley. I guess He'll forgive me for borrowing the O. I was obliged to get to you somehow. That was the only way I could think of."

"It was a pretty smart way," O'Reilly mumbled, more to himself than to her. "But you haven't told me—"

"I will! I'm in as much of a hurry as you are. Only—I think I'll have to sit down. I feel rather—queer."

"Good Lord, I hope you're not going to faint!" cried the man. "You can't faint here!"

"I won't, unless you make me—I'll promise." The girl had got her cue now.

"Sit down, for Heaven's sake!" said O'Reilly, pulling up the biggest chair in the room.

Clo sank into it. Closing her eyes, she drew in a gasping breath which made her girlish bosom heave.

The man stood by, feeling absurdly helpless. He knew not what to make of his guest, or what to do with the situation. She had confessed herself an impostor; and an appeal to the mercy of the male victim was an old dodge for females of her kind. However, she was no ordinary adventuress; and she began to look alarmingly ill.

"Shall I ring for some brandy?" he suggested.

"No—please!" She opened her great eyes again. "Only listen. I've come from Mrs. Roger Sands—to beg you for those papers of hers."

"Mrs. Roger Sands! Her papers? I know nothing of any papers belonging to Mrs. Roger Sands," O'Reilly exclaimed, as much amazed as if the bronze girl holding an electric lamp had jumped off the table and boxed his ears.

"They weren't yours, anyhow," Clo persevered in a weak voice.

"Not mine? What papers are you talking about?"

"The ones you hired a man to steal when the train got to Chicago."

O'Reilly started.

"Whose accusation is that?" he asked sharply.

"Not hers!" Clo promptly exonerated Beverley. "It's mine."

"Yours? Once again, who are you? What are you in this?"

"I'm nobody! I'm only—a lion's mouse."

O'Reilly did not ask what it meant to be a lion's mouse. He understood. His mind was not less quick than hers.

"And I'm the net you hope to gnaw! Miss Mouse, your little teeth will find me tough. I may say I'm a patent, ungnawable net. The best thing for you is to go home as fast as you can, and tell those who sent you—"

"I sent myself," Clo explained with tired obstinacy. "I told you I had to see you somehow. Oh, Mr. O'Reilly, you don't look the sort of cruel brute I thought you would be. If you only dreamed what Mrs. Sands is going through, you'd give her back the papers! Don't pretend not to know what I mean, because it takes so long, and comes to the same thing in the end."

"I won't pretend anything, you small, strange creature," O'Reilly said. "I do know what you mean, and I got the documents—which were not the property of Mrs. Sands—more or less as you think I got them. But that's ancient history. Even if I had them to this day, and I don't say I have, no mouse, no mastodon, could induce me to hand them over to Mrs. Sands!"

Clo knew, when he said this, what she had only dared to hope—that Justin O'Reilly was still in possession of those papers. Now, if only she could get some inkling as to where they were!

Between half-closed lids and thick, black lashes her eyes traveled over his person. He looked slender and soldierly in his well-made evening clothes. There could be nothing thicker than a watch, and that a thin one, in his pockets.

"If you would see Mrs. Sands, maybe you'd change your mind," Clo pleaded in her creamiest Irish voice. "Take me back to her, and take the papers. Then, if you—"

"I can't do either," was O'Reilly's ultimatum. "I'll take you down-stairs and put you in your car, if you have one, or a taxi, if you haven't. But—"

"You'll *have* to take me home," said Clo. "Don't you see I'm not fit to go alone? I won't try to start without you. I'll just let myself collapse. I promised not to faint unless you made me, but now you *are* making me."

"You little devil!" The words broke from him half in rage, half in laughter. "You deserve to be thrown out of the window!"

"I have been, once," the pale girl murmured. "That's what is the matter with me. It was four stories up, and all my ribs were smashed. This is my first day out of bed. The—the nurse didn't know. I thought I could just manage it, if you—if you were kind. I'd gladly die for Mrs. Sands! And if I do—"

"Brace up!" O'Reilly cried. "I'll take you home. I know where the house is. I happened to pass it this afternoon. There was a man who—but no matter. Have you a car below?"

Clo was almost past answering—almost, not quite; but weakness was her cue, as well as the line of least resistance. She shook her head, then let it fall to one side, her eyes drooping, her lips apart. She had all but reached the limit of her physical endurance. Having now an incentive to let herself go rather than to "brace up," as O'Reilly had urged, she enjoyed collapsing. It was such a rest after the wild rush and excitement!

Not that her excitement had died; but now it was almost subconscious. Her body was exhausted, but far down the fire still burned under cooling ashes of fatigue. Something within was on guard, and knew that O'Reilly had to be watched.

He dashed to the telephone and ordered a taxi. Then he returned to the girl in the chair. Her eyes were half shut, a rim of white showing between the lashes. Was she acting, or was this a genuine faint? The man could not help believing the queer story she had gasped out—about her fall, and her broken ribs, and this being the first day she had left her bed. That would account for her thinness and paleness.

He touched her hand, which hung over the arm of the chair. There was no glove on it, and the tiny thing—the pathetically tiny thing—was icy cold.

"She's fainted, fast enough," he growled.

Clo heard the words dimly, as if she had cotton in her ears. She was pleased, yet remorseful. Her duty was to trick the man, but she didn't like doing it.

O'Reilly gently laid down the hand he had taken. It was limp as the hand of a dead girl. Clo would have felt less compunction if he had dropped it roughly. He took a few brisk steps, as if he had come to some decision. She forced herself back from the brink of unconsciousness to realize that he was going toward the door—not the outer door, through which she had entered, but another. He opened it, and Clo saw that beyond was a bedroom.

Quickly the man went to a table where stood a tall glass pitcher filled with crushed ice and water. His back was turned to the girl as he began pouring the contents of the pitcher into a tumbler; but suddenly, as if on a strong impulse, he turned.

Clo did not even quiver. Something told her that the thing she had prayed for was about to happen.

## XI

O'REILLY'S first look into the sitting-room was not for the girl. Involuntarily, it seemed, he sent a lightning glance to the left—to the side of the room farthest from the big chair where she sat. Clo's desperate need to know what was in his mind inspired her with something like clairvoyance. Consciousness lit her brain once more. She was sure that she had read his thoughts. He feared her, feared that after all she was tricking him. He was saying in his mind:

"What if she meant me to fetch this water while she looks for the thing she wants to find?"

Now, Clo was certain not only that he had the papers, but that they were in the room, somewhere on that left side, where his glance had flashed. It was hard to keep still, without the flicker of an eyelash; but she believed, as O'Reilly came back to her, that she had stood the test of his stare successfully.

Now she must stiffen her nerves, lest she should flinch at the thought of that ice-cold water! Would O'Reilly empty the pitcher over her head, or down her neck, or would he merely sprinkle her hands? It would be almost easy if she knew just what to expect!

What he did was no deed of violence. He moistened his handkerchief, and gingerly dabbed the girl's forehead. It was a relief to be able to open her eyes and draw a long breath. Neither spoke at first; but when Clo felt it safe to stare at him dazedly, the man reassured her with a kind of boyish awkwardness.

"There! You're better, aren't you?" he asked.

"Yes," she breathed. "Thank you very much. I—should like to go home, but I'm afraid—"

"Don't be! I'm going with you," he said. "By this time a taxi's waiting for us. Do you think you can walk, if I give you my arm?"

"I'll try," Clo answered gratefully.

No pretense of weakness was needed, for she felt like a rag. O'Reilly took her by the hand, and with an arm around the slender waist raised the girl to her feet. Once up, she swayed as if she might fall, but he held her firmly.

"Lean against me," he said, in a kind voice.

Clo did as she was told, not knowing whether she wanted most to laugh or cry. It was so odd to be cuddling against the shoulder of that brute O'Reilly, and not disliking it or him!

Never in her life had she been so near to a man. She could feel the hardness of his shoulder through his coat, and there was a faint perfume about him, made up, she imagined, of good-smelling soap and delicious cigarettes—nicer cigarettes even than those smoked by Roger Sands.

She could not resist an upward glance at the man's face. He was looking anxiously down at hers.

"You're very good to me," she whispered. "I should like you, please, to remember that I thank you."

"I'm sorry I said you deserved to be thrown out of the window," O'Reilly absolved himself. "Whatever else you may be, you're a brave girl! Now, here we are at the door. Are you sure you can walk to the elevator?"

"Yes. Perhaps I can even walk alone, if we don't go too fast."

"Better not try. Hang on to my arm."

She hung on to it—heavily, it seemed to her; but it was her frail, feathery lightness that struck O'Reilly.

They reached the lift, which came to them in a few seconds, unoccupied save for the youth whose gloomy mission in life was to run it. Clodagh kept up bravely until she was seated in the taxi, and could have kept up until the end without too great an effort, for her temporary collapse had done the girl good. But it was not enough merely to keep up. Her task was but half accomplished, and the hardest part was to come.

She knew—or thought she knew—that O'Reilly had the papers, and that they were in New York—not only in New York, but in his private sitting-room at the Dietz Hotel. They were concealed there; and for an instant he had feared that she might discover their hiding-place. He had expected her to try to steal its contents while his back was turned.

Clo's nimble brain, deducing all this from what had happened, deduced something else as well. O'Reilly would have had no fear if the secret were one that an outsider could not possibly solve. Therefore, it was not impossible of solution. It couldn't even be difficult, if she might have solved it while his back was turned. For her O'Reilly's uneasiness was a hopeful sign. Yes, she assured herself, somewhere on the window side of his private parlor at the Dietz the papers which Angel needed were hidden!

During the girl's slow progress to the lift, her descent, and her short walk to the taxi, each second was spent in sorting out these deductions, in planning how best to make use of them.

Those big black eyes of Clodagh Riley's had not been given her in vain. Sometimes, as a child, she had fancied that she could see more and in less time than other children who had smaller eyes. One swift glance during the cold-water treatment had shown her many details useful to remember. On one side of the window was a desk. In the desk was a drawer, and the key thereof was in the keyhole. It seemed improbable that secret papers should be kept in such a place, but circumstances

might have forced O'Reilly to leave them there.

On the other side of the window was a kind of buffet, with glass doors and shelves and a closed cupboard, but Clo had less hope of this than of the desk. There might be a less obvious hiding-place than either—perhaps a sliding panel in the wall. There must in any case be a key, and that key was practically certain to be on the person of O'Reilly.

She would have to use all her wits to get it while they were together in the taxi! And there was the key of the suite to get also; but that would be easier. She had seen O'Reilly take the big key from a table, as they went by, and slip it into the pocket of his dinner-jacket. Forced to support his half-fainting guest, he had not put on an outer coat, so the key was within reach of clever and determined fingers. Clodagh's were determined, and she hoped they were clever.

"Of course," she reflected, "I've got that bunch of keys Angel gave me; but it's doubtful if any of them will work. I must do better for her, somehow!"

With this design burning in her head and tingling in her hands, she decided to faint again as they started for home, so as to keep O'Reilly occupied every inch of the way.

"I'm afraid—I'm not so strong—after all," she sighed, as the taxi door shut.

She proceeded to flop down like a rag-doll. Her head fell on the man's breast, and rolled across to his left arm, her hat askew.

"I'm very ill," she moaned. "Something hurts so! My hatpin—" And her voice trailed into silence.

"Poor child!" the man exclaimed, completely deceived at last.

His pity pricked Clo's conscience harder than the hatpin pricked her head; but it was all, all for Beverley, and the hatpin was really sticking in quite deep. Not that she minded a little pain; but the great thing was to keep both O'Reilly's hands busy.

Clumsily, obstinately, he fumbled among the meshes of ostrich plumes wound around her hat. The head of the pin eluding him

there, he tried beneath the brim, his fingers tangling in thick waves of hair. They were soft waves, softer and silkier than the ostrich plumes. No man with blood in his veins could have touched them without a thrill. With the apparently senseless girl on his breast, her face on his arm, one hand holding her up, another caught in her hair, O'Reilly was conscious of electric shocks.

"I'm a fool!" he thought; but he did not think himself the kind of fool he really was—the kind of fool the girl was making of him.

His hands and attention well engaged, Clo had the chance for which she had waited. Delicately, stealthily, like the mouse she called herself, she extracted the door-key from O'Reilly's pocket.

So far, so good; but the next deed would try her mettle. Lightly as a flitting shadow the small fingers moved over the man's waistcoat, from the belt-line to the breast. She could feel his heart thump, and almost started, but controlled herself.

Clo had noticed that men often wore a short chain or ribbon, attached to a watch, and hanging from the waistcoat pocket with a seal—a society badge or some cherished souvenir. O'Reilly wore no ornament of that sort; but there was a watch—a thin watch, which she could feel through the cloth—and with it was some flat object. If she could slip a finger into that pocket without his knowing!

By this time they were in Park Avenue, not far from the apartment-house at the corner where Mr. and Mrs. Sands lived. Clo availed herself of a slight bump, and showed signs of sliding off the seat. O'Reilly, who had just extracted the offending hatpin and stuck it into his coat, steadied her with an effort.

Fortunately there was no need to look out and stop the chauffeur. O'Reilly had passed the building that afternoon, Lovoresco having told him who lived there. He had looked at it with a certain curiosity. He remembered the number, and on leaving the Dietz had been able to give the address.

The taxi stopped, and O'Reilly prepared awkwardly to carry the fainting girl into

the house. She would be a light load, but there was difficulty and embarrassment in adjusting the burden. As he got out of the taxi with Clo in his arms, very self-conscious, a man came forward.

"Won't you let me help you, sir?" he inquired civilly. "I see the young lady has fainted. Perhaps I might carry her feet, or shall I run ahead and speak to the porter? Dessay he's having his supper."

"You might look for the porter," said O'Reilly. "I can manage the young lady myself."

Not for a good deal would he have let a stranger lay a hand on Clo. She was an impudent piece, and had made him no end of trouble; but as he held the girl against his breast, her hair blown across his face, he felt a queer sense of protecting possession.

The man who had offered his services disappeared into the house, and found the porter, a substantial person in livery, who came out promptly. As for the volunteer messenger, O'Reilly forgot him. He was absorbed in ministering to Clo, who conveniently revived when placed on the seat of the elevator. He sat by her side, supporting the limp body, her hat in his hand, while the porter took the lift up to the Sandses' floor.

"Lord A'mighty!" the old fellow exclaimed. "If this ain't the poor little gal that's been sick all these weeks!"

Clo rejoiced to hear this confirmation of her story. O'Reilly would probably be less quick to think of his watch and its attachment, now safely clutched in her hand, with the door-key.

"Say, what a pity she's been took bad again!" the porter was maundering on. "Mrs. Sands *will* be in a way! Must be near eight weeks since this little gal was brought in on a stretcher, lookin' like dead. To-day was her first day out. They oughtn't to 'a' let her run about and tire herself like she has."

"No, they ought to have looked after her," O'Reilly agreed.

"That's it, sir. Her nurse is out gaddin'. She's been out for some time, and has took another engagement on, she told me, for to-morrow."

"Brute!" Clo heard O'Reilly mutter.

Leaning comfortably against his shoulder, she felt wicked, treacherous, because more than once she had mentally applied the epithet to him. Whatever happened, never would she do that again!

The elevator stopped. The porter touched the electric bell at the Sandses' door, and almost instantly a man servant appeared. His cry of surprise brought Mrs. Sands herself out from a room at the end of the hall. The porter tried to explain everything; failed; broke off to question O'Reilly; O'Reilly answered; Beverley exclaimed; and, among them, all was confusion and excitement.

Clo, looking through half-shut eyes over her bearer's shoulder, saw a shadow flit between the portières. Had some one come in? If so, who could it be? Or was it only the shadow of a blowing curtain she had seen?

The question did not seem important just then, for if any one had passed it was doubtless a servant, or, at worst, Sister Lake. Besides, Clo had much to think of—how to come back to consciousness quickly without rousing suspicion, and when officially alive again how to escape for the next errand.

The rush of air and babble of excited voices gave an excuse to gasp and stammer out a conventional—

"Where am I?"

"We'll get you to your room, dear," said Beverley; and Clo wondered if her acting had deceived Angel. "The butler can—"

"No, thanks, I'll manage by myself," O'Reilly broke in.

His face was grim—how could a man be grim in sight of beauty like Beverley's—and silently he took the way pointed out.

As she, hurrying ahead, paused to open a door, Clo tried to catch her eye. The girl wanted to explain with a look that all had gone well, that she had her own plan as to what to do next; but she could not be sure that she had made Angel understand.

"This is her room," Mrs. Sands told O'Reilly. "If you will put her on the bed—"

"No—please!" Clo saved herself from being deposited like a bundle. "Take me on—into the next room—Sister Lake's room. I *must* be there! I'll tell you why presently."

Seeming to realize that something important was at stake, Beverley threw open the door between the two rooms, hurried ahead and turned on a light.

"Now, lay me on *this* bed," Clo commanded.

Having obeyed, O'Reilly stood as if awaiting further orders, evidently undecided as to what should be done next. Clo glanced from him to Mrs. Sands.

"I've been so ill!" she moaned. "I felt I could never get home alive. Please, Mr. O'Reilly—you've been kind—don't let it all be for nothing!"

"What do you want of me?" he stiffly inquired.

"Only for you to talk to Mrs. Sands. In that next room—my room—nobody will disturb you there. If the nurse comes back she'll come into her own room first. That's why I asked you to bring me to it. I know I couldn't persuade you to give me the papers. Perhaps even Mrs. Sands can't persuade you; but I beg, I pray you, to give her the chance. Listen to what she has to say!"

The light Beverley had switched on happened to be that of a night-lamp. It was pale-green in color, mysterious as a light under the sea. O'Reilly thought that the face looking up at him was like that of a mermaid. She was eery—irresistible, in that moment; and he would never see her again.

"Very well," he answered grudgingly. "I'll do what you ask; but I'll only do it for *your* sake."

Beverley had remained on the threshold of the next room. Now she retreated into it. O'Reilly followed; but at the door he turned.

"Good-by," he said to Clo.

"Good-by," the girl echoed. "And thank you again—for everything."

She had more to thank him for than he knew—the keys that were tightly clutched in her hand.

(To be continued in the April number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)

# The War Cache'

A STORY OF THE DAYS OF ARMAGEDDON

BY W. DOUGLAS NEWTON

Author of "War," "The North Afire," etc.

## XXV

NEXT morning they saw the first of the Germans.

When they passed him, they did not think he was a spy or a German. He was no more than an indolent motor-cyclist sitting under the hedge at a fork of the road, engaged in contemplation of the scenery and the satisfaction begot of a good pipe. He did not seem acutely curious as they passed.

They passed him on the road that led to the coast and to Darlincove, an absent-minded little village that set itself down centuries ago at an impossible place by the sea, and has since spent its existence wondering why on earth it was so foolish.

They were not going to Darlincove. They were, in fact, going nowhere near it. Not far beyond the indolent motor-cyclist, Cudd pulled the car into an abominable cart-track, and a little way along that track the three alighted to examine the first of the places marked as likely for the cache.

They did not hope for very much at this point. It was no more than an old and ruined cottage standing alone on a desolate piece of flat.

"It might have cellars. It is certainly in a good strategic position—near the sea as well as the roads," Phillip said.

As he implied, they couldn't neglect the place. It also had the advantage that it ought to be quickly and easily searched.

The roof of the neglected cottage had gone completely, but the walls were still standing, though there were more gaps

than doors and windows in them. Here Phillip's thoroughness came out again. He examined the garden as carefully as the house, and he examined it first. There was a well, but it gave no scope for hidden treasure-chambers, though Phillip lowered an electric lamp down its narrow shaft to make sure.

While they were in the garden, they heard a motor-cycle pass on the road they had left. This did not call for comment. Cycles as well as motor-cars are free of roads.

It was only when they were grubbing about in the house that Cicely proved there might be something significant in this motor-cycle business.

Thorold and Phillip were busy discovering that there wasn't a cellar. Cicely was actually scheduled to look on, but she looked out over the country through a gap in the wall. Presently she made a movement of intentness.

"Jimmy—Phillip!" she said. "There is a man watching us very carefully."

Phillip checked Thorold. He moved over toward the opening in the wall, taking care that his own presence shouldn't shine out of the gap.

"Can he see you, do you think, Cicely?" he asked, standing in cover and not attempting to look out. Cicely, too, was using cover well.

"I don't think he can."

"Can you see him plainly?"

"I can see him well, but not plainly. The distance is too great. You will have to use your glasses, Phillip."

Phillip nodded. He was already slipping his glasses from their case.

"Just exactly where is he? Give me the directions carefully, Cicely. I want to see him at once, before he notices any movement here."

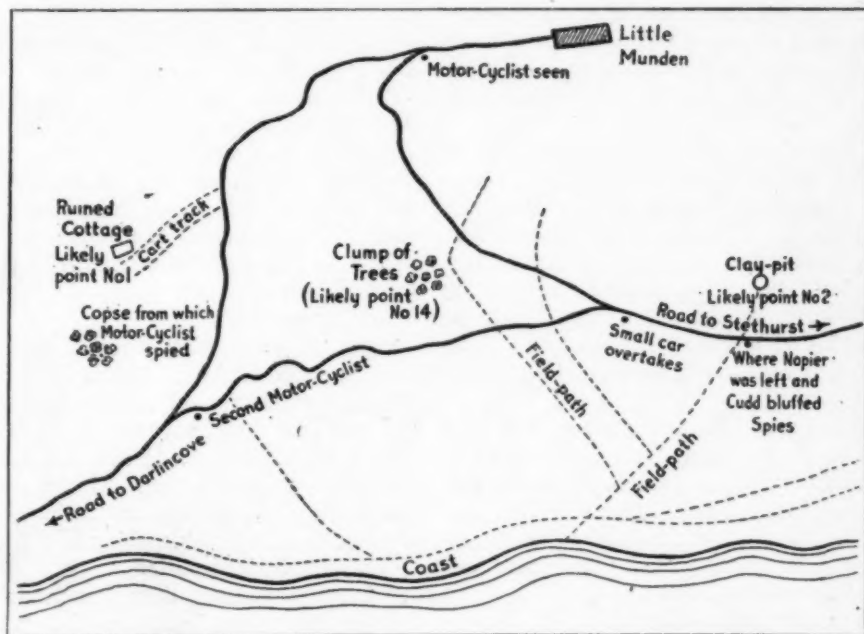
"He's in that little clump of bushes beyond the cart-track we have left. He is kneeling, well in—just about the middle

his bike and cut across the fields—and there he is."

Thorold drew a deep breath.

"They're here already!" he said.

"One of them is, anyhow," said Phillip. "I warn you, however, that that doesn't necessarily mean that we have lost the treasure and that you can indulge your blackest gloom. It may only mean that



SKETCH MAP OF PART OF THE FIELD OF SEARCH FOR THE CACHE

of the clump. I don't suppose Cudd can see him."

"Step back and away, please," said Phillip.

With a swift, unhesitant movement he was in the girl's place. His glasses were at his eyes, he had fixed them on the objective, and was staring, with—it seemed—the same movement that had taken him to his peep-hole. He looked carefully. Then he too stood back and away.

"Our friend the contemplative motor-cyclist whom we passed just now!" he said. "At the present moment he is contemplating us. He probably ran by the end of the cart-track, noting that our wheel-marks turned into it. Beyond the track he left

they have got track of us, and are keeping us under observation in case of rapid eventualities. It need not even mean that they are now ready to scoop the treasure."

"But it may," said Thorold. "We might as well look at every side. Anyhow, what do we do now?"

"Search—just go on doing that," said Phillip. "We can't do anything to that fellow. He would get away before we could touch him. If he's going to dog us, then we must be dogged."

They went on searching. They found nothing, and went back to the car. They were careful not to look toward the bushes when they left the ruined cottage. When they were in the car, however, Thorold held up his hand.

They listened, and heard the distant, quick-fire thud of a departing motor-cycle. Phillip fixed his glasses on the bushes. The contemplative motor-cyclist had left his station.

"He's going away—to Darlincove," said Thorold. "That doesn't look like dogging us. Go on, Cudd."

They turned from the cart-track and sped along the Darlincove road, in the wake of the motor-cyclist. Again, however, they did not go to Darlincove. Soon they came to a Y junction that led them into a road pushing to the left along the coast, to Stethurst.

"You don't think we ought to follow on to Darlincove?" Thorold said.

"There is nothing to gain by doing so," said Phillip. "The ground between here and Darlincove is quite hopeless. Also, we can't be certain that he stopped at Darlincove, or that, if we got there, we should find anything obvious; and if we didn't, it would be a waste of time. No—best go on."

Phillip was talking back from the front seat to Thorold and Cicely in the tonneau.

"I don't like the thought of leaving that fellow at large," said Thorold.

"If it's that motor-bikist you're speaking of," interjected Cudd, "he turned 'ere, an' went on toward Stethurst."

"Sure?" asked Thorold.

"Yes, sir. Stud tires and a patch on one of 'em. I've been watching it all along."

They went on toward Stethurst—not intending to go into the village at that time, however. They had an objective some distance this side of it—an old clay-pit that seemed to give chances.

Thorold became a little more cheery. He pointed out that the stud tire with the patch was leading them toward the clay-pit. He had no sooner expressed his glee than sweeping round a bend, at a fine and breakneck speed, the contemplative cyclist came past them.

He went by in a blur of dust, but they thought they recognized him, and Cudd, slowing, showed them the stud tires and the patch making the return journey toward the Darlincove road, which they had left.

Phillip told Cudd to go slowly, and watch the road.

"What in Heaven's name does that mean?" Thorold asked. "Why should he double back? And should we?"

"Let's go on for a few minutes."

Cudd was making a good pace. The car had just rounded a bend when he slackened enough to make conversation possible.

"Guess there was a man in that 'edge, sir. See 'im, sir?"

"Not a sign," said Phillip, and neither Cicely nor Thorold had seen a man.

"Nor me, sir, but I lay 'e was there. The motor-bike feller stopped in the road there. I could see where 'is track ended an' turned back. It was all scuffled up, like with 'is feet. That means 'e stood there fer a minute. There was a little puddle of oil, too. That means 'e stood there to talk. It 'd 'a' been only drips, if 'e 'ad just turned."

They went on. They were all thinking, but they said nothing. When they came to another junction of roads—that is, to the road they would have taken if they had gone straight from Little Munden toward Stethurst—they all looked about, scanning the country around the meeting-points of the roads. There was nothing in sight.

They all sighed a little.

"I really thought they were watching all the roads for us," said Thorold. "I expected a sentinel here."

Phillip admitted similar ideas.

"They may have fixed us by this," he said. "Having located us and our route, they may now find no difficulty in keeping in touch. We may be under observation even now."

"You think they are watching us to see what we're up to?" said Thorold. "So do I. I think they are keeping watch on us; first, because they are afraid we might get to the cache before they get their plans, and they want to stop us; and, second, because if we do find the treasure they want to be on the spot to reap the reward of our search. I infer that they don't know where the cache is. If they knew, I think they'd have done something drastic to put a stop to our inquisitiveness by this. Do you think that is sound, Phillip?"

"It certainly fits," said Phillip.

As they turned into the Stethurst road, they saw a light American car, carrying two men, going toward Stethurst, but coming from Little Munden. They eyed this car narrowly, and slowed to let it pass them. It was going at a good pace, and went by in a cloud of dust and in an entirely unconcerned manner. They quickly lost sight of it as it swung around the bends toward Stethurst.

"I wonder if that car—but no, we mustn't think every car on the road contains a detachment of spies and enemies," said Thorold.

They followed along the Stethurst road until they were level with the clay-pit. Here they stopped. They had the whole neighborhood to themselves, it seemed. They left their car with Cudd and went off to the pit.

It proved to be a blank. They searched carefully and diligently, but there was nothing to be found—no sign, no secret, no hint of hidden treasure anywhere about it. They were prepared for failure, and were not disappointed that nothing dramatic had occurred.

When they got back to the car, they found that they had been in the wrong place for dramatic happenings. Cudd had been the hero of an encounter.

"That American car," he said. "It came back, sir. It came back slower nor it went, and when it come near me it went slower still. 'I don't never like your kind o' car,' I says to meself, 'an' I like you least of any.' So when they come near, I 'appens to take out me pistol, an' begins to polish it with me 'anky—muzzle end *their way*."

Cudd grinned at his own tactics.

"Their faces seemed a bit puzzled like at the sight o' that pistol. The car sort o' slowed, an' 'esitated. They seemed to talk. Then one feller waved 'is 'and, an' off they went, fast—went back toward Little Munden again. An' that's the lot, sir."

"No sign of return?"

"No, Mr. Phillip. They just went on, without looking back."

Thorold jumped in here.

"Yes, it does all fit in. They're just watching us. They're going to smash us up if they can—that's why they slowed up by the car; but they're not going to cause a fuss in these five square miles yet, if they can avoid it. That's their attitude—guarded alertness, with a readiness to strike if we give a hint that their cache is in danger."

They got into Thorold's car and went to the next likely point of search—in a shore road to the right of the Stethurst road.

"We'll have to keep our eyes open and watch for them, too," said Phillip. "One thing—we shall be ready for the next German who shows!"

But, curiously, though they searched all that forenoon and afternoon going as far as Stethurst, and then working backward again, they saw no other sign of Germans or spying. This immunity from attention was unexpected and disturbing.

They worked through twelve of their likely spots before tea, and not merely did they find no signs of the hidden half-million, but there were no indications that the Germans were about, or that spies were watching them, or that transport was being accumulated to carry off the treasure. It was a surprising and even a disquieting development.

They discussed it over teacups, or rather the men did; for Cicely had suddenly shown a lack of interest in their talk, and seemed to be absorbed in the large-scale map. Phillip was perplexed, Thorold was completely mystified.

"Does it knock the bottom out of our 'watching and waiting' theory? Or does it mean that they are certain of us, can follow us up at any given moment? Or—"

Cicely put the map down on the table. She looked up at them—first at Thorold and then at Phillip.

"It means," she said, "that we have gone beyond the point where we need watching, beyond the point where we are a danger to the cache."

Phillip and Thorold looked at her. Thorold was surprised; Phillip's head nodded, "Go on!"

"Look at the map," she continued, and

there was a thrill of excitement in her voice. "Where did we meet or suspect watching Germans? The motor-cyclist was here, where the road divides, going one way to Darlincove, the other to Stethurst. Where did we suspect a watcher in the hedge? Here, just beyond the point where the Darlincove road forks, going to Little Munden and Stethurst. Where did the American car overtake us? Here, where the Darlincove road joined the Little Munden road going to Stethurst. You see it is a rough triangle—and *there were watchers at each corner of the triangle!* At each corner, mind you, and nowhere in the country beyond. Why?"

"By Jove!" gasped Phillip. "Cicely, you're—you're—but go on."

"Oh, how it all works out!" cried the girl, her eyes sparkling. "There is a guard at each corner of the triangle. That means that the country within the triangle is the important country, the country where we, as searchers for the treasure, must not penetrate. No, let me go on. We've already been there. We examined it. We found one likely spot in it. Here it is—a little group of trees, marked 'No. 14,' the fourteenth likely spot on the list. What is there remarkable about that spot, Phillip?"

Phillip turned over his notes.

"'No. 14,'" he said. "'Curiously unexpected solid patch in midst of marshy land. Depression in center. Likely. Very remote. Not overlooked. A little clump of trees, mostly elms—'"

"Elms," breathed Cicely, "elms! Oh, Phillip—"

Phillip looked at her. His eyes caught some of her wonder and amazement. He looked, gasped, and turned abruptly on Thorold.

"Jimmy, for the love of Mike, Brandt's paper!"

He took and opened out the paper feverishly. Then he read, in a voice that refused to drawl:

"If necessary, if duplicate plans are needed, write to G. B. of Rotterdam. Emboldy in letter a sentence about the wind blowing off the limb of an elm-tree.' The limb of an elm-tree! My hat, Jimmy,

Cicely has found the place of the half-million cache!"

## XXVI

THEY stood about Cicely, enormously excited. They forgot their tea in their sense of triumph. Cicely, after the manner of successful people, belittled her victory.

"We haven't beaten them yet," she said. "We haven't got the treasure, and you can be sure they'll fight for it to the end. When we get to the elms, there'll be a search to be made, and they might be watching there."

"We've got our hands on the half-million through you, Cicely, and we can only think of that," cried Thorold. "We are bound to outwit them now—we must; and now that we know the cache is at those elms, we are bound to find it. Half a million isn't easily hidden. No, we've won!"

Phillip sat down.

"There is, however, a great deal in what Miss Cicely says," he remarked. "It has reminded me of my tea."

"I can't eat bread and cakes and drink out of a cup at a moment like this," said Thorold. "I want to be up and doing!"

"You'll up and do much more efficiently with a good meal inside you," said Phillip. "You'll need that meal before you are through, let me tell you, and you'll need more than a meal. I'm about to order things with good, red meat in them. Good fighting comes of good eating."

He ordered very solidly. Thorold glanced askance at the liberal supply.

"These mountains of food almost suggest the baked meats of the funeral feast, Phillip."

"As you like," said the graceless young man. "Let us hope that it is a *boche* funeral, anyhow!"

"And it means that you are supplying us for immediate action?"

"Just so," said Phillip.

"Good!" said Thorold. "Actually I want to start right now; but I'll postpone it to eat, if that will be to our benefit. We leave after this?"

"Why not?"

"I mean, you won't leave the attack until after dark?"

"The light is our ally," said Phillip. "We're going to employ it. Those chapies can't move until their movements are hidden by secret Mother Night. Daylight boldness won't help them, but it will help us. They must show circumspection in attacking us; at least, if it is light. So, since we have about four hours of evening left, we must make the best of them. We will try and do all we can before night comes; for with night will come the cohorts of the Hun. If they catch us there at night, they'll make no mistakes about us this journey; whereas, if we uncover the cache and prove the treasure there, we can get in touch with headquarters, put all our facts before them, and, at our luckiest, put the military in charge of the half-million before night comes. If not so lucky, we'll be able to get the news to them, so that they can move before the enemy moves. It sounds simple, but it won't be."

"No—they'll give us as much trouble as they can."

"Quite so; but we must try and make it as little as possible."

"By planning?"

"By planning."

Phillip opened out the map showing the triangle of roads, and the spot marked as "likely point No. 14."

"They help us a little, these Germans," he said. "Apparently, as Cicely points out, they are guarding only the angles of the triangle; and therefore it seems probable that we shall not be seen unless we try to pass one of those angles. Well, then, we won't pass any of them."

He put his finger on the spot where Cudd and his pistol had encountered the American car—that is, the place on the road where they had dismounted to examine "likely point No. 2."

"You will see that there are quite a number of field-paths on the map, but notice particularly the one just by my finger. It starts from a point near where we stopped the car, and strikes toward the coast. Follow that foot-path, and you will meet another, striking back toward the bottom side of the triangle—the side formed by the Darlincove-Stethurst road. That field-path enters the triangle *behind*

the guarded points, as it were. They may be on the alert, but to go that way will give us, at least theoretically, the smallest chances of being seen."

Phillip paused.

"Well, I think this is the plan. We leave the car somewhere out of sight of the angle nearest to these field-paths and take to the fields. There are hedges about there, fortunately. We work along the hedges until we locate the field-track going to the coast; then we work across the fields, following the line of the path, and using what cover we can—hedges or ditches. I'm afraid it will be muddy work. When we come to the branch that goes toward the triangle, we follow the same tactics, working forward in the direction of the triangle. Once at the triangle, we go under the best cover possible to the elms at 'likely point No. 14.' That will probably be only the beginning of the business."

"Only let us get there—we can't fail!"

"In case we fail," said Phillip imperturbably, "in case anything goes wrong, we must instruct Cudd. Cudd is really our only excuse for risking things. If we are not back by a certain hour, say an hour after dark, Cudd must go off to the military with Brandt's paper—I have looked it up, there is a camp outside Stethurst—and he must tell the bare facts of our story, and of the danger to the cache. Also, if Cudd hears a rumpus—a noise of fighting and shooting, or anything untoward—he must keep out of it and go to the camp as fast as the Napier will carry him. At all costs he must save that half-million—"

"And us," said Thorold.

"And us—if, under the circumstances, we can be saved," said Phillip evenly.

Quietly they examined pistols, torches, and the like, and stowed them in convenient pockets. Then they went out to the car. Not even Thorold protested that such an adventure was not for Cicely. She had earned her right to take risks.

## XXVII

THE sky had become gray, which was a nuisance, because it shortened the daylight; but they still had more than three hours to darkness when they set out.

The car stopped well on the Stethurst side of "likely point No. 2," and Cudd was instructed what to do in case of their non-return, or in case of anything untoward and noisy happening. He was also told the story he was to give to the commanding officer of the camp near Stethurst; and Phillip wrote a note to go with Brandt's paper.

Cudd listened stoically, but he seemed to indicate by his manner that to leave a chauffeur out of the fun was conduct not quite worthy of an officer and a gentleman. Phillip cheered him up by hinting that there was a fair chance of stray spies coming his way. In that case there might be some demand on his gunnery work, as had happened before.

"I only 'ope, sir," said Cudd, "that some of them do meet with that accident!"

They left him taking up strategic positions and planning fields of fire.

There were hedges, as Phillip had said, and for most of the distance they could follow these hedges parallel with the field-path leading to the sea. To cross to the path striking toward the triangle was another matter. They came to the edge of bare fields, with only ditches to cover them, until they reached the hedge bordering the Darlincove-Stethurst road.

Before venturing into the open, Phillip bade them crouch under the bank of a hedge, while he went forward to reconnoiter. He went very quietly, and was away for some time.

When he came back, Thorold and Cicely could see that he had something unexpected to tell.

"Doesn't this look enormously lonely?" he whispered.

With a jerk of his hand he indicated the whole bleak and empty country. And it was—enormously lonely; nothing but flat and mean fields, with a soil so swampy that cultivation was impossible. Not merely were the trees of a thin and wretched kind, and the bushes bedraggled and low, but there was no sign of human effort or human habitation anywhere. The few fences seemed untrammelled and unkempt. The whole scene was desolate, empty, depressing.

They knew, though they could not then see, that behind the thin hedge was a flat and ugly foreshore, useless and impossible to man, for the wide, muddy wastes of beach made a shallow and inhospitable sea. It was certainly enormously lonely.

"Enormously lonely," said Phillip; "and yet there are two men not fifty yards from us. They are lying under a bush and watching the sea."

"Spies?" whispered Thorold.

"I think so, but everything here is so quiet that I dare not go near them. They are lying there watching the sea. It's infernally strange!"

"Are they on guard?"—from Thorold.

"But with what object?" Phillip debated. "You certainly can see the elms from their position, but their backs are to the elms. You can probably see the elms from the sea, but how does that fit in? Unless they think we might try to trick them by coming along the beach."

"That is the reason," said Thorold with decision. "You said they are careful, Phillip, and they are. They are guarding every avenue. I suppose they can sweep the whole beach?"

"Yes, they can. The guarding rôle is probably the idea. Now how are we going to pass over these fields so close to them?"

This was a question that no one else could answer, so they did not interrupt his thoughts. Phillip examined the country as he spoke.

"There's nothing for it except mud-wallowing." He looked at Cicely. "We can get into that ditch over there under cover, and it will carry us to yonder hedge right across the way that leads, rakishly, to the road. It'll be a wet job, Cicely—mud to the ankles, water to about the waist; but the banks of the dike will hide our heads if we keep low."

Cicely tilted her chin. With a bold yet modest gesture she lifted her skirts about her waist. With an unhesitant step she moved across and slipped noiselessly into the ditch. She went on, not looking round.

Phillip laughed and nodded Thorold to follow. He touched his pistol-pocket.

"I'll cover the movement," he said; "but I don't think action will be necessary."

Those fellows seem to be very intent on the sea and shore, and they may not think of looking around. I don't think they would see us if they did."

When the three reached the road, the pace quickened. Thorold and Cicely slipped across it from the cover of hedges to the cover of hedges. Phillip had only gained the road when a big lout slouched around the corner.

He looked extraordinarily like an English yokel. He might indeed have been an English yokel. He stood, bucolic, dull, staring at Phillip, rather surprised at the unexpected apparition of an extremely muddy British officer in these lonely parts. The surprise was yokeldom to the life—but it might be yokeldom acted to the life.

It was a moment for instant and searching action. Phillip was instantaneous.

"*Wie weit ist's bis zum nächsten Dorfe?*" he asked without hesitation.

"*Nehmen Sie die—*" stumbled the man, before he saw the trap.

Then he jumped back with a snarl, and opened his mouth to yell—

"Hands up, Fritz!" snapped Phillip.

He stepped up close with his pistol in line with the fellow's stomach. The spy's big hand struck at the pistol, but instantly the man went slumping back and earthward with pronounced force. Phillip had dropped him with a left swing to the jaw.

Thorold jumped out upon the road beside his friend.

"Pull him to the hedge and through it," said Phillip. "Rotten business, this!"

They tugged the man into the field.

"He'll come round in a minute," cried Phillip. "Then he'll yell. He'll do it for the Fatherland, and then expect us to make a martyr of him. Gag him now!"

As he spoke, Phillip picked from the ground a stout bit of branch. Forcing the spy's mouth open, he fixed the wood between the fellow's teeth, and with a very serviceable bit of cord from the spy's own pocket they lashed the gag firmly. Then, with the spy's braces, boot-laces, and tie, and a piece of wire that Phillip found in the hedge, they trussed the fellow very prettily. They took it in turns to drag him along under the hedge until they came to a

dry ditch well away from the road. In that ditch they left him, and went onward to the elms.

They felt they had need to hurry now. If the Germans were Germans, they were patrolling the roads. Their bright boys would be going the rounds on the motorcycle, or in the little car. They would look out for Fritz, the yokel, and he would not be there.

That meant hurry, hurry! If Fritz wasn't there, the Germans would guess why. They would know that there was danger, and they would know where that danger was. Hurry, hurry! They must find the cache under the elms before the Germans came to the elms to look for the conquerors of Fritz.

The day was filling with the duskiness of gray evenings. There was a vagueness and falseness about the light. They knew that they must expect premature darkness. They hurried on, keeping under cover as much as possible. The dusky fields were enormous and stark and lonely.

They reached the clump of trees. It stood on a little hummock of ground rising above the sodden land that surrounded it. There were not many trees, but some of them were stout, and of these a few were elms. All these larger trees seemed to stand about a little bush-grown depression in the hummock. They were as the pillars of a temple, and here in the middle was the grim sacrificial ring.

They came to the edge of the depression and saw it grim and ugly and sinister at their feet; and they knew instinctively that somewhere close to them was the cache, half a million pounds' worth of gold and plate. It seemed a fitting place to hold that vast treasure in keeping.

The dusk seemed caught among the trees, and they looked spectral. Thorold peered at them, looking at each.

"There are only three elms," he said. "That should simplify matters."

Nobody whispered "Listen!"—but they all stood, and they all listened.

There came a long, purring rush of explosions from the road. They heard it softly, distantly. It passed and died. It was gone, they thought.

They stood and listened. After an eternity of minutes, they heard soft, purring explosions coming back again—coming slowly.

They all turned to the little depression again. They knew what was necessary. It was hurry, hurry!

"Three elms," said Thorold again. "It is one of these—it must be!"

"It is that one," said Phillip quickly. "Look at that big branch!"

They looked at the great branch of the largest elm. It seemed to be the only branch on the tree, so much did it dominate their gaze; but it wasn't its size that held their eyes. It was another peculiar circumstance.

The branch was broken. Near the trunk was a fracture, as if it had been half torn from its socket by the force of a great wind; as if the force of another great wind might blow it down altogether.

"Embody in letter a sentence about the wind blowing off a limb of an elm-tree," Phillip quoted.

"It is a direction!" cried Thorold.

"It is," said Cicely. "Look!"

With her finger she traced the line of the branch, and they followed its direction across the bush-lined depression. Exactly in line with the limb on the opposite side of the bushy place—exactly opposite—there was a space entirely bare of bushes.

It looked quite natural, that bare space, until the line of the branch emphasized it. There were other bare spaces in the hollow; and they could see that if the plans were lost, if the limb was blown down, it would not be simple to find the right spot. It was covered with even turf, but the rest of the hollow was also covered with turf, and there was nothing to emphasize it—unless one had directions.

It was when Phillip struck deep with the trenching-tool that they found that the turf was no more than six inches deep. The oaken trap underneath had been covered with sods, and nature had completed the disguise.

There was a heavy lock on the oaken trap, but with the trenching-tool Phillip wrenched that off, and the cover was lifted. A flight of steps, treaded beautifully by a craftsman who understood field engineering,

led down into the earth. The treasure-chamber was open to them!

Phillip motioned Thorold and the girl downward. Somebody must stay up on guard, and he was going to be that one.

Thorold and Cicely went down the steps into the cave of Golconda. They went down rapidly, using their torches to fight the dark. At the end of the steps they found themselves in a chamber unpleasantly low, but startlingly broad and long.

There was nothing in it of the glitter and enchantment of jewels and gems, of rich, rare things spilled and heaped about in romantic wantonness. There was no dazzling vision of enormous wealth. There was, indeed, no sense of the fabulous and precious about that huge, damp-smelling cavern.

There were only long and massive rows of wooden packing-cases; only aisles and blocks of these cases stretching between the wood-cased walls and the wood-cased floor and ceiling of the cellar; only rows and rows of cases, as in a dock warehouse—and they contained five hundred thousand pounds in gold sterling, in plate, in jewelry and trinkets. The Incas' hoard, as it were, done up in the manner of a factory packing-room.

The blunt solidity of the ranks of solid wealth impressed the senses. They looked breathlessly—

Phillip was calling down to them.

They ran up to him, and his hand stretched out to the fields.

The world seemed full of the imminent night. Shadows shifted and swung over the grass and over the bushes. The fields were vast, lonely, hushed.

And a gray figure moved in them.

They saw the gray figure of a man move out of a shadow and into shadow again. To the right of him they saw another; and farther to the right, another; and there to the left were others moving.

"They've encircled us," said Phillip. "It's the same on the other side. Luckily, on the left flank the bog is at its worst, but in front and on the right they're there. There are three of us—we'll have to do our best. Luckily, again, we can take cover in the depression, and can get a fair field

of fire. Then we must fall back to the cellar entrance and hold that from the stairs, or—"

"There are packing-cases down there," said Thorold.

"Or from behind the packing-cases. Good for us that they will be willing to lose men rather than lose those packing-cases by blowing up the cellar or anything really cataclysmic! Cicely had better take the right flank; it will give her the shortest route to the cellar. We must all fall back at the slightest threat. It will be fatal to let them get close up. You take the rear, Thorold."

"Right-o!" said Thorold. These sedentary men, some of them are gluttons for fighting.

"And there's another thing—can you see anything on the sea?"

"A lot of shadows only. A gray-black mass, generally speaking—no more."

"Well, I have seen something more on the sea. There is a boat of some sort out there, Jimmy. With my glasses I picked up what I thought was a shadow, and it had a ship's profile. I don't know what it is. It was too dark to see well; but there is something there, and it is connected with those two watching men and the half-million in that vault underneath. I believe that is the way the stuff is to be transported."

"Do you think they'd dare to run the risk of our fleet?"

"For half a million, yes. It may be a submarine of sorts—one of the trading kind. I don't know; but I think it is mixed up with this."

The gray men were now some four hundred yards away. They were moving cautiously, as men knowing that a garrison was in possession.

"To your post, Jimmy," said Phillip; "and shoot as much as you like. We must make a great row for the benefit of Cudd—and remember, too, that all military noise is suspect about here. Shooting will attract a great deal of curiosity for miles around. The first fusillade might bring coast-guards; or there might be patrol-boats within hearing on the sea—British patrol-boats. We aren't in for an easy time, but there are

chances. So don't be afraid to make a noise. Shoot vigorously! I'm going to begin now."

Two gray figures moved out of the shadows. They seemed to move slowly. Phillip sighted his pistol and fired.

The shot broke into the lonely air with an unspeakable clamor. The enormous silence seemed to make the sudden sound enormous.

Phillip fired again. There was a yell. There was only one gray man now, and he was running toward a shadow.

Phillip emptied his magazine. As his shooting stopped, three gray men started up. Apparently they thought that this was an opportunity to charge.

Phillip chuckled. He began to fire his second pistol. Immediately there were only two men.

The gray men did not shoot; but there came the quick, shattering explosion of an automatic pistol on Phillip's right. Cicely was firing.

From behind, too, came a running stutter of shots. Thorold was firing.

"We're in for it!" Phillip chuckled. "We're deep in it!"

## XXVIII

THEY were in for it, as Phillip said. Obviously, the Germans were bound to force the pace. Quickness was their only salvation. With these three young people making the country ring with their firearms, armed forces might appear on the scene at any moment.

Their attack, then, was rapid. They came running at the little mound in a swift, stealthy manner. They did not fire. They were not eager to fire unless they fired to kill—and that they could not do, for the defenders were well in cover. They came on noiselessly, refusing to create uproar themselves.

Phillip was quiet now, but he heard the *snap-snap-snap* of Cicely's pistol. On the top of that sound Thorold fired a full magazine again. There was a yell from the further side. Thorold had hit.

There was a little pause, and Thorold opened once more. Phillip had no opportunity to shoot for a full two minutes.

Then—*crack-crack*, and there was one spy less!

Phillip liked the ragged manner in which the Germans were fighting. They were wasting strength and time. In the pause, he called out softly to Cicely:

"How goes it?"

"Not badly," the girl called back. "They're coming no nearer. I have what you would call a lovely field of fire here—flat ground, and marshy at that. They have to walk carefully, and they can't run. While they're moving, I scare them badly with my pistol-fire, even if I don't hit any one."

"They'll find that out in a minute," thought Phillip.

He glanced down at his own opponents. They were very quiet. He thought that the line of figures among the shadows seemed thinner. He asked Thorold how things were working out.

"Two to my rod and spear!" said the chemist in a happy tone. "And they have dropped down—all of them—to think."

Phillip looked back to his own enemy. With a swift glance he noted two things. One, not vital at this moment, was that a light was winking out at sea where he had seen the shadow of a ship. The other was that a man, if not two men, had risen and slunk off to the right—to Cicely's zone of fire.

A moment later there was a long whistle. The line of Phillip's enemies rose up. Instantly, his pistol spoke, and two of them were down.

Thorold, also, was shooting rapidly. Cicely cried out and began firing wildly. Phillip jumped across to her.

"Oh, Phillip!" she called. "There are more men here than before!"

"I know," cried Phillip. "Run to my post and blaze away. Meanwhile I'll humor this lot."

He dropped down and sighted. Of course there were more there. The Germans had realized, with their usual acuteness, that the shooting from this flank was less dangerous, because a woman was doing it. They had therefore thrown all their men onto this side, with the object of rushing it. At the same time they had attacked on the

other flanks, where the shooting was good, to occupy the attention of the men; but their real attack was here.

Phillip smiled grimly. He would show them some real defense!

He watched over his foresight the almost nonchalant and erect movement of the enemy, as they came over the boggy ground. Their attitudes seemed to suggest that they were certain of reaching the mound, as they were certain of escaping the feminine stream of bullets. They plunged forward over a dryish patch of ground into a watery bit. They bunched a little.

Phillip let them have it from the full magazine, and then let them have it from the half-finished magazine.

The bunch melted. It was as if the spray of a machine-gun hail had struck the men. They simply vanished. There was some yelling; there were tossed arms, and the general air of a whirlwind about the group, and then all dropped to the boggy earth.

Phillip did not think that he had killed the whole group, but he knew that he had done more damage than the Germans had dreamed possible. Those remaining whole would lie there for a moment, suffering from the shock.

Thorold was firing, and laughing, too. Cicely was firing again. In front of Phillip a whistle blew. Thorold and Cicely stopped firing.

"The second wave of the attack is scuppered," said Phillip softly, as he recharged his pistols. "The next move, I fear, will be more subtle!"

It was getting very dark now. The chances of the Germans were increasing, but the minutes were speeding. The enemy must press matters to evade the help which time was sure to bring.

"What's doing?" called Phillip.

"Nothing," said Thorold. "I got another that time. I can see him lying out there in the open. He is wriggling a little, poor brute!"

"Watch him!" cried Phillip. "He may be wriggling for a dangerous purpose. Cicely, what's doing?"

"Nothing. They are very quiet. There is a light out at sea, though, winking. And

—yes, there is a light beyond the road, answering.”

“I’d give my kingdom to watch that signaling carefully!” Phillip muttered. “But it’s probably in cipher, anyhow.”

He was convinced that an enemy vessel of some sort was lying out there in that shallow sea, and that the object of the vessel was to take off the treasure in the underground vault. He wondered if the signal was to warn the enemy boat, or to ask it to land seamen for fighting.

Thorold shouted. As he shouted, he fired twice; then he was silent.

“Quite right about the wriggler, Phillip!” he said a moment later. “He was carefully wriggling to a line of cover that would have brought him on top of me. I don’t think he’ll—”

“That man!” breathed Cicely. “Look out, Phillip! He’s coming right at you!”

Phillip turned in a flash. A man burst from a ditch under a hedge and ran swiftly up the mound at Phillip. As he ran, his hand went out, and the pistol in it fired and fired.

Phillip flung himself flat; and as he did this, Cicely—Cicely, who couldn’t shoot—let the whole of her magazine rip off. The fellow went down in a heap.

Another man was out of the hedge after the first. From a little dip in the ground other men sprang up. Thorold was shouting. A man rose from the earth, charged at Cicely, and threw her down.

The gloom of the trees seemed to be full of men charging and fighting; but it wasn’t really so full as it seemed. Half a dozen men had crawled close to the place, and were trying to rush it. The other men in the distance rose up, too, and started to run in.

The man who had knocked Cicely over lifted a big stick to strike. Phillip’s whole weight hit him in the ribs like a missile, and he sprawled and screamed. Thorold and another man twisted and stumbled. Thorold fired, and the man fell backward. Two men were lifting rifles to shoot; one of them was kneeling.

Phillip swept his automatic around, firing the while. One man fired and jumped for a tree, the other slipped and fell over,

and his rifle went off as he fell. No hurt to Cicely or Phillip, but none to the two men, either.

More men were coming up. The defenders were heavily outnumbered now. They could no longer hold the mound.

Phillip caught Cicely’s hand, pulled her to her feet and pushed her toward the opening of the cellar. Thorold fired wildly into the darkness, and ran inward.

“Look after Cicely!” shouted Phillip. He stood guard over the entrance as the two scrambled down the steps. A marksman began to fire from the bushes, and a bullet screamed by Phillip’s cheek. He turned and ran down six steps; then he paused, swung around, and waited.

In a moment there was a rush of bodies to the opening above him—men eager to get down before he could reach the bottom. Phillip fired upward into the pack of them. The square of the opening cleared at once.

He went down to where Thorold was already trying to drag packing-cases forward to form a barricade.

“No!” cried Phillip. “Don’t try to move those cases! Leave them so—and some one give me an electric torch.”

Curious Phillip! He was smiling. He seemed to be thoroughly pleased with life.

He stationed Thorold and the girl behind the packing-cases, where they could rake the stairs. He ran forward, switched on the torches, and placed them so that their hard light shone straight on the steps and the cleared space at the foot of the steps. Then he ran back into the gloom of the packing-cases.

“That gives us an invisible cap—it dazzles them and allows us to shoot with the maximum of comfort.”

A man came charging down the stairs. He was a monster of a man. Indeed, uncannily, he looked two men. He was, in fact, one live and one dead man. The live man held a dead comrade before him as a shield.

When he was half-way down the steps, Phillip sighted carefully, and the roar of the pistol filled the cavern with thunder. The man sank down upon the steps, and something fell out of his hand. In five seconds there was a slight flash followed by

a low explosion, and a dense, greasy mass of smoke began to rise up.

"A stink bomb!" said Phillip. "It was meant to smoke us out; but I guess they will get most of the benefit of *that*."

Two men in gas-masks edged down the steps. They came boldly through the smoke, but when the bitter light of the torches struck them they hesitated. Both Thorold and Phillip fired. One man sprang upward for his life; the other fell, got up, fell again, and then scrambled madly up the steps. His right leg trailed helplessly.

Phillip borrowed Cicely's torch and went down the aisles of packing-cases, flashing it. In a minute he came back with the top of a packing-case which he had found loose somewhere.

"Jimmy," he said, "you are only a decimal something shot. You had better be the demon fanner instead. Just wave this about so that a good current of air will push up through that opening. The stink bomb idea will be repeated."

It was, almost at once. A bomb came down, bounced, rolled toward the packing-cases, burst. The air became Stygian with thick fumes.

Thorold fanned, and the fumes set steadily toward the steps. By good luck there must have been an air-vent somewhere in the depths of the cellar. As Thorold fanned, the smoke swirled back to them very little.

But the smoke did trail about a great deal. They were soon in a mist of it, and choking. Cicely was sent deep into the cellar, while the two young men held their ground and watched carefully with smarting eyes.

There was need to watch. The steps were obscured, and once a German, looking weird, inhuman, and Martian, bulked up out of the mist.

"Tackle him, Jimmy!" yelled Phillip.

He had taken care to mark the range and direction of the steps on his packing-case barricade. He could not see the steps, but he fired his pistol steadily in that direction. There was a scuffling. At least a man or two seemed to be making tracks for higher planes at the moment when Jimmy dodged a bayonet—very prettily—and

smote the gas-helmeted Martian with a swinging upper-cut stroke of his packing-case lid. The man went over backward. They saw his large feet sticking out of the smoke; then he rose and ran.

But one German did gain a vantage-point at the bottom of the steps. They saw the flash of his shooting in the cloud of smoke, and bullets began to slap and flicker among the packing-cases.

"Get down low, Jimmy!" shouted Phillip. "Things are getting more than neutral. Look wise for splinters!"

Phillip had already had a splash of fine wood-splinters in his cheek—a wound more painful than dangerous; but there were bigger splinters in the air, and frequent bullets, too.

By this time the Germans might be said to have worked themselves into a winning position. They had fought their way into the cellar. Behind their smoke the first marksman, and then another and another, had gained a footing. They dominated the situation.

It was dangerous to shoot at them for each pistol-flash brought a rain of bullets in return. Thorold learned this almost too precisely. He saw a shadow, and fired. Almost immediately the corner of the packing-case above his head was shot to pieces, and a shower of splinters—and British sovereigns—scattered down on him. He shifted his position quickly, taking cover in another aisle.

Phillip looked at the luminous dial of his wrist-watch. They had been fighting for three-quarters of an hour. Fighting just eats up time!

He tried to gage a period when Cudd was likely to turn up with reinforcements; but there was nothing to go by. Cudd might come along at any moment, and he mightn't. Meanwhile they could not hold out for more than a few minutes longer. The Germans surely had the upper hand of them.

A smoke-bomb came bumping down each aisle. As the smoke rose there was a guttural shout, and they heard the rush of determined feet. Lying on their faces both Phillip and Thorold opened fire. There were cries of pain, but the rush came on.

"This," thought Phillip, "this is the moment when the band plays '*Deutschland über Alles*'!"

A man pushed out of the smoke. Phillip fired, and the man went to cover behind a packing-case. Phillip, his eyes and throat full of smoke, knew that he had not hit—had only put off the evil moment.

He heard no firing from Thorold. Had the chemist been hit, or had he slipped further back among the packing-cases? Phillip decided to retreat. They would finish him sooner or later, but he would fight to the last possible moment.

He began to slip back and stopped.

Even in that confined space, even underground, he heard the heavy, solid report of a big gun.

For a moment he was motionless. The big gun—or rather the bigish gun—went off again.

"A four-inch!" he breathed. "A four-inch!"

He heard the crackling of many rifles, like the sound of flames in the heart of a dry wood-pile. It was company-firing. A man with an enormous voice was yelling from the cellar steps. There was the maddest rush of Germans toward the exit.

Phillip chuckled.

"And now, my good friends, the little story of the doings of Phillip and Jimmy and his maid draws to a close!" he grinned.

## XXIX

ALMOST at once, it seemed, they heard another voice calling from the steps.

"You are entirely surrounded and at our mercy. Throw down your arms!" it said in lamentably poor German. "Come out, you blighters!" it added in excellent British.

"But don't the English always eat their prisoners?" called Phillip in an injured tone. "*Kamerad*—do not serve me up *en casserole*!"

"Look here!" stammered a disturbed junior. "Look here, you know—none of that! No rotten tricks!"

The blessed voice of Cudd came to them through the thinning smoke.

"Excuse me, sir," said the chauffeur, speaking to the invisible junior; "but

there's a 'int of Mr. Phillip in that manner o' speaking. Mr. Phillip—Mr. Manwaring, sir, the staff-lieutenant."

"Oh, I say, Manwaring—Phillip—if that's you, you sublime idiot, hop along out!"

Phillip and Thorold and Cicely hopped along to the subaltern—a young man with an unspotted intelligence, and an old friend of Phillip's. His name—but I don't know that it matters—was Egbert.

As they went along the aisles, they kicked through a little pile of sovereigns.

"They're ours," thought Phillip. "Our winnings—half a million of 'em!"

They arose to pure, smokeless air. There was half a company of an East Coast garrison regiment about. The soldiers grinned, though they had several prisoners with them who grinned not.

"Cudd did the trick," said Phillip.

"Bravo, Cudd!"

"Let us thank Heaven for Cudd!" said Thorold.

"Oh, rather!" said Egbert. "He caught us just when we were thinking that nothing short of a miracle would save us from the loathliest night maneuvers. Up comes our Cudd, like a petrolly miracle; and by all that's lucky our transport is mechanical, and was empty. So here we are, two double companies of us."

Out at sea there lifted the quick and angry boom of the gun again.

"Exactly what part in the scheme of things is that?" asked Phillip.

"Oh, oh!" said Egbert. "Oh, you don't know that dramatic bit, of course. Look, my fair Phillip!"

He pointed out to sea.

The moon, nearly full now, was doing its best, behind clouds, to give a certain amount of light. The clouds had the better of the struggle in the main, but there was a vague, pale light that showed up the sea, and certain black shadows on the sea. Also, one of the shadows was using a search-light and the search-light had found and held its quarry with firm and unfaltering bitterness.

The object was a queer, squat, but rather large vessel of indefinite sort. She was doing her best to make for the open sea.

"We wirelessly her—that patrol-boat," said the enthusiastic Egbert. "She was laying off, and she promptly got going at the top of her knottage. She's got that sub cooked for sure now!"

They saw a sparkle of light break from the shadow bearing the search-light. A thick shadow of spray leaped upward in the light of the beam, close to the frantic German submarine. The U-boat answered with her own gun-flash, but it seemed to be nervous. The patrol-boat had flashed twice again before the enemy craft had fired once.

"Why doesn't she submerge?" cried Thorold. "You'd think—"

"You can't think that," said Phillip, "because it can't be done, old thing. She's crept in too close, hoping to get this treasure. The sea's too shallow—"

"Got her!" shouted Egbert. "Got her!"

A flower of flame, that was first a spark, and then a great, jumping tongue leaped from the flying submarine. She held on her course, then she yawed wildly; staggered, came broadside to the sea, went out in a wallow, then lifted black again, then came lurching and staggering inshore. Three bursts of fire slapped out of her as she staggered. She broached drunkenly in the search-light, she vomited a most horrid column of flame—and there was only the sea and the search-light and the patrol-boat quartering round for any lucky man who had come out alive.

The soldiers all about were cheering. A captain came out of the fields.

"That's the end of the sub," he said; "and I guess we've bagged the lot that remained on land. Where's that precious hidden-treasure fiend, Phillip Manwaring?"

"Oh, very fit, Hulse!" said Phillip to another of his many friends. "The precious idiot is here, but slightly besprinkled by precious metal—half a million of which you will find hidden in the caverns deep beneath. How do?"

Captain Hulse came up and shook hands.

"Phillip, you're—you're inevitable. I don't quite know whether to congratulate you—or put you under arrest!"

"You can't arrest the unearthers of half a million. It's not done."

"No, I suppose not. Also, with that tongue of yours, you'll take eloquent care it won't be done. And, my dear old thing, it is a very sporting haul—really magnificent! You ought to get something for this—an official reprimand, *and* the D. S. O."

"Nothing for me," said Phillip. "Not my funeral!"

He looked around to where Thorold and Cicely stood curiously aloof, as only an engaged couple can stand curiously aloof in a crowd. He nodded to the charming pair, standing in charming proximity.

"But I really think," he said, "that they ought to give Jimmy and Miss Cicely a knighthood or something—as a wedding-present!"

THE END

### DREAMING

Oh, when I think of lands unseen—  
Of lands I'll never know—  
It makes me rue the narrow way  
My ordered feet must go.

What tender eyes of ladies fair  
Will never smile at me!  
What love supernal passes by,  
And I not there to see!

The world so wide and I so weak—  
Oh, that my dreams were strong,  
That I might go a journeying  
Upon the wings of song!

William G. Wedge